



GIANT 52-PAGE SIZE! BUY NO LESS!



The KILROYS

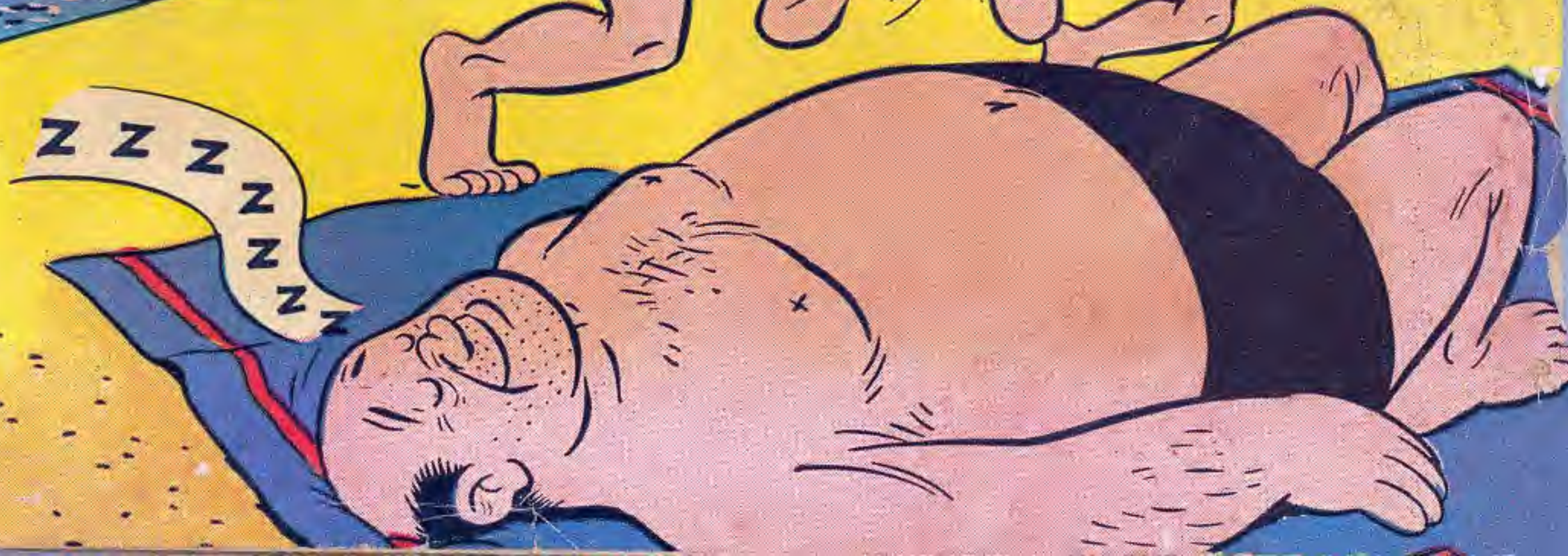
NO 31
AUG.-
SEPT.

America's Funniest Family!



CAUSES
QUITE A **STIR**,
EH, JACKSON?

YOU CAN SAY
THAT AGAIN,
NATCH!



**WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM**

For Boys - Girls - Hunters - Campers -
Everybody!

THE MOST AMAZING SUN WATCH IN THE WORLD!

JUST LOOK
AT WHAT IT DOES!

TELZALL

9 IN 1

THE
TIMEPIECE OF
ADVENTURE!

1. TELLS TIME

the truly scientific
sun dial way

**2. WEATHER
FORECASTER**

secretly concealed,
changes colors to
predict weather

**3. GLOW-IN-THE-DARK
COMPASS**

tells directions day
or night

4. STRAP

is durable plas-
tic 8" measure

**5. 6-POWER
MAGNIFYING**

and burning glass,
secretly concealed

**6. WORLD'S SMALLEST
BALL POINT PEN**

writes thousands of
words

7. SIGNALLING DEVICE

on the back

8. CONSTELLATIONS

Chart shows how to
find the North Star

9. MORSE CODE

engraved on the back

You'll be the envy of all your friends when you wear this sensational 9-way wonder — the amazing, patented new TELZALL SUN WATCH. It's the only watch of its kind in the world. This tickless time piece tells the sun time ... nothing to go out of order.

The gracefully designed case of gleaming jeweler's bronze with durable red plastic 8" measuring strap looks like an expensive watch on your wrist. The weather forecaster and the magnifying and fire-starting glass are secretly concealed inside the case.

You'll marvel at the other fascinating features of this wonderful new invention. It may even save your life—with the Morse Code permanently engraved on the back, a glow-in-the-dark compass, signalling mirror, all right on your wrist in case of emergency! What fun, too, being able to predict the weather at a glance, measure objects, write with the world's smallest ball point pen, and locate the North Star and other constellations. Don't delay — rush your order today to be sure of prompt delivery.

SEND NO MONEY

Wear the 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watch on your wrist. See how perfectly it operates. If you don't agree it's worth many dollars more than the small cost, simply return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE — ORDER TODAY

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Enterprises

Patent Pending

Amazing Value
\$1.98

10-DAY TRIAL COUPON

TELZALL, Dept. W-331

430 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago 11, Ill.

RUSH

Gentlemen: Rush ☐ 9-in-1 Telzall Sun Watches described above — on your no-risk 10-day money-back guarantee offer. On delivery I will pay postman only \$1.98 each plus C.O.D. postage, with the understanding that if I am not completely satisfied I may return within 10 days for full refund of purchase price.

Name _____
(please print)

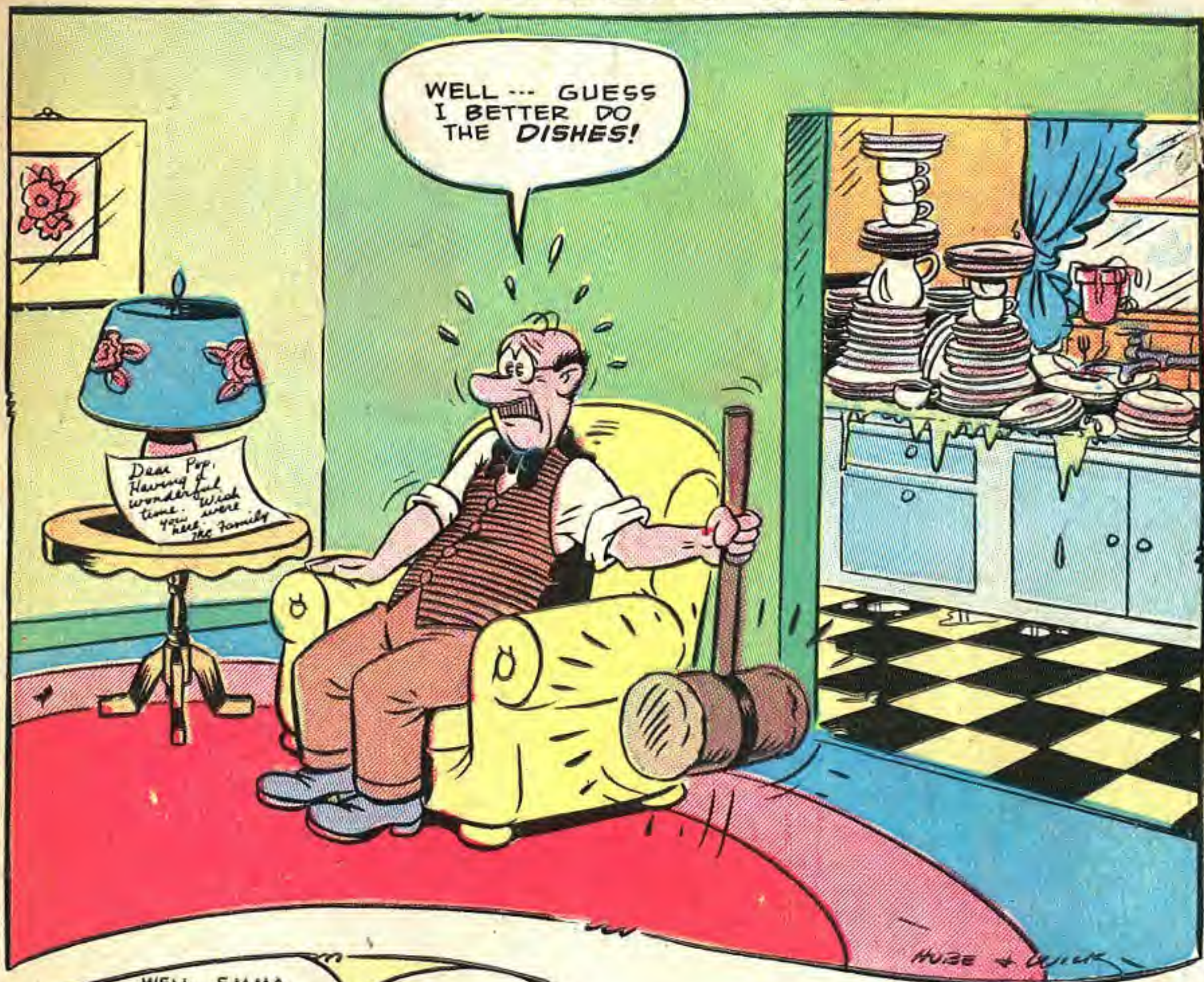
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☐ I enclose \$1.98 for each — send the Telzall 9-in-1 Sun Watch all postage charges prepaid — on money-back guarantee.

The KILROYS

in
"TWO WEEKS OFF!"





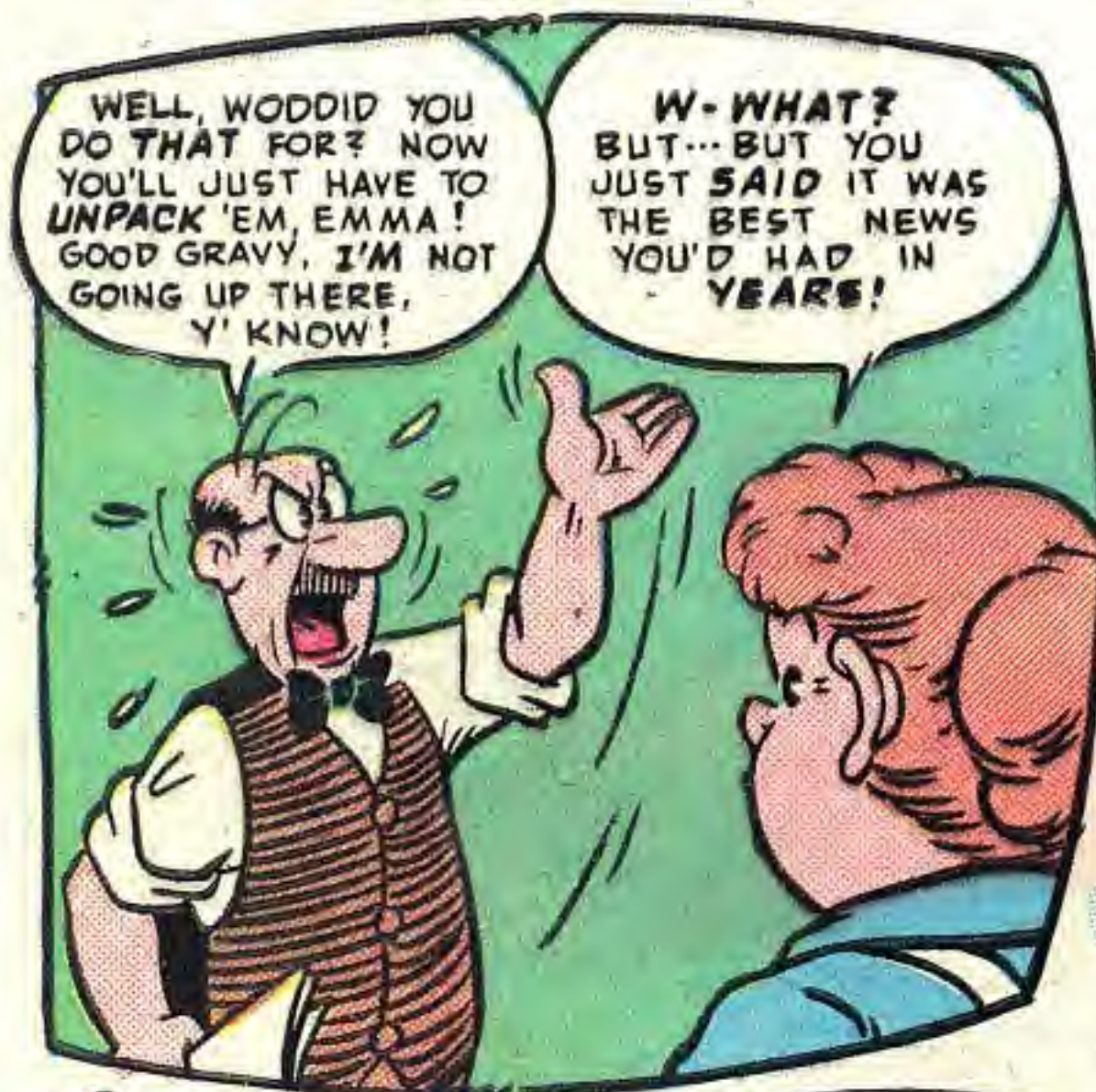
BOY, MOM
AIN'T JUST
KIDDIN'
POPS!

WE'RE ALL GOING UP
TO LAKE OKIEBLOJAY
DURING YOUR VACATION!
ISN'T IT **SUPER**, POPGIE-
PIE? I MEAN, ISN'T IT
SIMPLY **SWOONEY**?



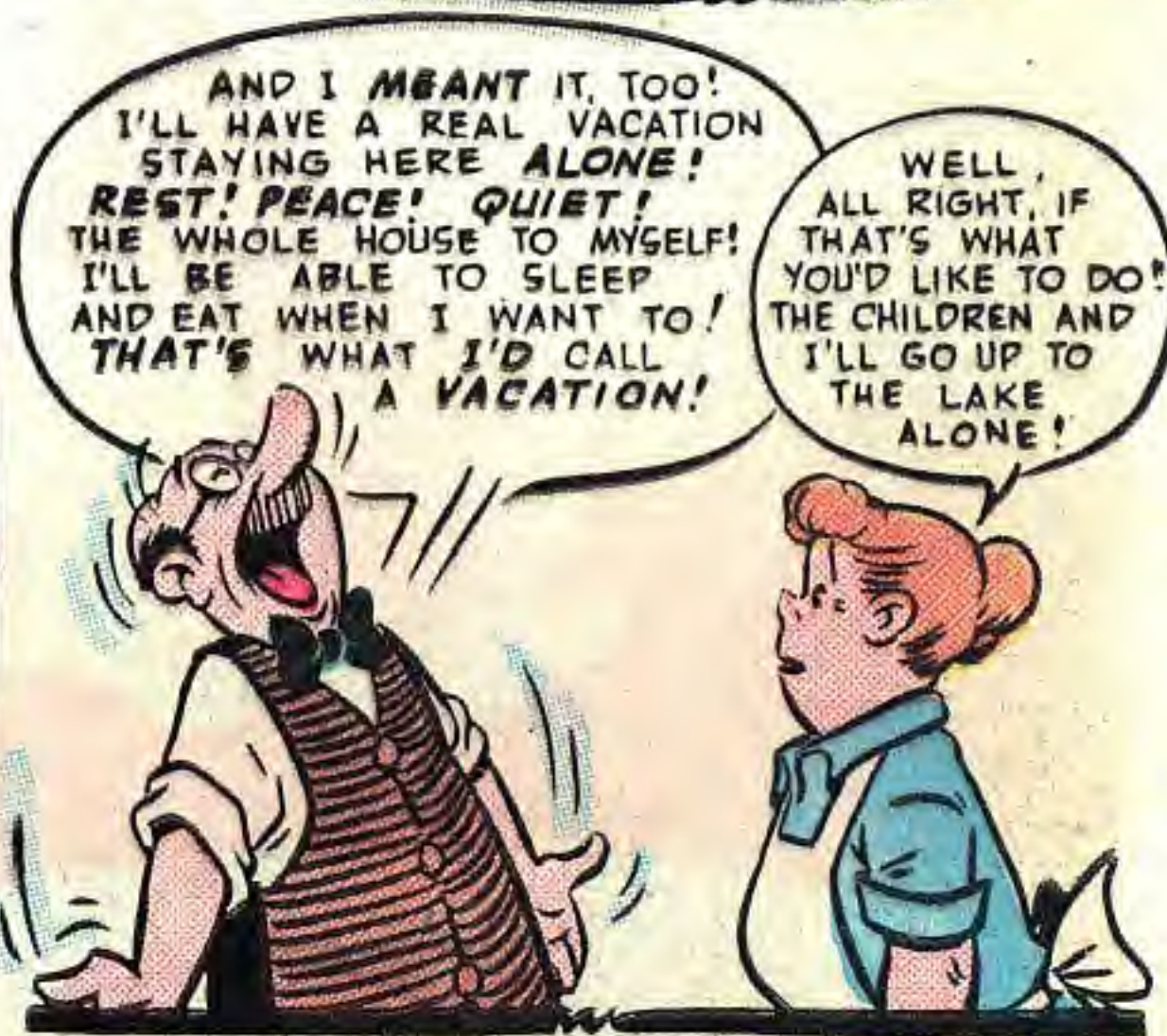
WELL--BY JINGO!
THAT'S THE **BEST**
NEWS I'VE HAD
IN YEARS!

FINE, EDGAR!
AND I ALREADY
HAVE ALL YOUR
THINGS PACKED!



WELL, WODDID YOU
DO **THAT** FOR? NOW
YOU'LL JUST HAVE TO
UNPACK 'EM, EMMA!
GOOD GRAVY, I'M NOT
GOING UP THERE,
Y' KNOW!

W-WHAT?
BUT... BUT YOU
JUST SAID IT WAS
THE **BEST NEWS**
YOU'D HAD IN
YEARS!



AND I **MEANT** IT, TOO!
I'LL HAVE A REAL VACATION
STAYING HERE **ALONE!**
REST! PEACE! QUIET!
THE WHOLE HOUSE TO MYSELF!
I'LL BE ABLE TO SLEEP
AND EAT WHEN I WANT TO!
THAT'S WHAT I'D CALL
A VACATION!

WELL,
ALL RIGHT, IF
THAT'S WHAT
YOU'D LIKE TO DO!
THE CHILDREN AND
I'LL GO UP TO
THE LAKE
ALONE!



SO THE
NEXT A.M...

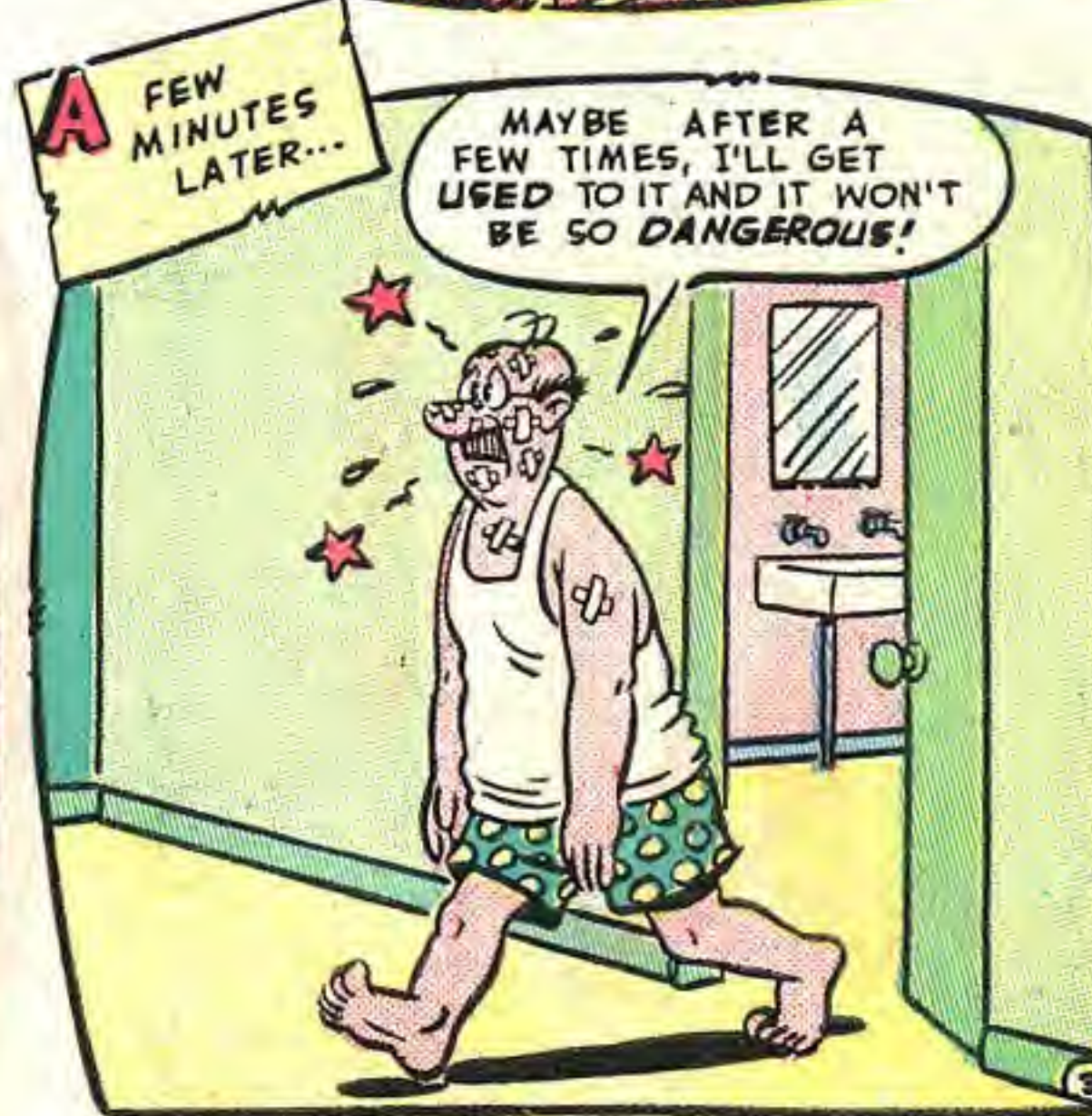
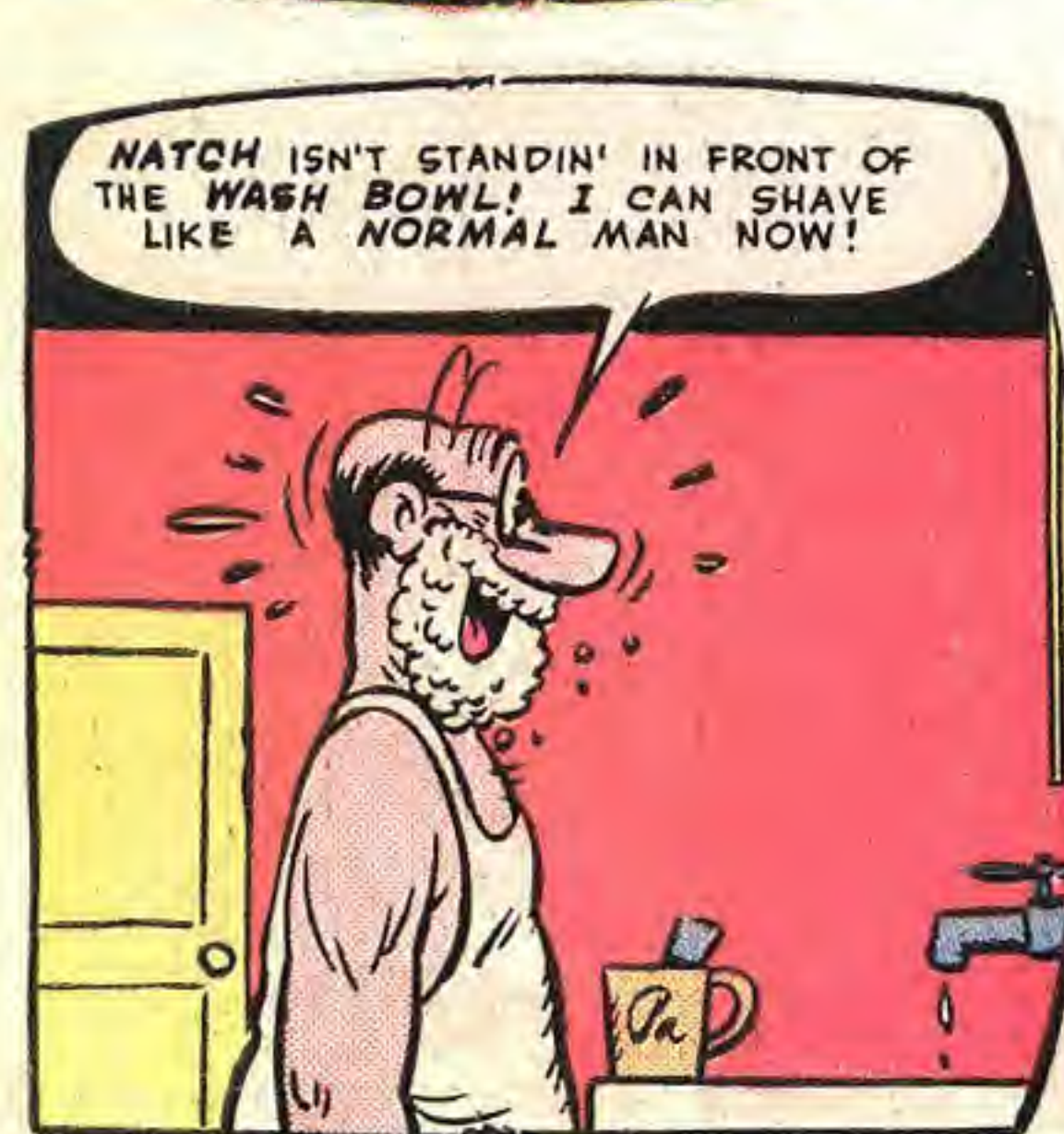
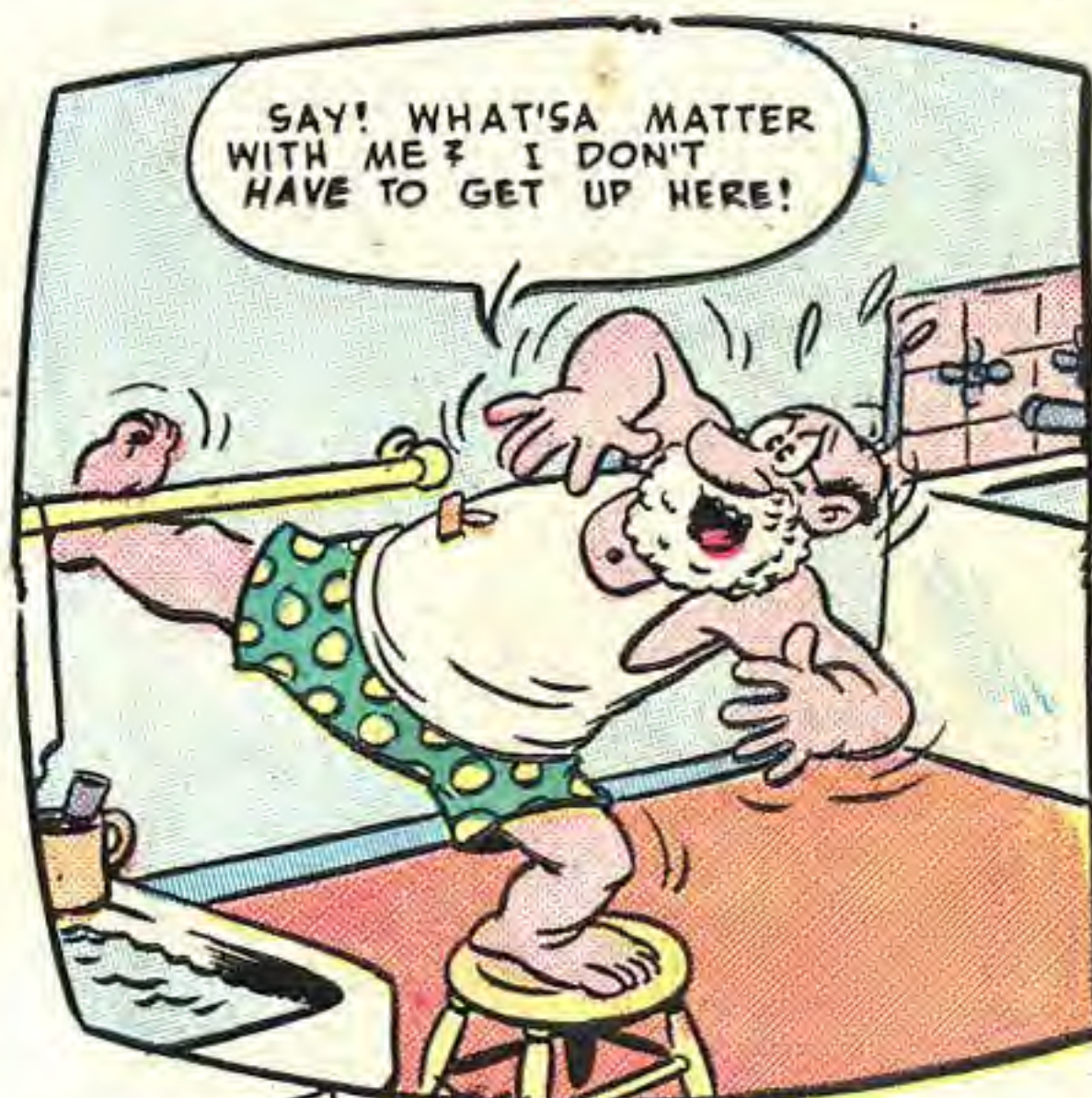
ARE YOU **SURE** YOU
WON'T GET **LONESOME**,
EDGAR? ... YOU CAN
CHANGE YOUR MIND,
YOU KNOW!

S'LONG,
POPS! ENJOY
YOURSELF!

GET **LONESOME**,
EMMA? HAW! NOT ME!
I'M GOING TO BE TOO
BUSY DOIN' **NOTHIN'**!...
HAVE A GOOD TIME,
AND I'LL WRITE!



WHOOPEE! THIS IS IT! I'M
OFF ON MY VACATION! ... FIRST
THING I'M GOING TO DO IS TAKE A
SHOWER ... FOR AS LONG AS I
WANT TO! ... **HA!**







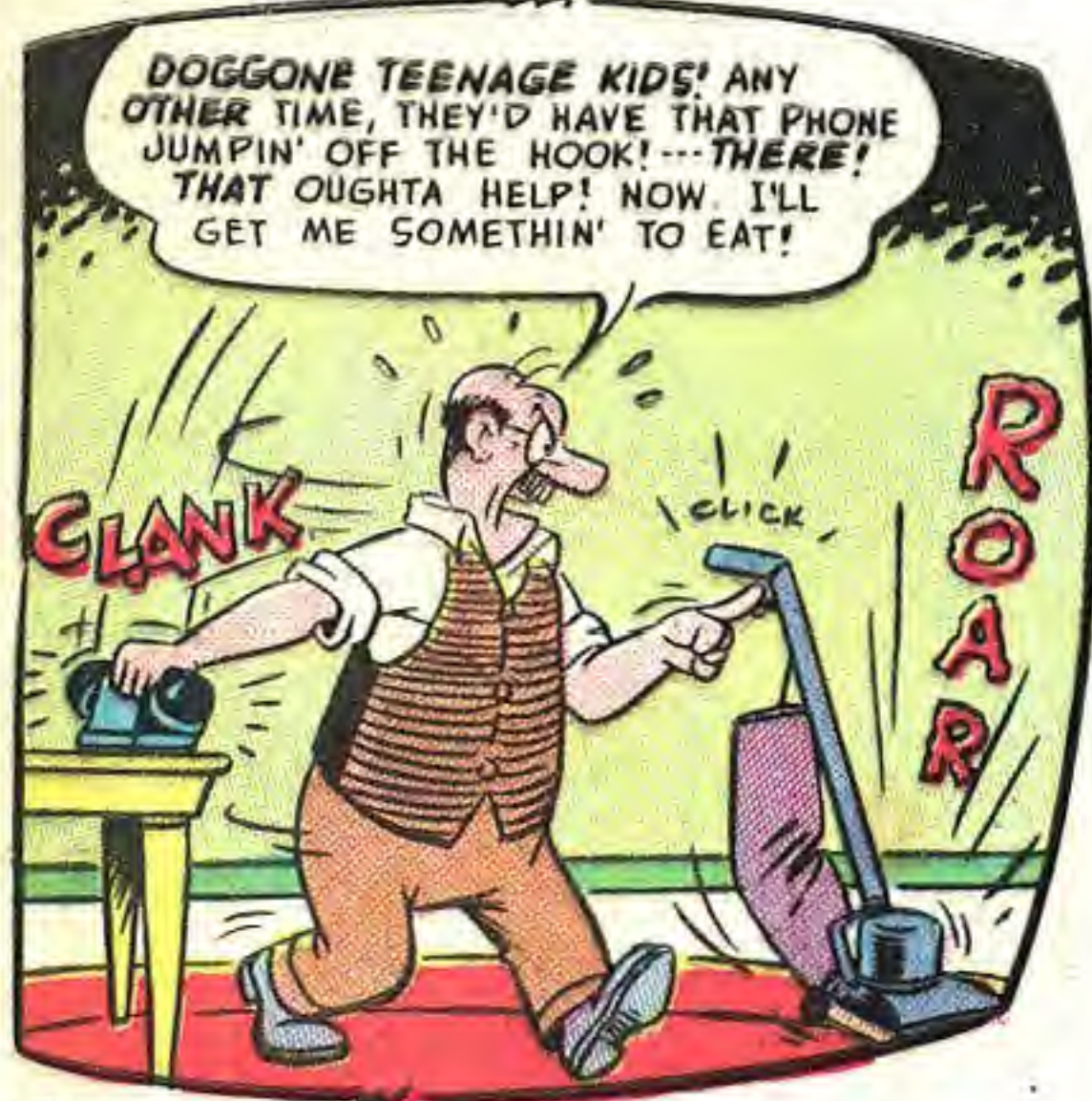
HELLO...JACKSON? THIS IS MR. KILROY! HOW COME YOU NEVER CALL NATCH ANYMORE? WUZZA MATTER, Y' MAD AT HIM OR SOMETHIN'?

SHUCKS, NO, MISTER KILROY! WHAT'SA USE OF CALLIN' HIM? HE JUST LEFT ON A VACATION, DIDN'T HE?



YES, BUT YOU COULD CALL UP ONCE IN A WHILE AND SEE IF HE'S GOTTEN BACK YET, COULDN'T YOU?

HOLY HEP! HE'S ONLY BEEN GONE 3 HOURS AND --- I---I MEAN, --- SURE! SURE, MISTER KILROY! THAT FIGURES!... (HOLY HEP, NATCH'S POP MUSTA FLIPPED HIS WIG!)

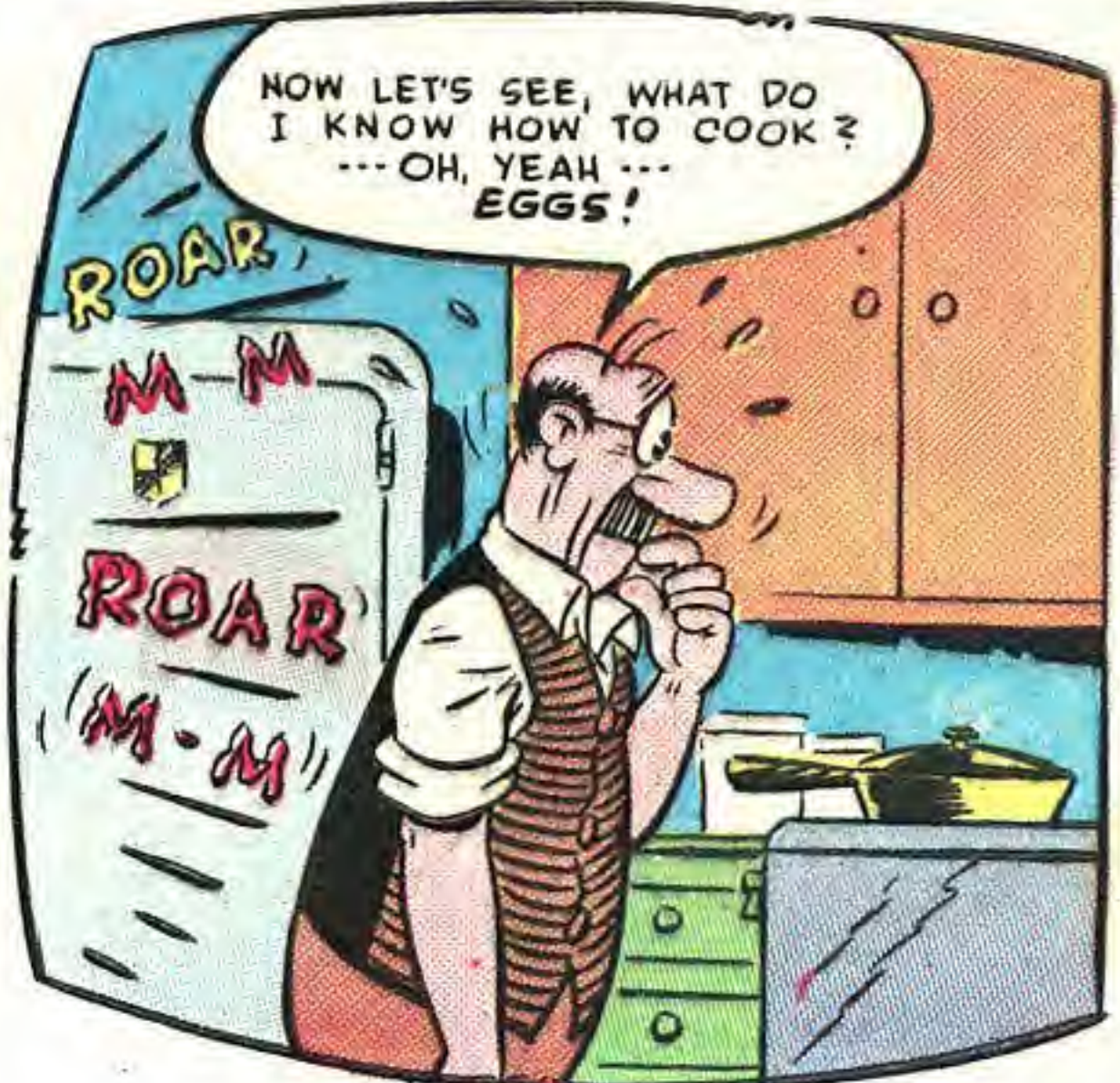


DOGGONE TEENAGE KIDS! ANY OTHER TIME, THEY'D HAVE THAT PHONE JUMPIN' OFF THE HOOK! --- THERE! THAT OUGHTA HELP! NOW, I'LL GET ME SOMETHIN' TO EAT!

CLANK

CLICK

ROAR



NOW LET'S SEE, WHAT DO I KNOW HOW TO COOK? --- OH, YEAH --- EGGS!

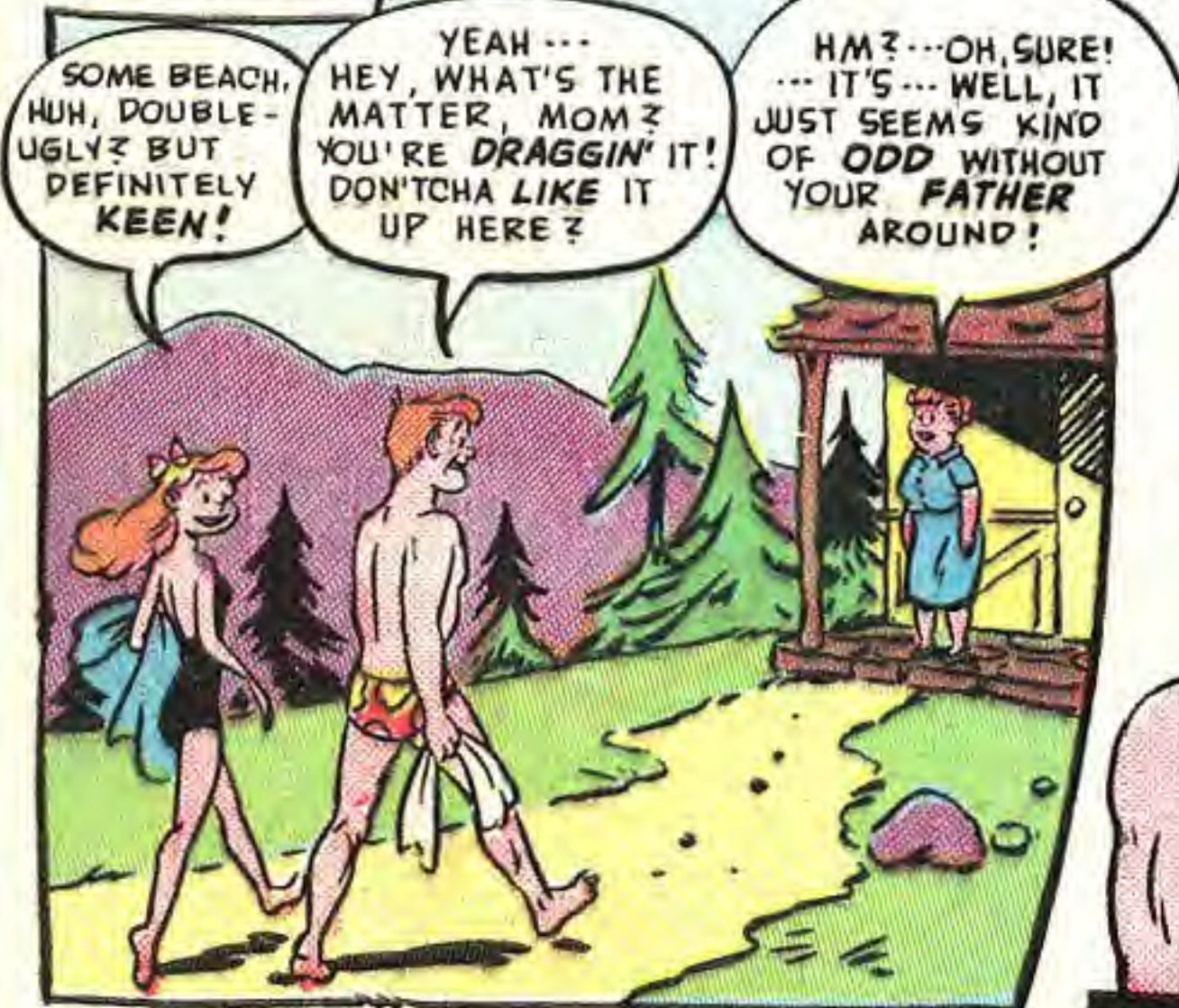
ROAR

M-M

ROAR

M-M

MEANWHILE...



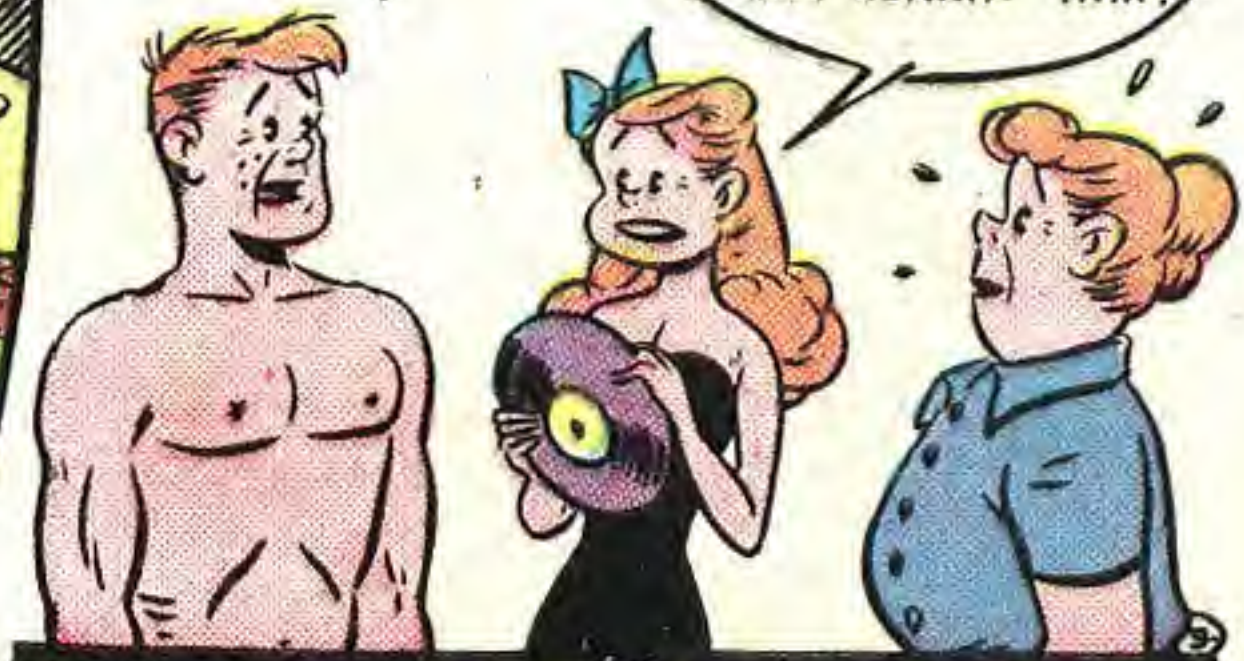
SOME BEACH, HUH, DOUBLE-UGLY? BUT DEFINITELY KEEN!

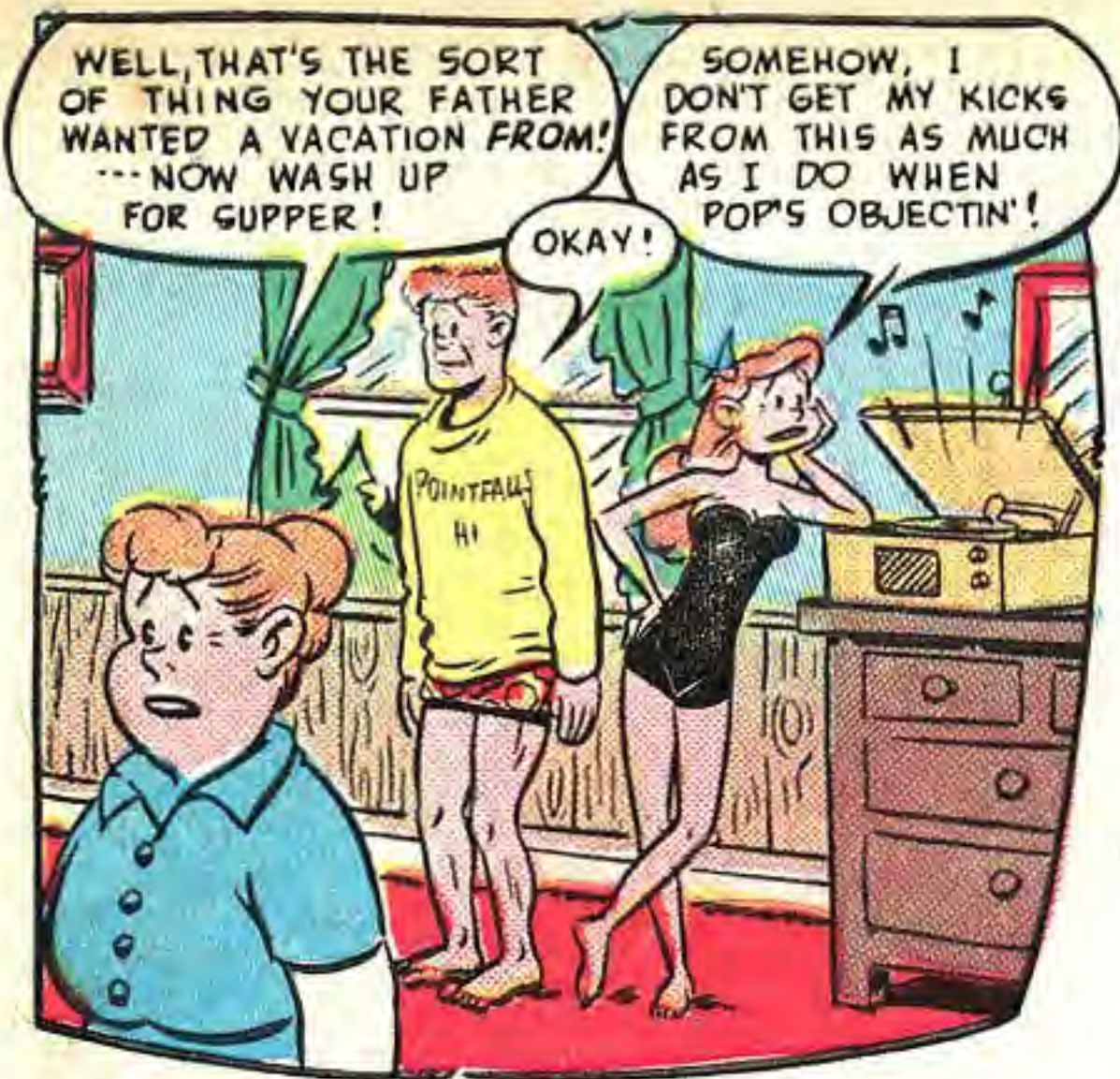
YEAH --- HEY, WHAT'S THE MATTER, MOM? YOU'RE DRAGGIN' IT! DON'TCHA LIKE IT UP HERE?

HM? --- OH, SURE! --- IT'S --- WELL, IT JUST SEEMS KIND OF ODD WITHOUT YOUR FATHER AROUND!

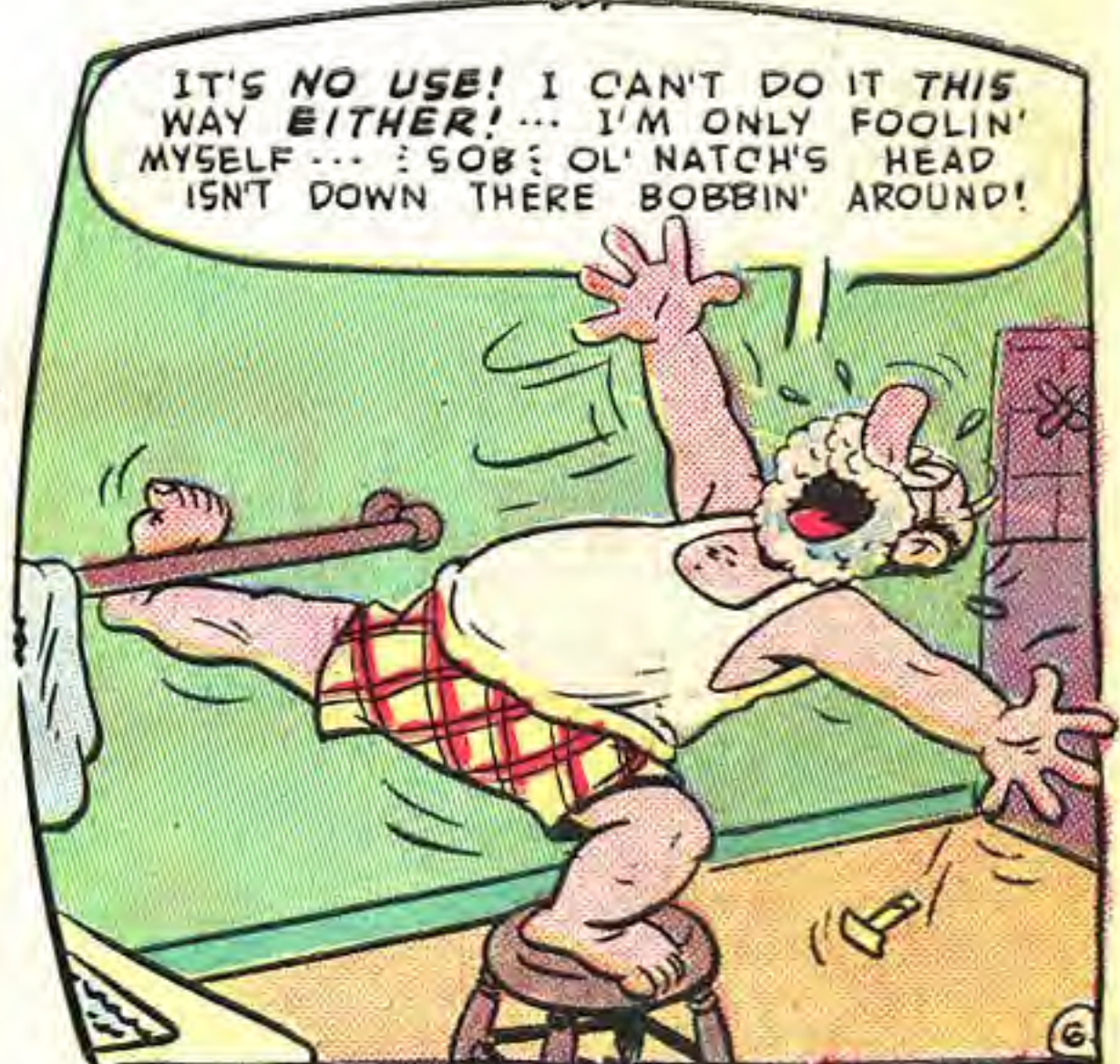
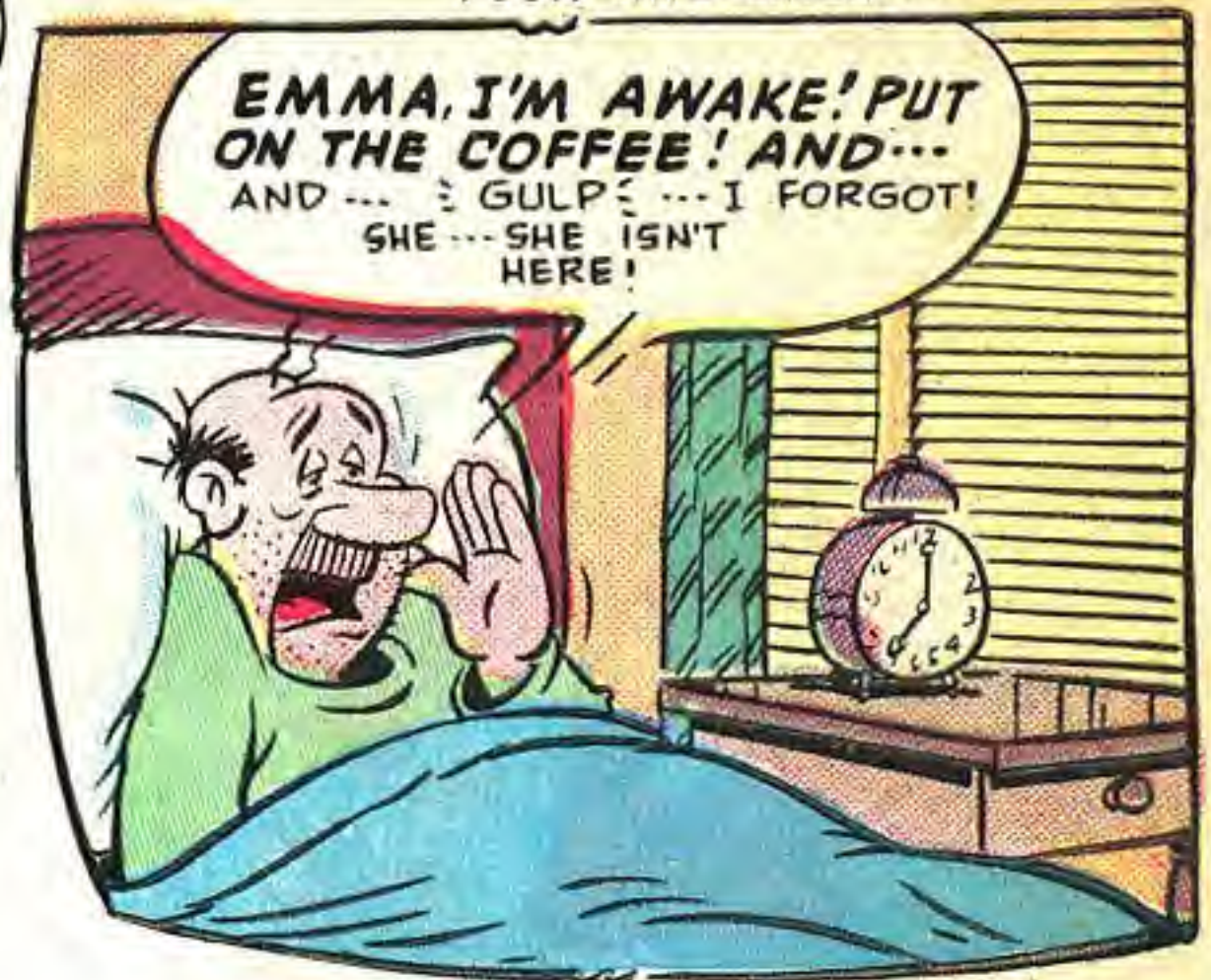
YEAH, IT DOES, DOESN'T IT?

IF HE WAS HERE RIGHT NOW, I BET HE'D YELL HIS HEAD OFF 'CUZ I'M GONNA SPIN THIS PLATTER! IT'LL SEEM KINDA FUNNY, NOT HEARIN' HIM!

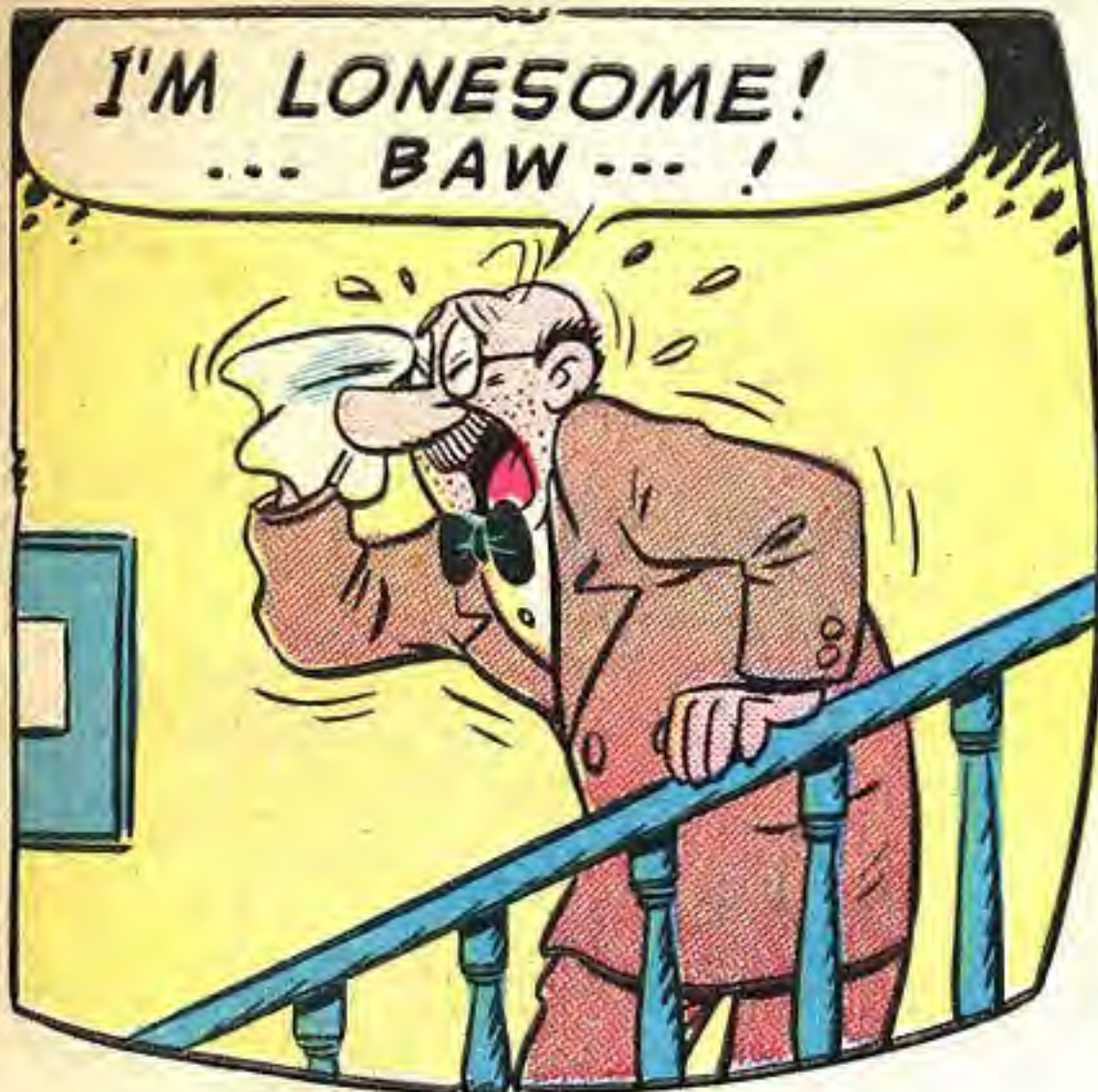




NOW BACK TO THE KILROY RESIDENCE...
FOUR DAYS LATER...



I'M LONESOME!
... BAW ... !



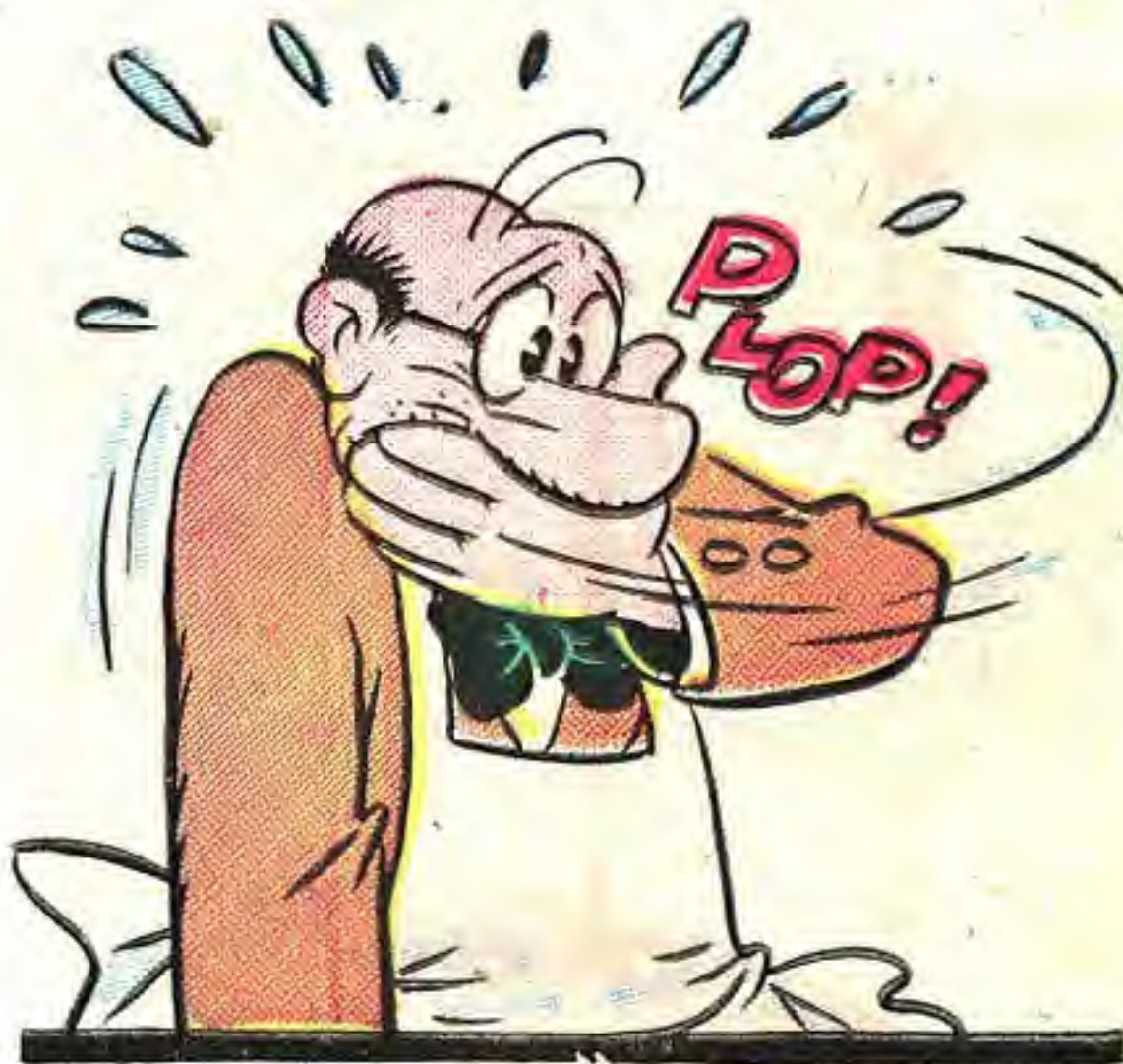
AND I'VE GOTTA GO ON BEIN'
LONESOME, TOO, BECAUSE IF MY
FAMILY KNEW IT, THEY'D NEVER
STOP LAUGHIN' AT ME!
SOB



EGGS AGAIN! ... OH, WHAT I
WOULDN'T GIVE FOR A COUPLA
CUT ... CUT ... CA ... DAW!



P
LOP!



THAT'S THE LAST STRAW ... I'M EVEN
TURNIN' INTO A HEN! I'M GOIN'
UP AND JOIN MY FAMILY! ... I
DON'T CARE IF THEY DO LAUGH AT
ME! I NEVER REALIZED HOW
MUCH THEY MEANT
TO ME!



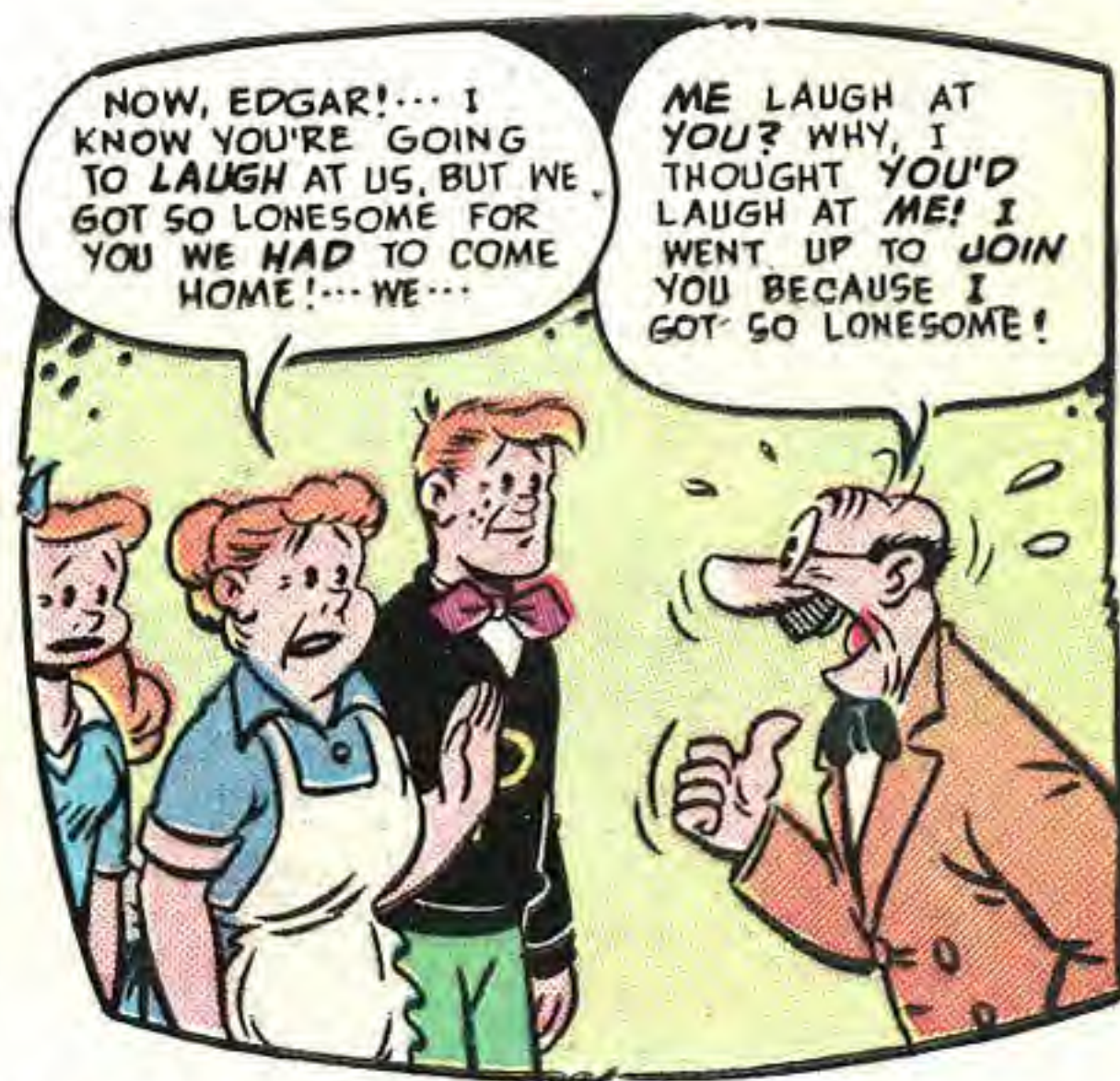
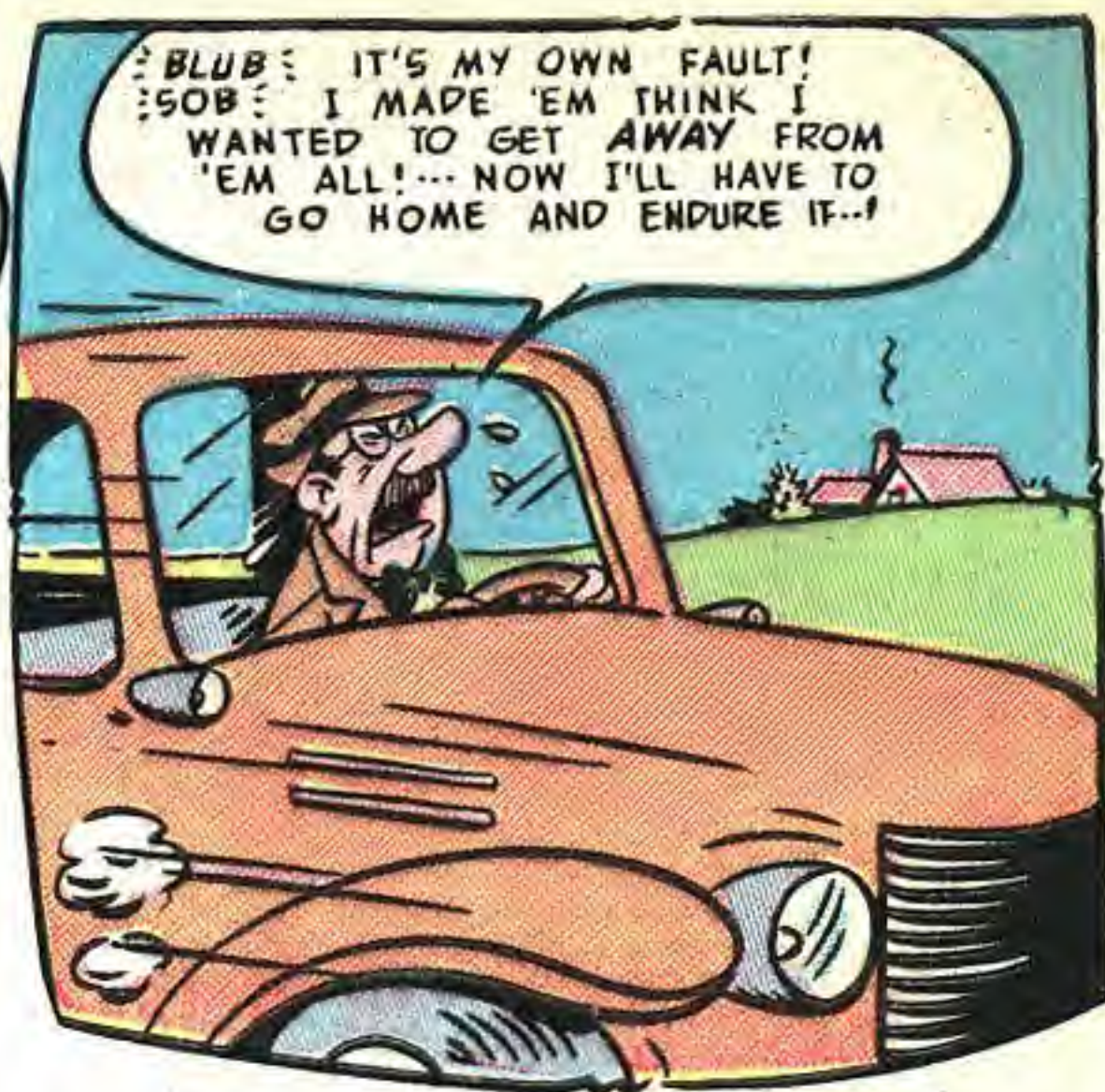
AND AT THIS
SAME
MOMENT...

NOW, NATCH, DON'T
LAUGH AT KATIE! ...
I'M ... WELL, SORT OF
LONESOME FOR
HIM TOO!

SO WHO'S
LAUGHIN' ?
THAT MAKES
THREE OF
US!

BAW! I'M
LONESOME! I MISS
MY POPPIE - PIE!
I WANTA GO HOME!





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MIKEY MOUSE



PINOCCHIO



DUMBO



LUCIFER



BROCK RABBIT



BAMBI

NO BOXTOP TO SEND...CUT 'EM RIGHT OFF THE PACKAGE

FRECKLES

“

I HATE YOU, I hate you, I *bate* you!” Abigail said fiercely, staring at her reflection in the mirror. It was not to herself that she spoke, but to a small spattering of freckles that lay lightly across the bridge of her upturned nose. “You’re the worst thing that could possibly happen to a girl!”

It is interesting to note that Abigail had never especially minded having freckles up until that moment. But that moment was a special one, because it was one-half hour before Billy was due to arrive. And *this* was Abigail’s first date with Billy!

“What’s the use of trying to look super-duper with these old things!” she mourned, leaning forward to inspect the detested freckles more closely. “The more I do to my hair and clothes, the more they stick out! Ugh!”

It was fifteen minutes before Billy’s arrival that Abigail, fired by desperation, went into action. She *had* to camouflage those freckles somehow! Racing to the corner five-and-dime store, she blew all of her allowance on some nice, heavy-looking pancake makeup, rather dark in tone, which the counter girl assured her was all the rage. Then she bought some face powder to match and raced home again, alive with hope!

The pancake went on first, quite thickly, in order that not one tiny freckle be seen. Abigail looked at herself searchingly to make certain of that. Then, she applied the face powder, putting on layer after layer, admiring the effect as she went along.

“Won’t Billy be impressed with me!” she thought, when her makeup was completed. “I happen to look very keen at this moment!”

Yes, that’s what Abigail thought...

but that’s not what happened, at all! At least, Billy may have liked her looks but he never said so! In fact, he seemed rather upset about something all through their date and wouldn’t meet Abigail’s inquiring eyes.

Although they had planned on roller skating and cokes, Billy seemed to have changed his mind, for he suggested the movies instead. Abigail was perfectly willing, of course, since any kind of date with Billy was gorgeous! But she *did* have the feeling that Billy didn’t like her quite so much on their first date as when he’d asked her to go with him! This thought puzzled Abigail and made her unhappy.

To make matters worse, it was pouring, just coming down in buckets, when she and Billy emerged from the movies. There was nothing to do but run for it, and with the rain pouring on her hair and face, just ruining her makeup, Abigail felt worse than ever! What a mess she would be by the time they got home!

Dripping and sopping, Abigail led the way into the kitchen for some doughnuts and milk. The date had been a sad experience and she was anxious for Billy to leave her alone, so she could be sad all by herself. But Billy showed no signs of leaving. Instead, he was looking at her with the same eager grin he had smiled when making the date.

“Say, Abigail, would you...er...would you...er...”

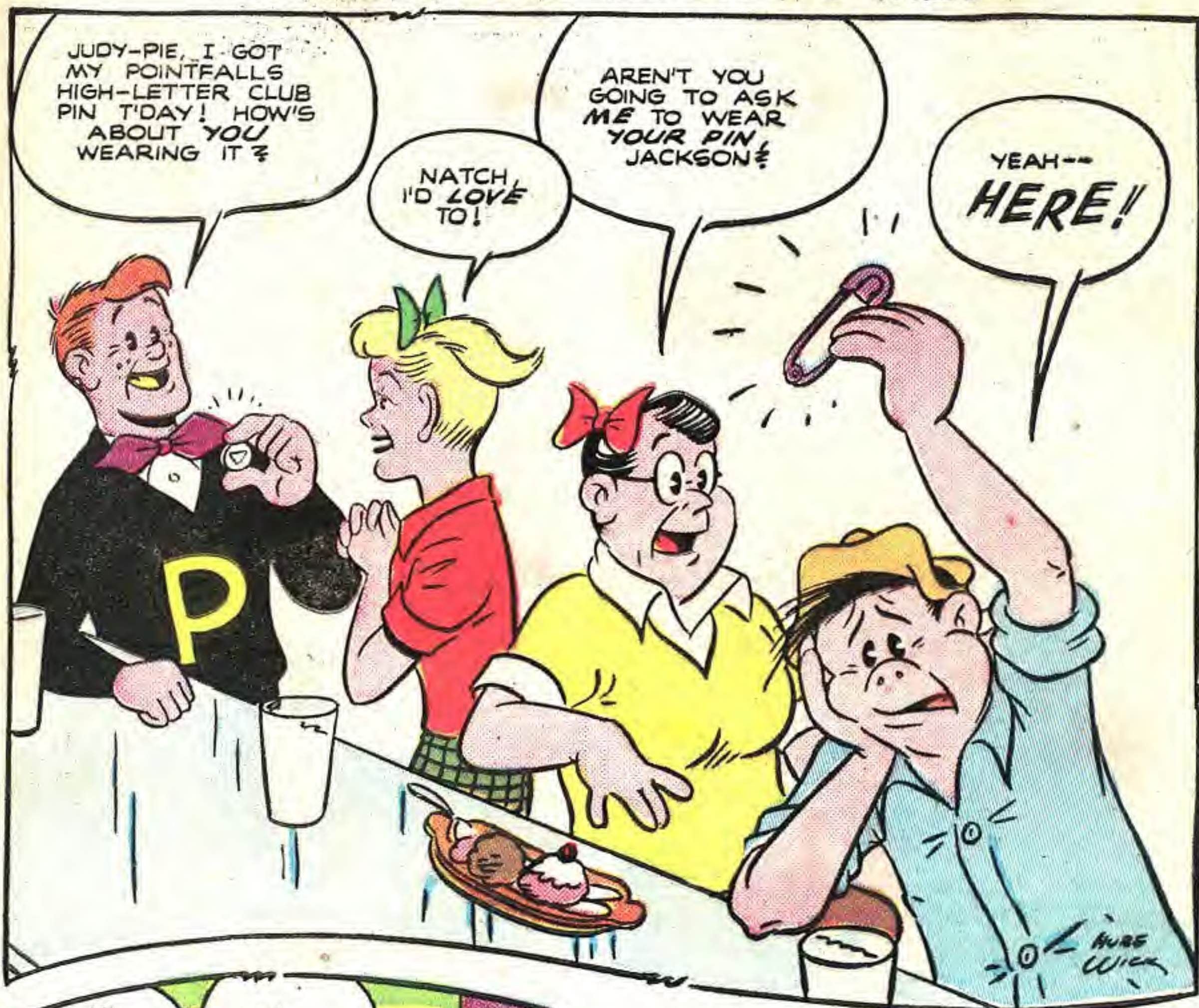
“What is it, Billy?” Abigail asked nervously.

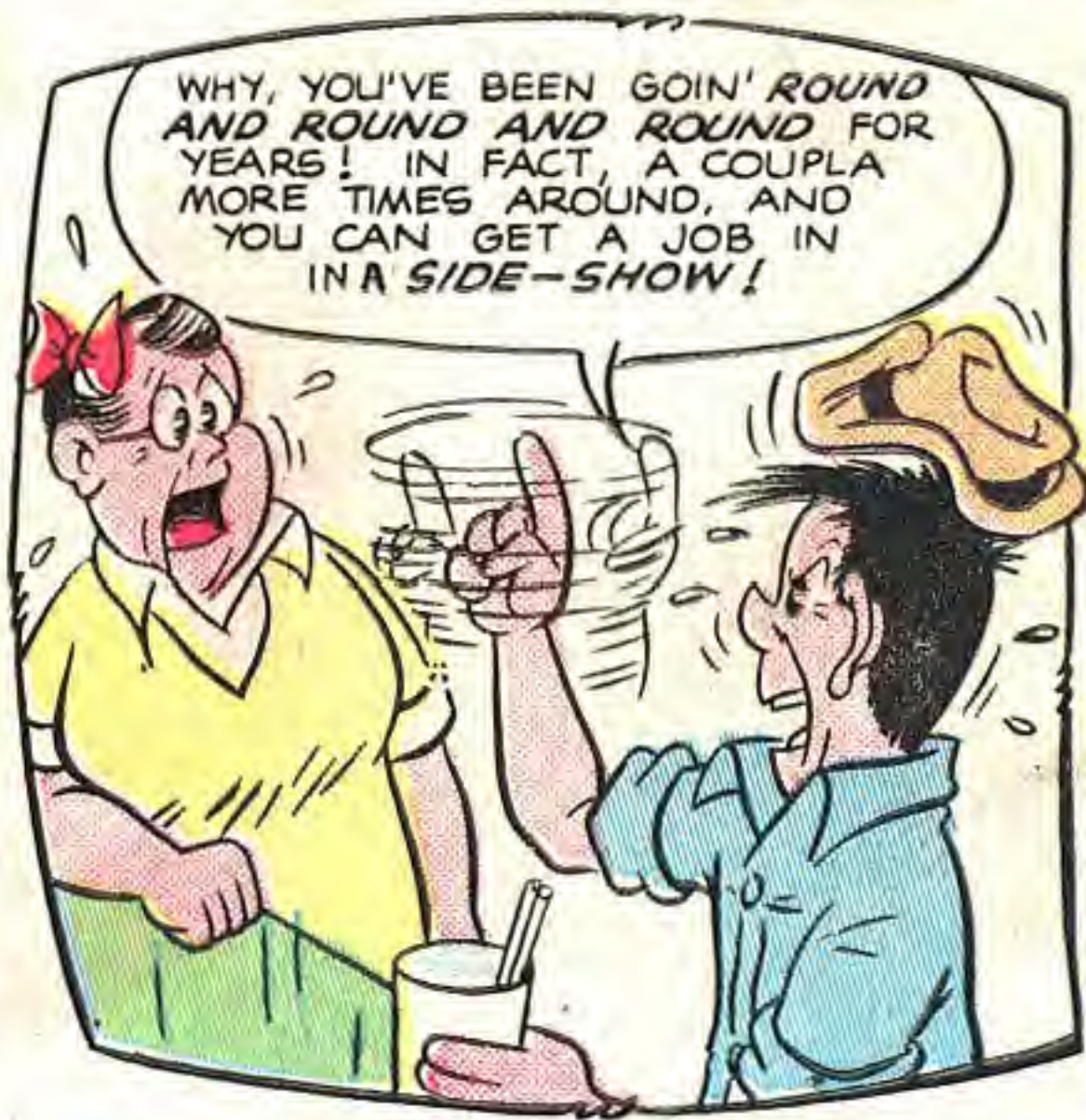
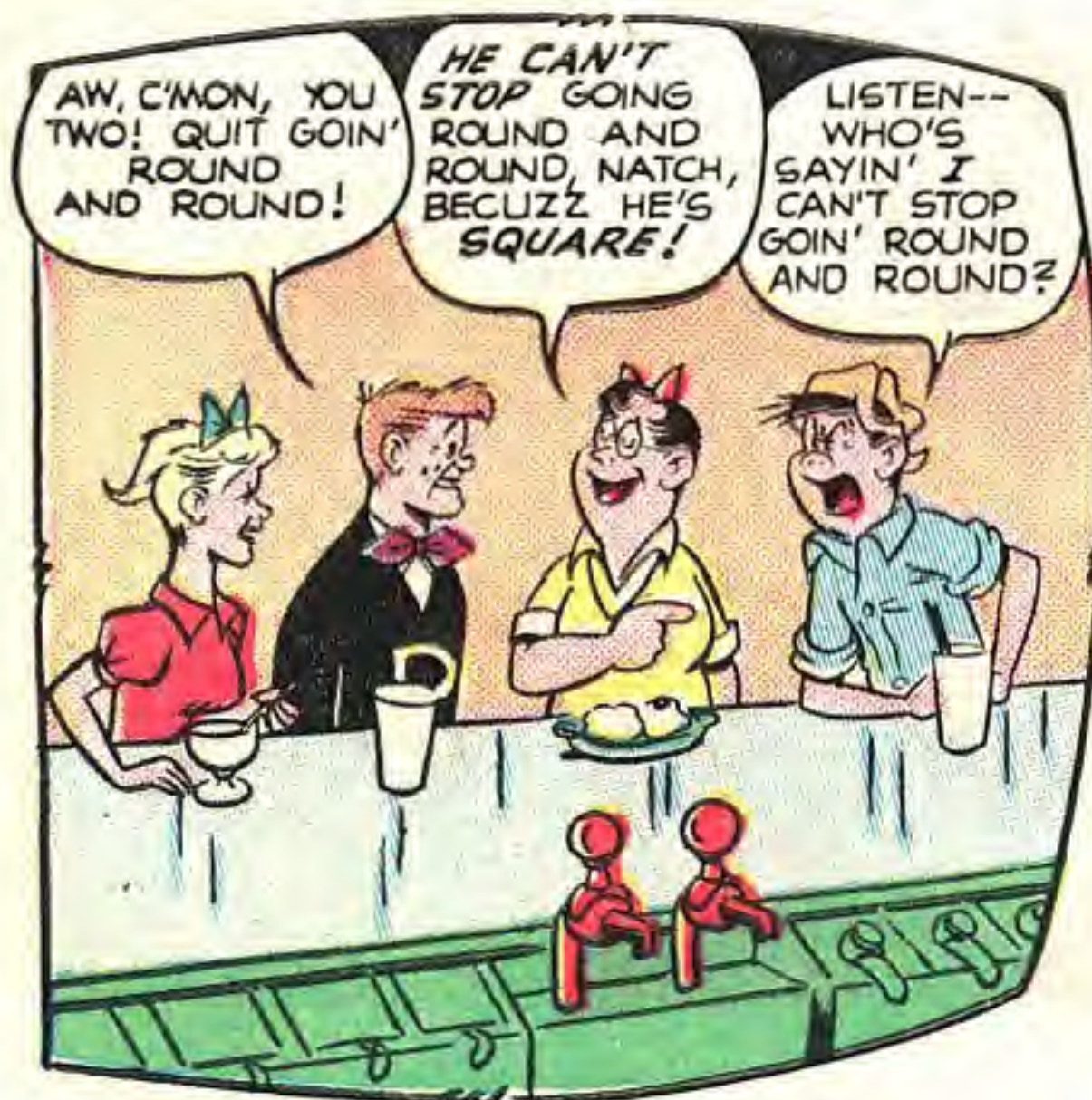
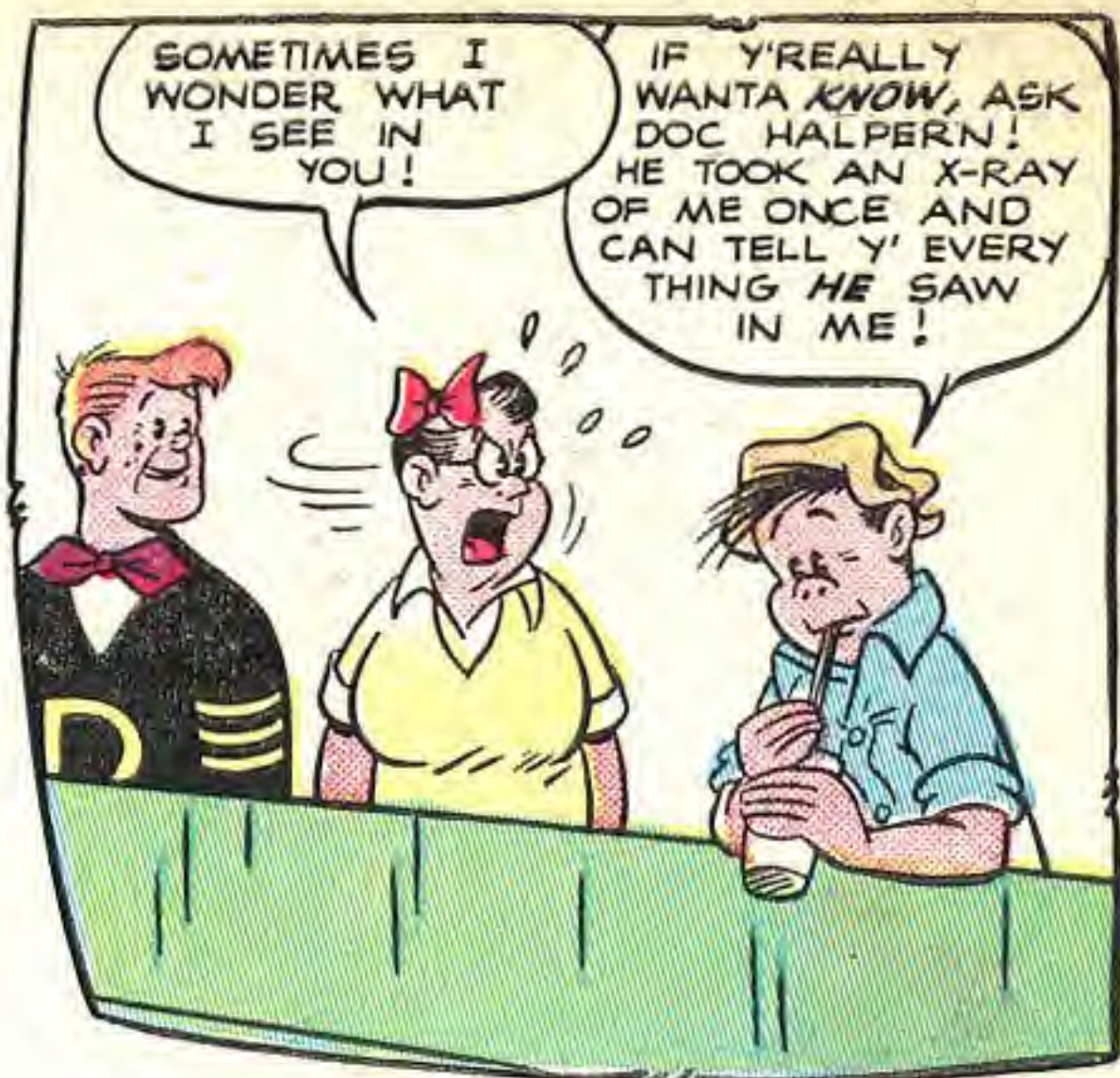
Billy gathered his courage and blurted, “Would you mind if I kissed you goodnight? I know we don’t know each other long enough, but if there’s one thing I’m crazy about...it’s...freckles!”

Abigail tilted her face up to his and closed her eyes.

Jackson *and* Portia

"LOVER, COME BACK TO ME!"







THAT'S JUST IT!
WE'VE BEEN FRIENDS!
I'M HIS BUDDY! HIS PAL!
HE DOESN'T EVEN KNOW
I'M A GIRL, UNLESS I
REMINDE HIM ONCE IN A
WHILE! HE JUST REFUSES
TO RECOGNIZE MY
FEMININITY! :SOB:

BUT HE
MUST BE FOND
OF YOU OR
HE WOULDN'T
GO OUT WITH
YOU ALL
THE TIME!



PHOOEY! THAT'S JUST CUZZ
I'M THE ONE WHO ALWAYS
FURNISHES THE CAR! HIS
FOLKS WON'T LET HIM USE
THEIRS CUZZ HE ACTS LIKE
A REAL GONE SQUIRREL
WHEN HE GETS IT!
:BAW:

PORTIA, I'LL
BET ANYTHING
HE JUST TREATS
YOU LIKE HE
DOES BECAUSE
HE TAKES YOU
FOR GRANTED!



LOOK! WHY NOT
CALL HIM UP AND
TELL HIM YOU'RE
NOT GOING TO SEE
HIM ANY MORE?

I TRIED
THAT ONCE AND
YOU KNOW WHAT HE
SAID? "SO WHAT?" HE
NEVER COULD SEE ME!
----IT'S NO USE,
JUDY--JACKSON, JUST
DOESN'T THINK OF ME
IN A ROMANTIC WAY!



PORTIA! THAT'S IT!
YOU'VE GIVEN ME A TERRIFIC
IDEA---I MEAN BUT
SIMPLY TERRIFIC!



LOOK! WOULD YOU
BE WILLING TO DO ANY-
THING, AND I DO
MEAN ANYTHING, TO GET
THAT DRIP REALLY
DROOLING OVER YOU?
TO MAKE HIM SO ROMANTIC-
ALLY INCLINED TOWARD
YOU THAT YOU COULD TOY
WITH HIS AFFECTIONS?

WOULD
I?
I'LL SAY!



THEN LET'S GET WITH IT! WE'RE
GOING TO YOUR HOUSE AND
PHONE SOME OF THE GALS
TO COME OVER!



SOMETIME LATER AT PORTIA'S HOME...

WILL YOU GALS PLEASE TELL ME WHAT'S GONNA HAPPEN?

WE'LL TELL YOU IN A MINUTE, BUT FIRST YOU'VE GOT TO CALL JACKSON AND TELL HIM YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SEE HIM FOR A LONG TIME!

OKAY, JUDY! I CALLED AND TOLD HIM, BUT I CAN'T SEE HOW THAT'S GOING TO MAKE HIM DROOLY OVER ME!

WELL, WE DO! PORTIA, WE'RE GOING TO MAKE YOU BEAUTIFUL, BUT IT'S GOING TO TAKE TIME! THAT'S WHY WE DON'T WANT HIM TO SEE YOU FOR A LONG WHILE!



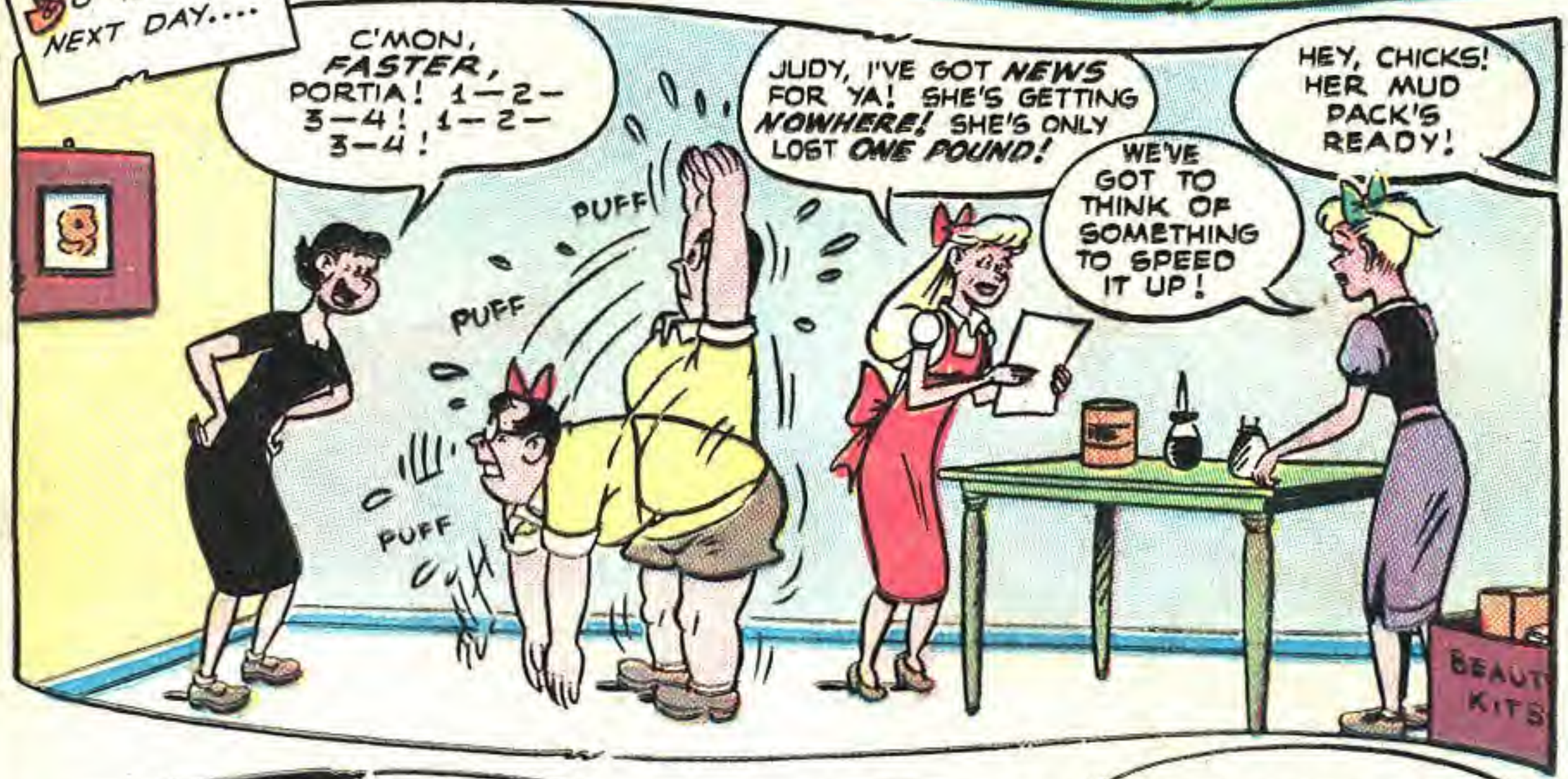
SO THE NEXT DAY....

C'MON, FASTER, PORTIA! 1-2-3-4! 1-2-3-4!

JUDY, I'VE GOT NEWS FOR YA! SHE'S GETTING NOWHERE! SHE'S ONLY LOST ONE POUND!

HEY, CHICKS! HER MUD PACK'S READY!

WE'VE GOT TO THINK OF SOMETHING TO SPEED IT UP!



HOLD STILL, PORTIA!

PUFF--PUFF-- SO WHO CAN MOVE & NOT---
=BLUB=

HONESTLY, JUDY! SHE'S GOT TO LOSE WEIGHT FASTER! I MEAN BUT DEF!

RELAX, NANCY, I'M 'TENDING TO THAT RIGHT NOW!---HELLO, SLIM? IS NATCH IN THERE? WELL, LET ME TALK TO HIM!





HOLY COW, SLIM! LOOKIT MY EARS! LOOKIT MY EARS! THEY'RE **STILL** RED! MEBBE THEY'LL **NEVER** LOOK LIKE OTHER GUY'S EARS AGAIN!

GIVE 'EM TIME, JERK! IT'S ONLY **BEEN** ONE DAY!

HEY, FUNNYMAN! SEE Y LATER! **JUDY** WANTS ME FOR **SOMETHING!**

PUBLIC PHONE



HI, PASH-PIE! SAY, WHAT GIVES? WHAT'S THE BIG MYSTERIOUS HASSLE?

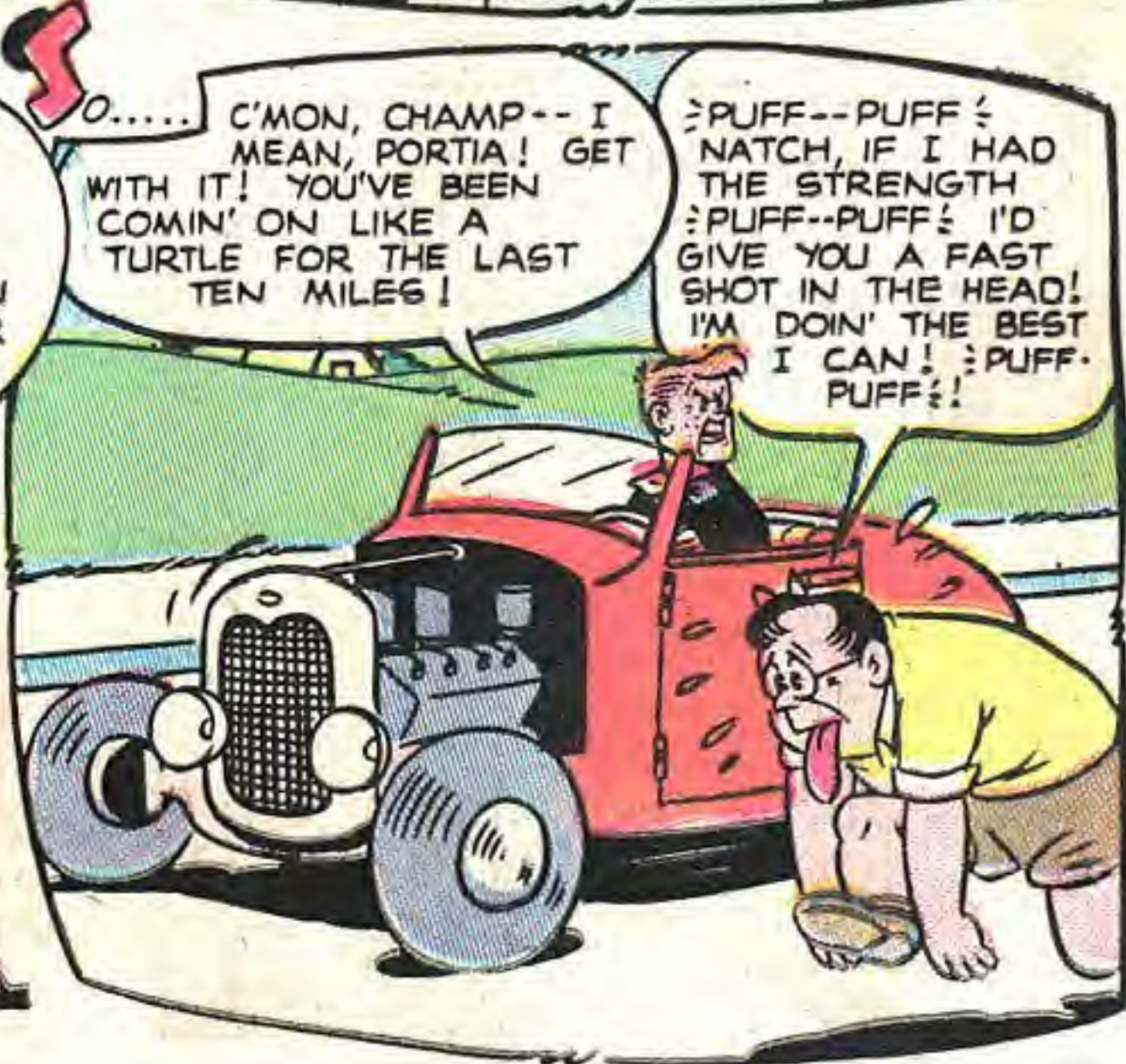


NATCH, WE GALS ARE MAKING PORTIA **BEAUTIFUL** AND **YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US!** YOU'VE GOT A JALOPY, SO I WANT YOU TO TAKE HER OUT EVERY MORNING AND AFTER-NOON FOR **ROADWORK!**



WHAT? MAKE PORTIA **BEAUTIFUL**? HOLY COW! ARE **YOU KIDDIN'?** EVEN IF IT WAS **POSSIBLE**, **ROADWORK** WOULDN'T HELP! **THAT'S** WHAT **BOXERS** DO TO TRAIN FOR A **FIGHT!**

THAT'S **RIGHT!** IT'S THE WAY THEY **LOSE WEIGHT!** NOW LISTEN TO ME, NATCH KILROY! YOU'LL DO IT, AND **NOT** TELL JACKSON ABOUT IT, OR I'LL NEVER **SPEAK TO YOU AGAIN!**



O..... C'MON, CHAMP-- I MEAN, PORTIA! GET WITH IT! YOU'VE BEEN COMIN' ON LIKE A TURTLE FOR THE LAST TEN MILES!

PUFF--PUFF! NATCH, IF I HAD THE STRENGTH PUFF--PUFF! I'D GIVE YOU A FAST SHOT IN THE HEAD! I'M DOIN' THE BEST I CAN! PUFF. PUFF!!



HEY, YOU CHICKS! HERE'S YOUR POOR MAN'S MISS AMERICA! SHE DID A FAST FADE AGAIN WHEN WE STARTED UP LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN!

THANKS, NATCH-- AND DON'T FORGET TO COME BACK FOR HER THIS AFTER-NOON! SHE'S GOING TO HAVE HER **LUNCH** NOW!

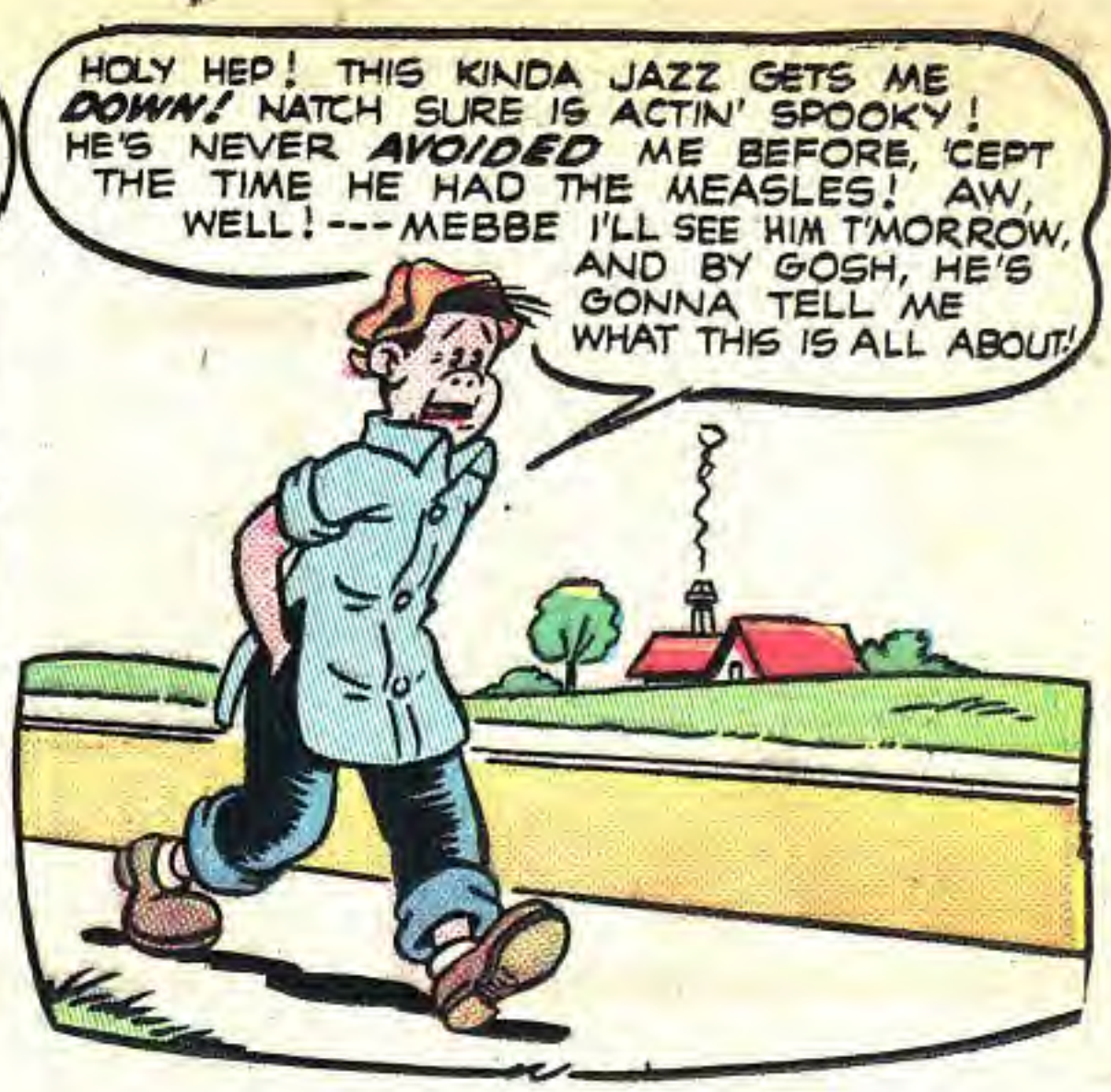
LUNCH! FOOD! DELICIOUS, WONDERFUL STUFF TO EAT!



HERE, PORTIA, AND EAT SLOWLY!

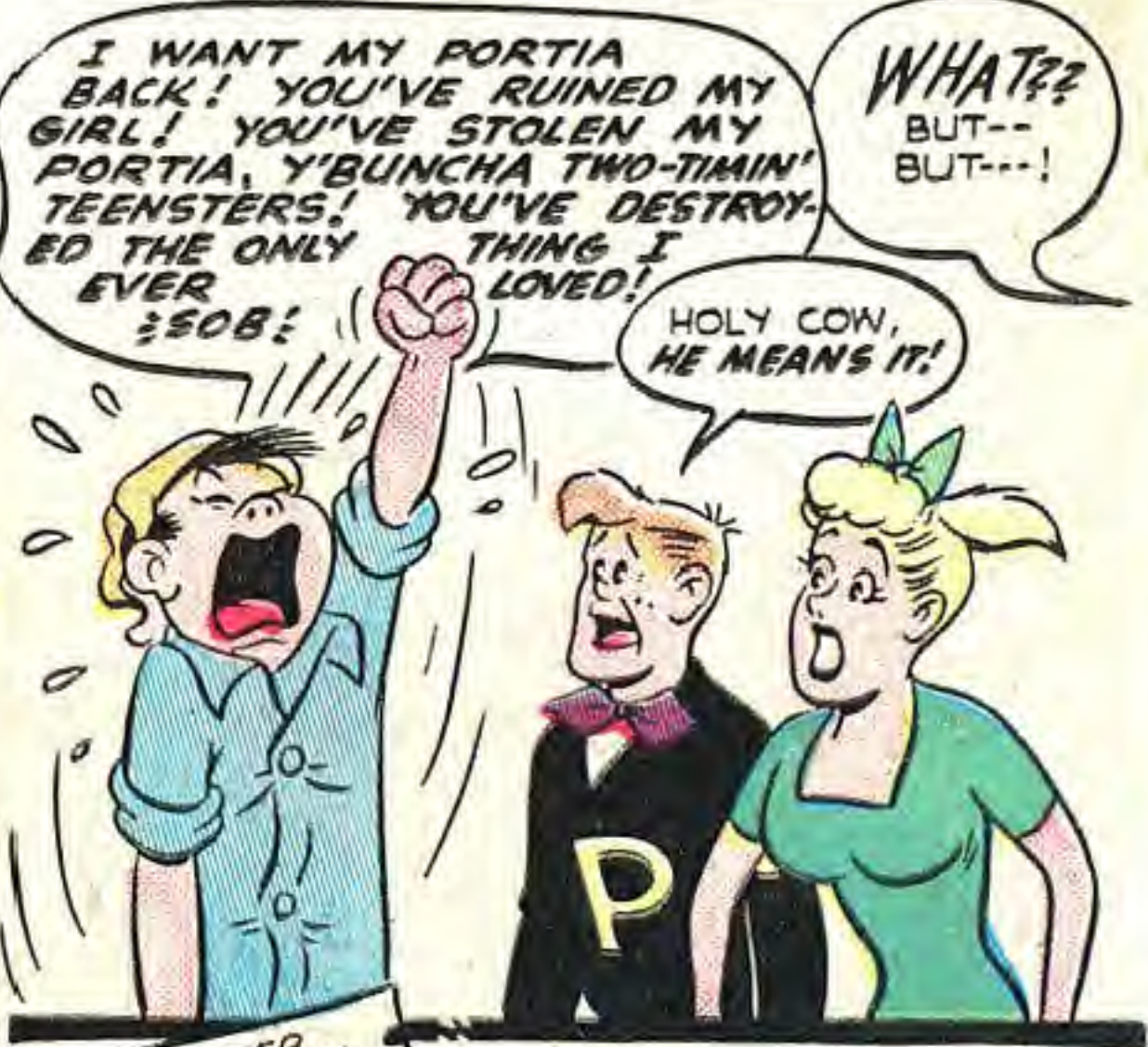
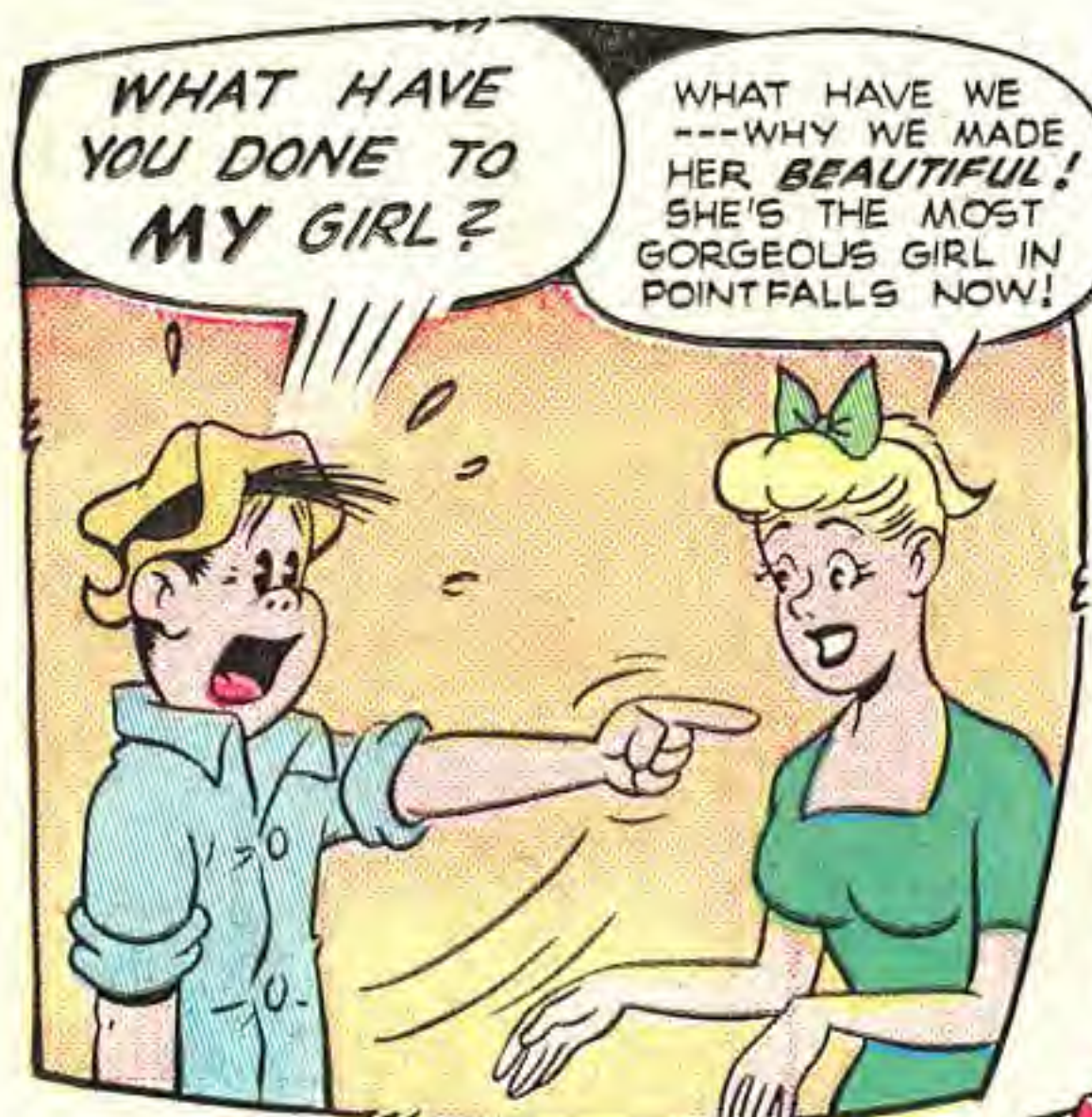
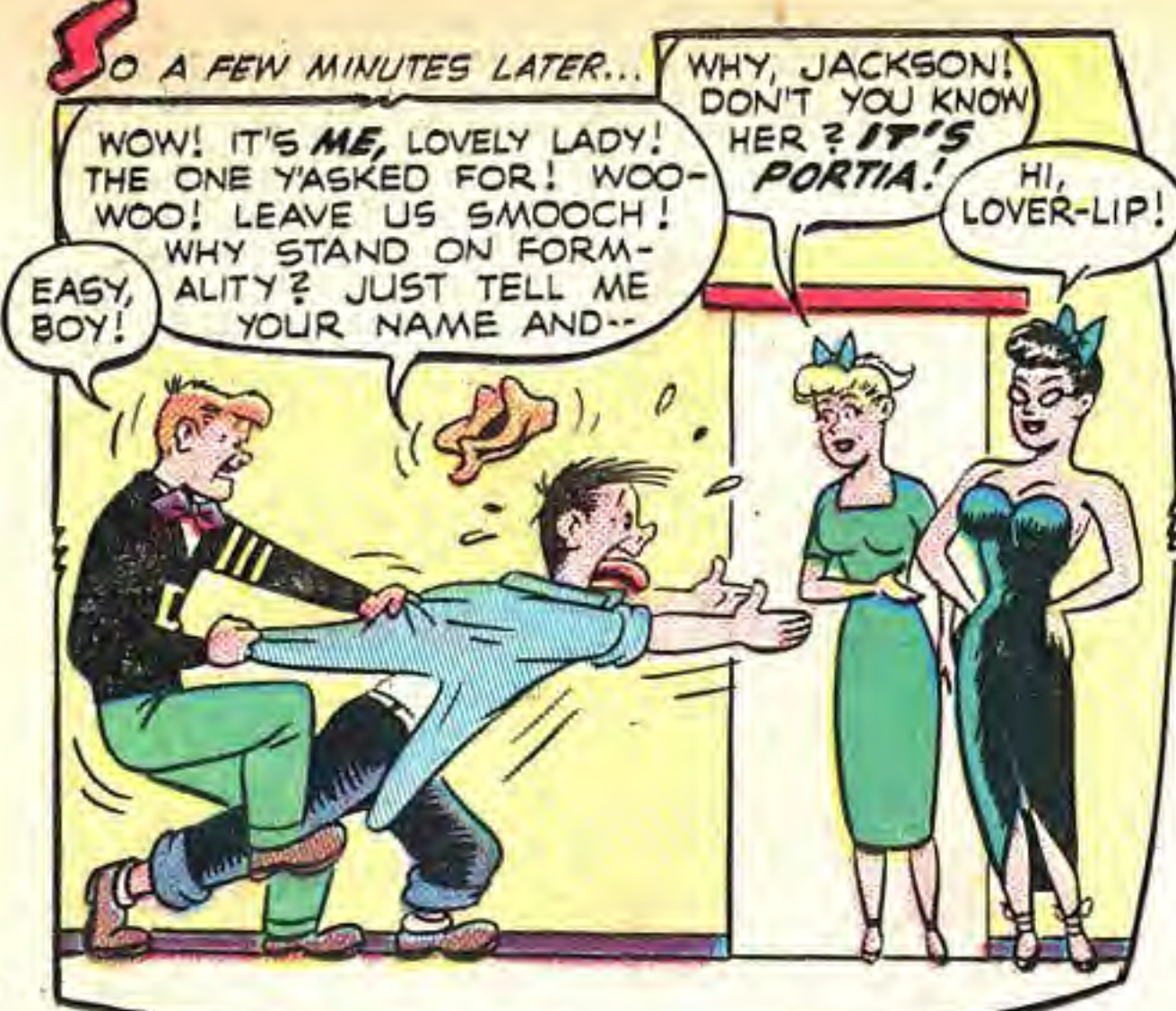
WHAT? A CELERY STALK AND VITAMIN PILL **AGAIN?** NO! NO! I'VE GOTTA EAT! I WANT **FOOD--** STEAK, ICE CREAM! I CAN'T GO ON LIKE THIS! SOB

REMEMBER, YOU SAID YOU'D DO **ANYTHING!**-- WE'RE CHANGING THESE **GLASSES!**



BUT TOMORROW CAME AND WENT-- AND SO DID A LOT MORE TOMORROWS...







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52
PAGES



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THE GREATEST GROUP
of HEADLINE HITS IN HISTORY!



READ THEM ALL
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STAR IN HER EYES

“THE TROUBLE WITH you,” Buddy said bitterly, “is that you’re *star-struck*! I’ve been talkin’ to you for five minutes, Alice! Will you or won’t you?”

“Will I or won’t I what?” Alice asked dreamily, turning away reluctantly from the huge picture of Roger DeBonne that ornamented the front of the movie house. “Were you saying something, Buddy?”

Buddy gritted his teeth and fought down his desire to yell. Why was it his misfortune to have fallen for a dreamboat that couldn’t see him at all? Of all the girls in town, why had he selected the one most in love with Roger DeBonne, that suave, debonair star of the silver screen?

“I was sayin’ something,” Buddy managed to reply. “Will you go to the dance with me tomorrow night?”

“Oh, I *couldn’t*!” Alice looked at him in reproof. “Tomorrow’s the last showing of Roger in *Master of Heartbreak* and I wouldn’t miss it for anything!”

“If I’m not mistaken, you’ve already seen it five times,” Buddy pointed out. “Don’t you think that’s enough?”

“It’s the last showing!” Alice answered, as though Buddy were out of his mind to suggest that she miss it.

“Oh, I give up!” Disconsolate and discouraged, Buddy walked off, his shoulders sagging. What can you say to a gal who collected glamor shots of Roger DeBonne by the hundreds and mooned over his profile by the hour?

“I’m gettin’ so I actually *bate* the guy!” Buddy thought, vengefully kicking a pebble. “Boy, if I could only talk to him...Hey! Talk to him! What an idea! Maybe I can’t really speak to him, but I can give him a piece of my mind anyhow!”

That very day, Buddy wrote a scorch-

ing, fiery letter of denunciation to Roger DeBonne, accusing him of having stolen his dreambeam’s heart and time, as well! “If you have any conscience,” Buddy wrote, “you will do something about it!” He underlined “do” three times and put three airmail stamps on the envelope to speed the letter on its way.

About a week later, Buddy was astonished to receive a letter from that fabulous place, Hollywood. It was really a brief note, saying, “I have sent your girl this picture of me. Hope it does the trick!” It was signed “Roger DeBonne”. The enclosed picture showed the movie star in his shirtsleeves, relaxing at home. The handsome Roger wore no toupee and his head gleamed baldly. This, however, seemed to make no difference to a lady who was obviously his adoring wife and five tots who were obviously his adoring children.

“Whew!” said Buddy, mopping his brow. “This is *dynamite*!”

Indeed, there must have been a small explosion at the other end of town at the same moment that Buddy was examining that picture. For the phone rang and it was Alice, breathless and gay and terribly sweet to Buddy. “Just wondered if you were doing anything tonight,” she asked, trying to make her voice sound casual.

Buddy’s heart leaped with joy. “Nothin’ special,” he answered. “Say, they held that Roger DeBonne picture over, so maybe you’d like...”

“If you don’t mind,” Alice interrupted, “I’d rather just sit and talk to you, Buddy. Somehow I don’t think so much of *him* any more!”

Buddy wisely said nothing about the picture. “Funny,” he remarked, “I was just beginning to warm up to the guy! Oh, well! I’ll pick you up in ten minutes, dreamboat!”

THOSE KILROY KIDS

in "Like A Bird On The Wing"





WOW! LOOKIT THIS! HEY, WOW!



YE GODS! WHAT KIND OF A GOOD MORNING DO YOU CALL THAT? WHAT ARE YOU TRYING TO DO, GIVE ME A HEART ATTACK?

HOLY HEP! I'M SORRY, POPS! GUESS I JUST GOT A LITTLE EXCITED ABOUT THIS ITEM IN THE PAPER!



WHAT KIND OF AN ITEM IN THE PAPER WOULD MAKE YOU ACT LIKE THAT? WHAT HAPPENED? DID AN EARTHQUAKE LEVEL NEW YORK?

HUH? --- GOSH, NO, POPS!... PAUL RANTZ, THE FAMOUS AVIATOR, IS GONNA TRY TO BREAK THE CROSS COUNTRY SPEED RECORD FOR LIGHT PLANES--AND HE'S STARTIN' FROM HERE!



I'M GONNA JUMP IN THE JALOP AND GO GET JACKSON!--BET HE'LL WANNA SEE HIM TAKE OFF TOO!

COME BACK WITH THAT PAPER!... I HAVEN'T SEEN IT YET!

So, a few minutes later...



HEY, NO KIDDIN'? WELL, SLASH THE GAS TO THIS JOY JOB AND LET'S GET WITH IT!

OKAY, BUT GET IN FIRST, YA KNUCKLEHEAD!



HOLY HEP, I HOPE WE CAN GET UP CLOSE TO THAT LITTLE JOB OF HIS!... THEY SAY THE MOTOR IN IT IS REALLY SOUPED UP! --MIGHT BE ABLE T'GET SOME IDEAS FOR MY ROD!

HEY, KEEN, HEY!

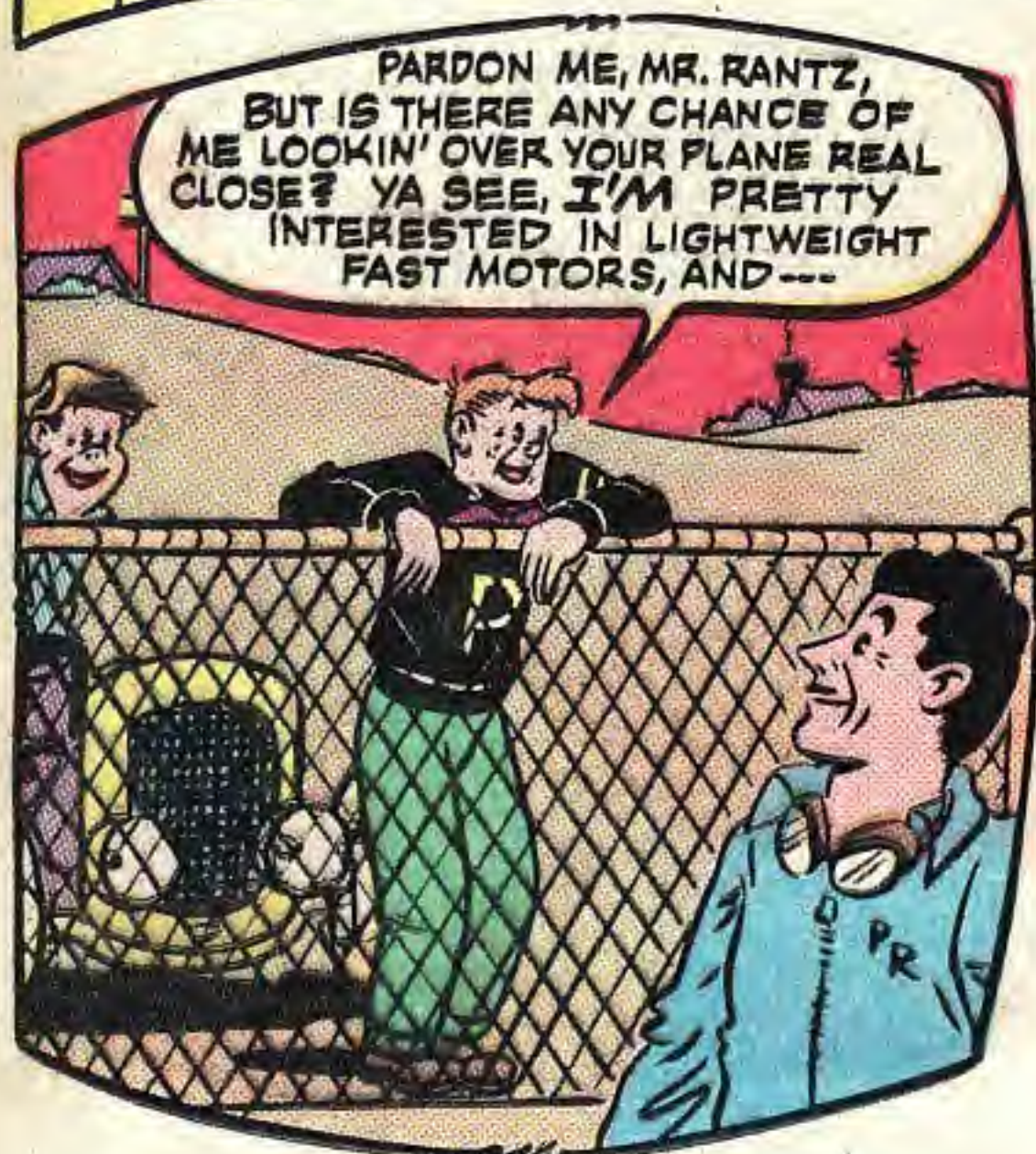


HEY, NATCH! LOOKY! THERE HE IS! THAT'S RANTZ LEANIN' ON THE FENCE TALKIN' TO THAT NEWSPAPER GUY! HI, MR. RANTZ! ROGER! WILCO! AND ALL THAT KINDA FLY JIVE TALK!

YOU CAN SAY THAT THE PURPOSE OF THE FLIGHT IS TO SHOW THE MIDWEST BUSINESS MAN THAT WITH A LIGHT, SAFE, FAST, INEXPENSIVE PLANE LIKE MINE, HE CAN FLY TO NEW YORK, TRANSACT HIS BUSINESS, AND BE HOME IN TIME FOR SUPPER!

I'VE GOT IT, AND THANKS, RANTZ!

SIT DOWN-- CORN-BALL!



PARDON ME, MR. RANTZ, BUT IS THERE ANY CHANCE OF ME LOOKIN' OVER YOUR PLANE REAL CLOSE? YA SEE, I'M PRETTY INTERESTED IN LIGHTWEIGHT FAST MOTORS, AND---



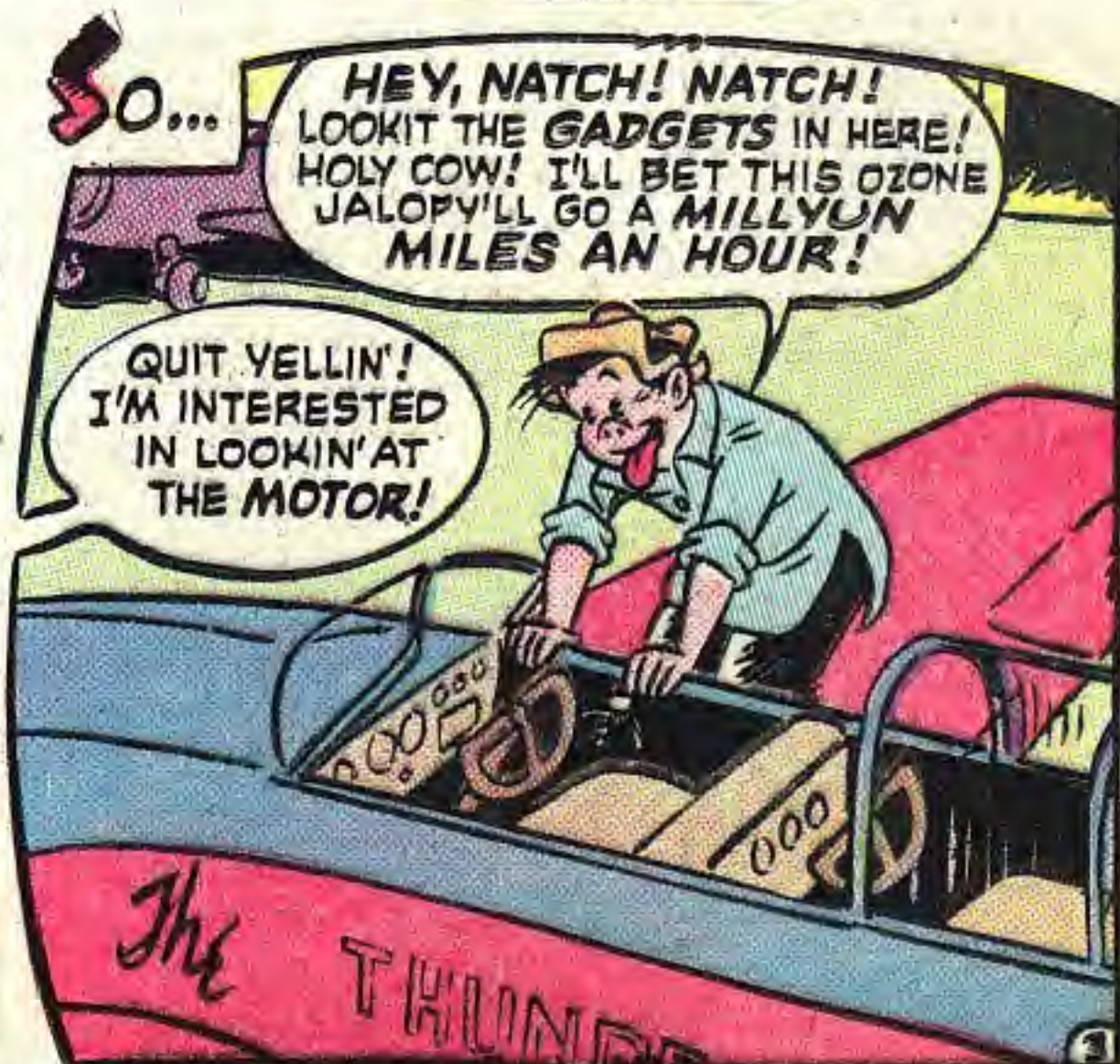
WELL, I SHOULD SAY YOU ARE! ...THAT'S SOME POWER PLANT YOU HAVE IN THAT JALOPY! WHAT-ALL HAVE YOU DONE TO IT?

I'VE MILLED THE HEADS, PUT ON TWIN POTS, INSTALLED A FULL RACE CAM AND--WELL--THAT'S WHY I'D LIKE TO LOOK YOUR JOB OVER! I MIGHT GET SOME POINTERS!



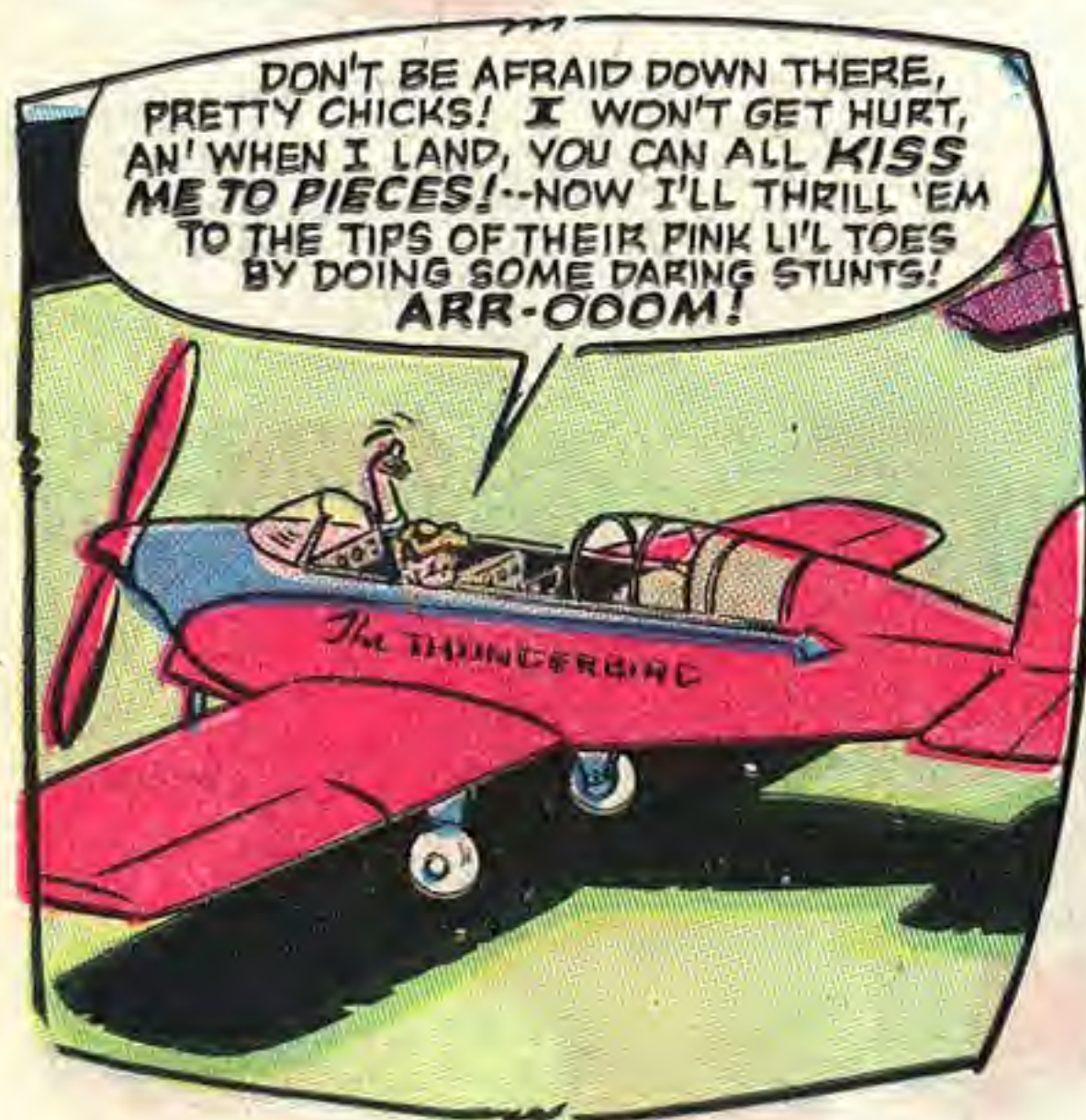
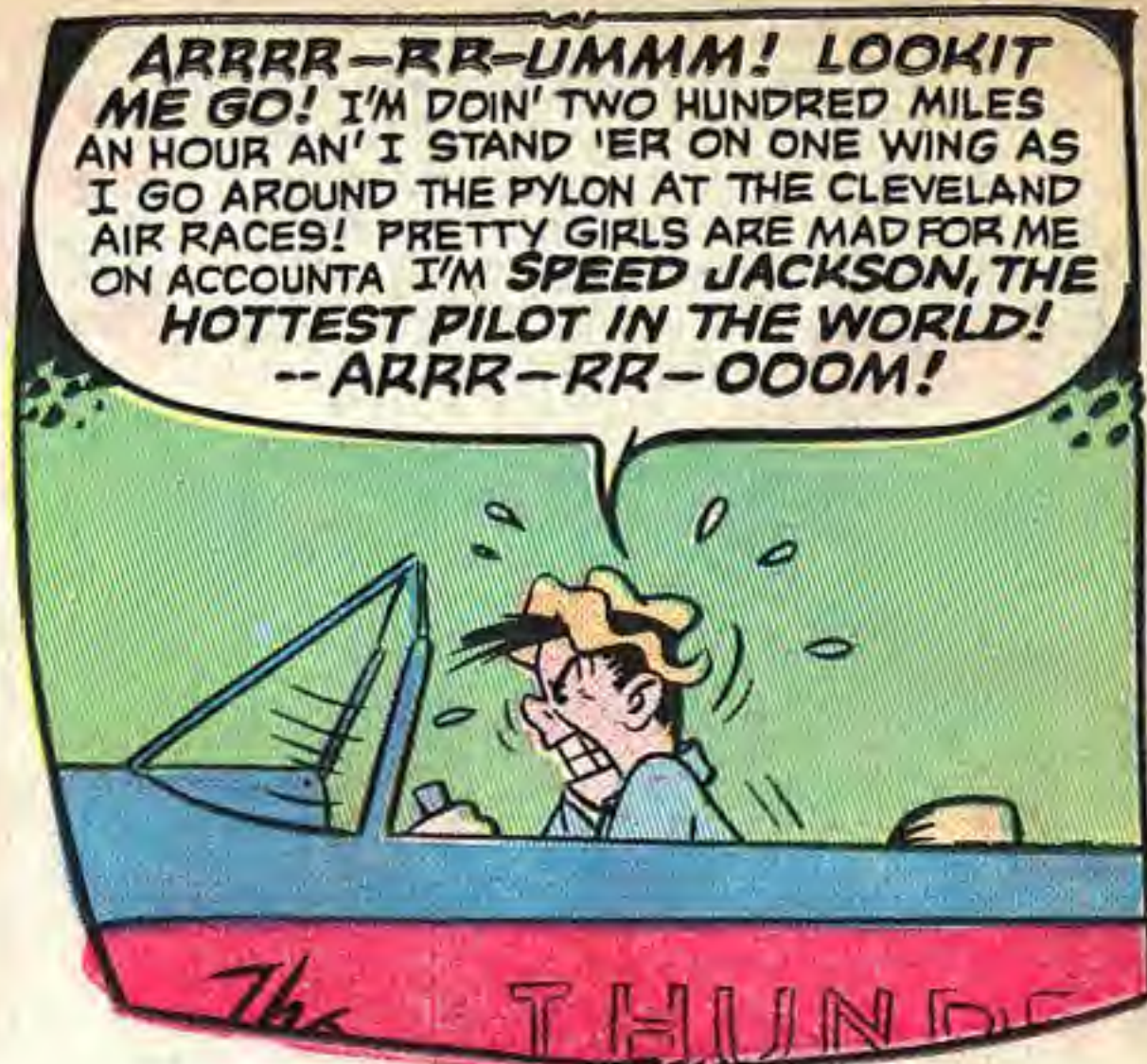
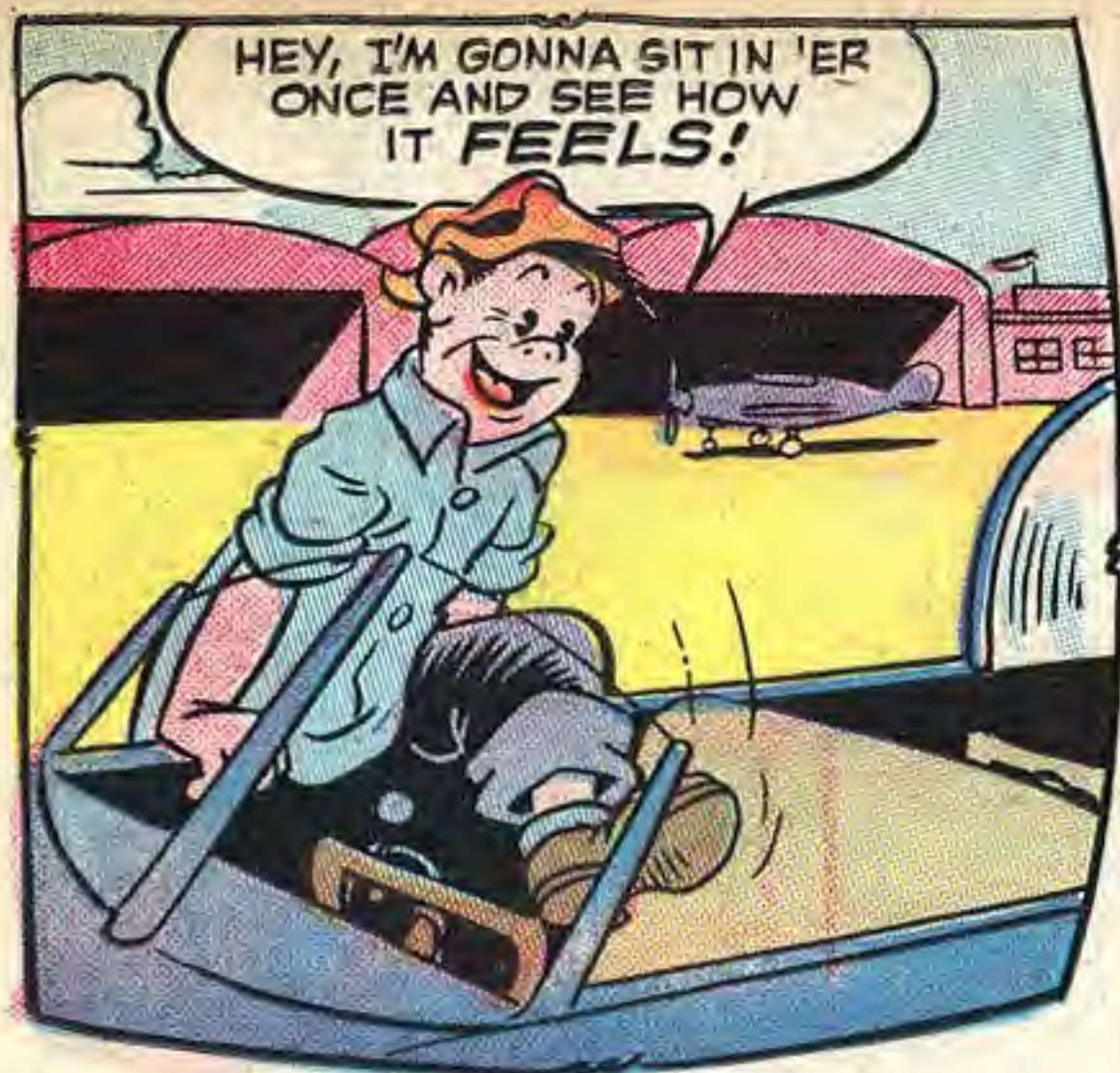
OKAY, SON! YOU AND YOUR FRIEND CAN COME IN AND LOOK 'ER OVER, BUT DON'T GET IN THE WAY OF THE MECHANICS!

HEY, KEEN! THANKS, MR. RANTZ --- C'MON, JACKSON, LET'S GET WITH IT!

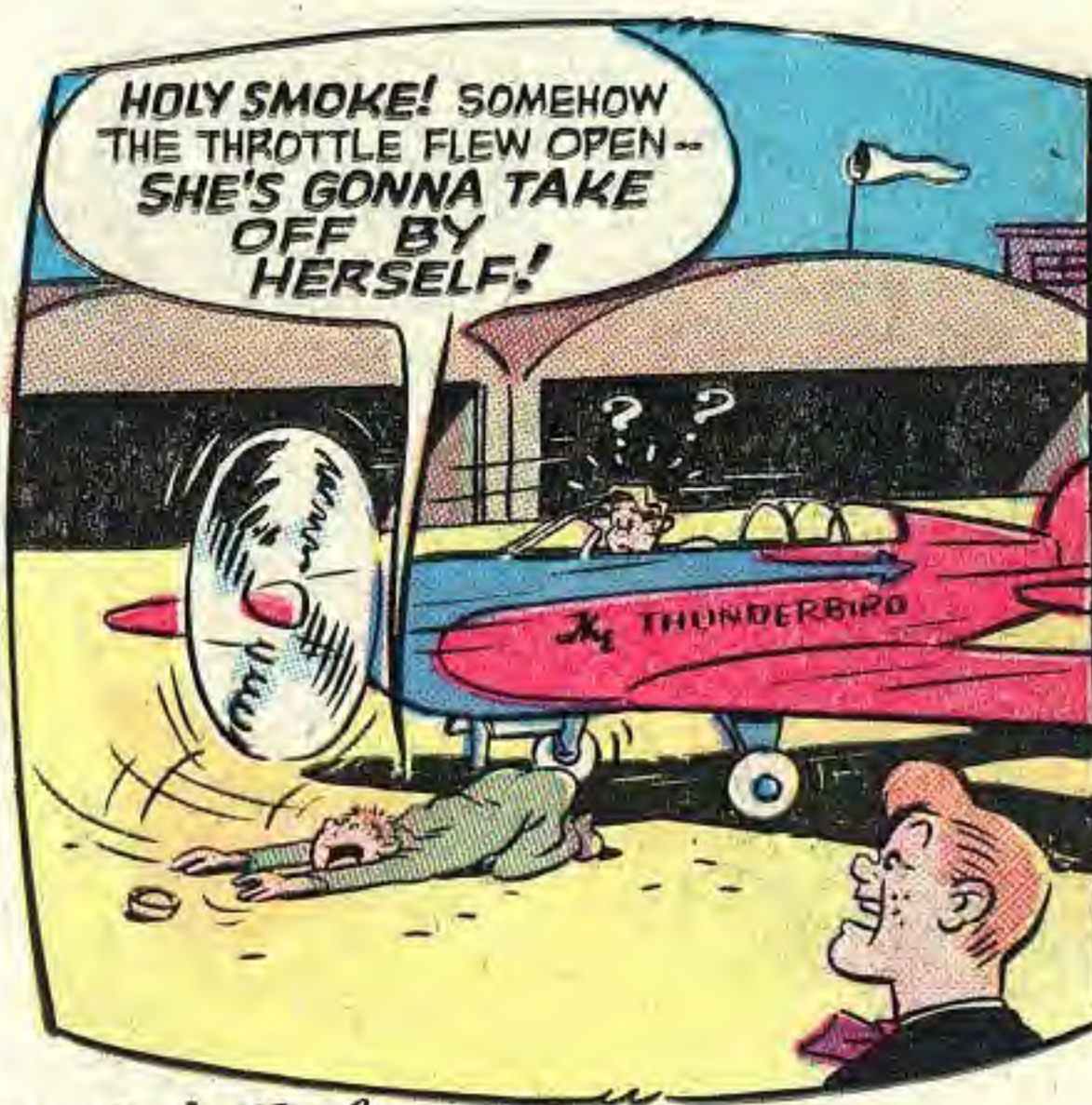
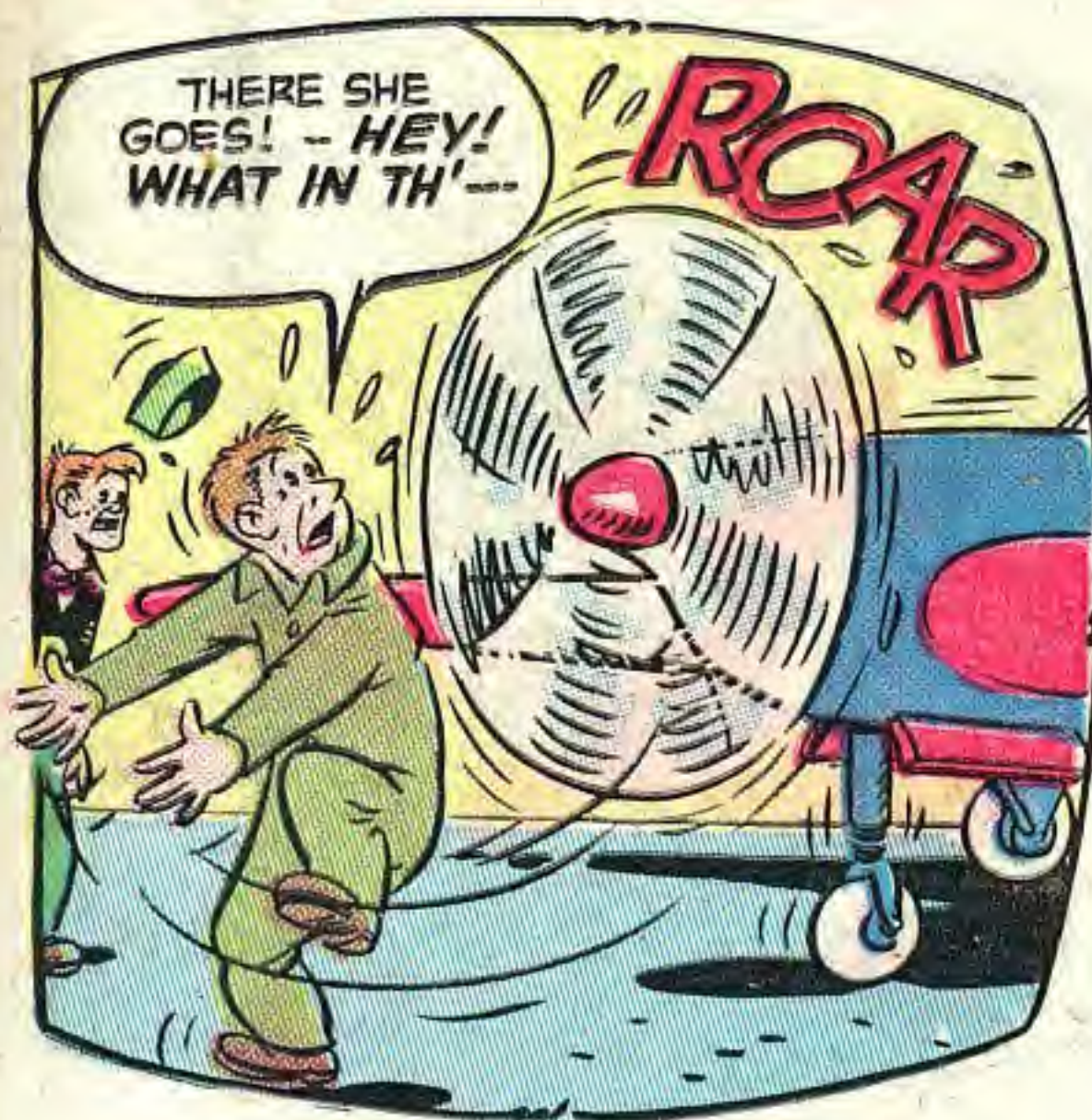
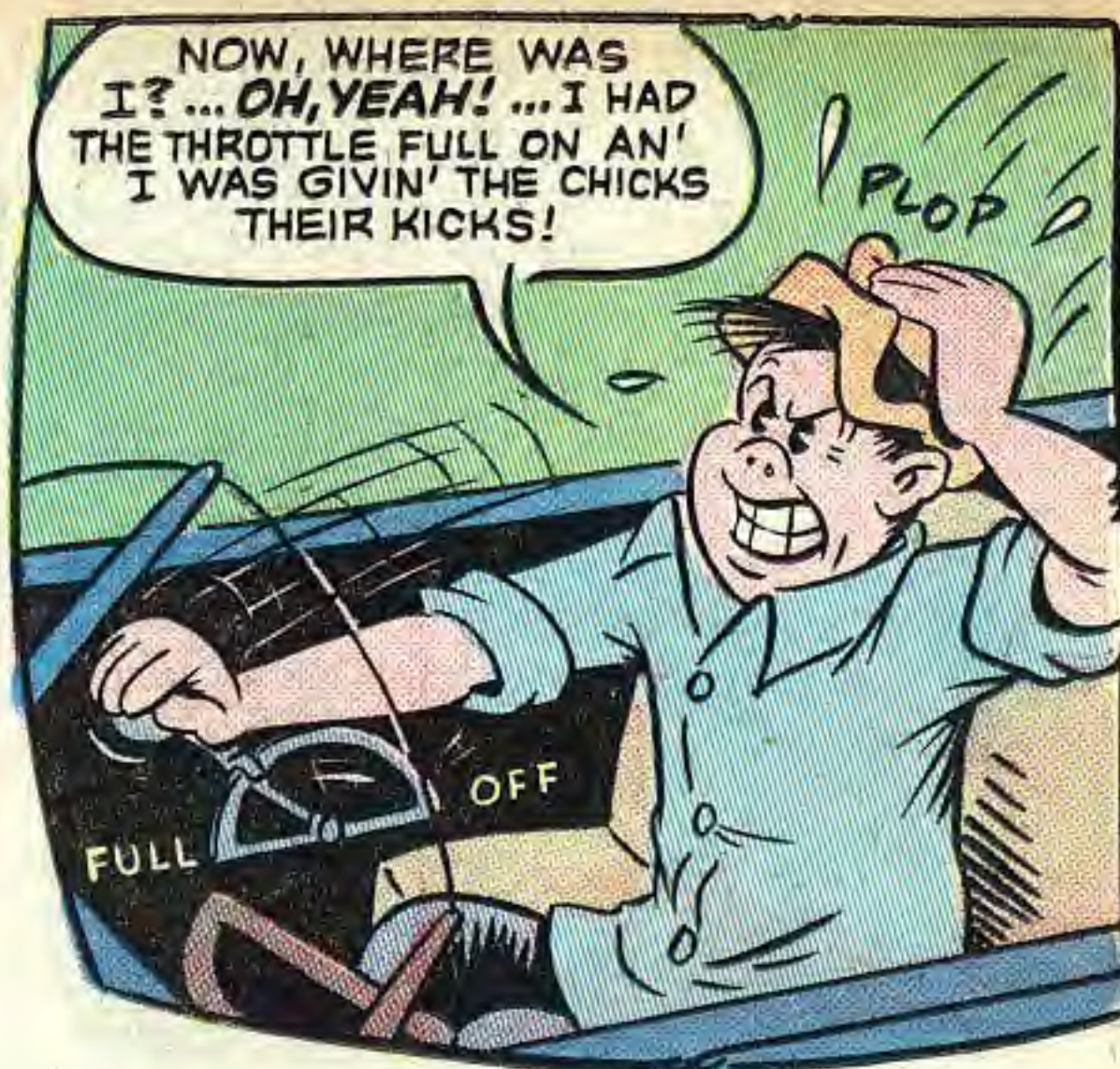


SO... HEY, NATCH! NATCH! LOOKIT THE GADGETS IN HERE! HOLY COW! I'LL BET THIS OZONE JALOPY'LL GO A MILLYUN MILES AN HOUR!

QUIT YELLIN'! I'M INTERESTED IN LOOKIN' AT THE MOTOR!



Seconds Later...





OOOH! I CAN'T LOOK! POOR OLD JACKSON'S GONNA CRASH!

NO, HE'S NOT, SON! THAT PLANE WILL FLY ITSELF, AND HE'LL BE SAFE--AS LONG AS HE DOESN'T TOUCH THE CONTROLS! -- THERE'S RADIO EARPHONES RIGHT BESIDE HIM! C'MON! LET'S TRY TO CONTACT HIM!



Seconds later...

JEEPERS, WHAT I WOULDN'T GIVE FOR AN ELEVATOR RIGHT NOW! NATCH! ... SOMEBODY! SAVE ME!



TOWER TO JACKSON! TOWER TO JACKSON! JACKSON, CAN YOU HEAR ME? -- TOWER TO JACKSON! JACKSON! HELLO! HELLO!

GULP! THIS IS IT! CURTAINS! THE ANGELS ARE TALKIN' TO ME ALREADY! I CAN HEAR 'EM! --- HELLO, ANGELS!



LOOKY, ANGELS! CAN YA DO ME A FAVOR WHEN THIS IS ALL OVER? I'D JUST AS SOON YA WOULDN'T GIMME A PAIR OF WINGS! -- I'VE HAD ENOUGH FLYIN' ALREADY!

JACKSON! WILL YOU PLEASE PUT ON THE RADIO EARPHONES BESIDE YOU AND LISTEN TO ME?!



HEY, THAT'S NOT ANGELS, IT'S THESE THINGS! SOMEBODY WANTS TO TALK TO ME! HELLO, THIS IS JACKSON! I'M NOT FINE -- HOW ARE YOU?

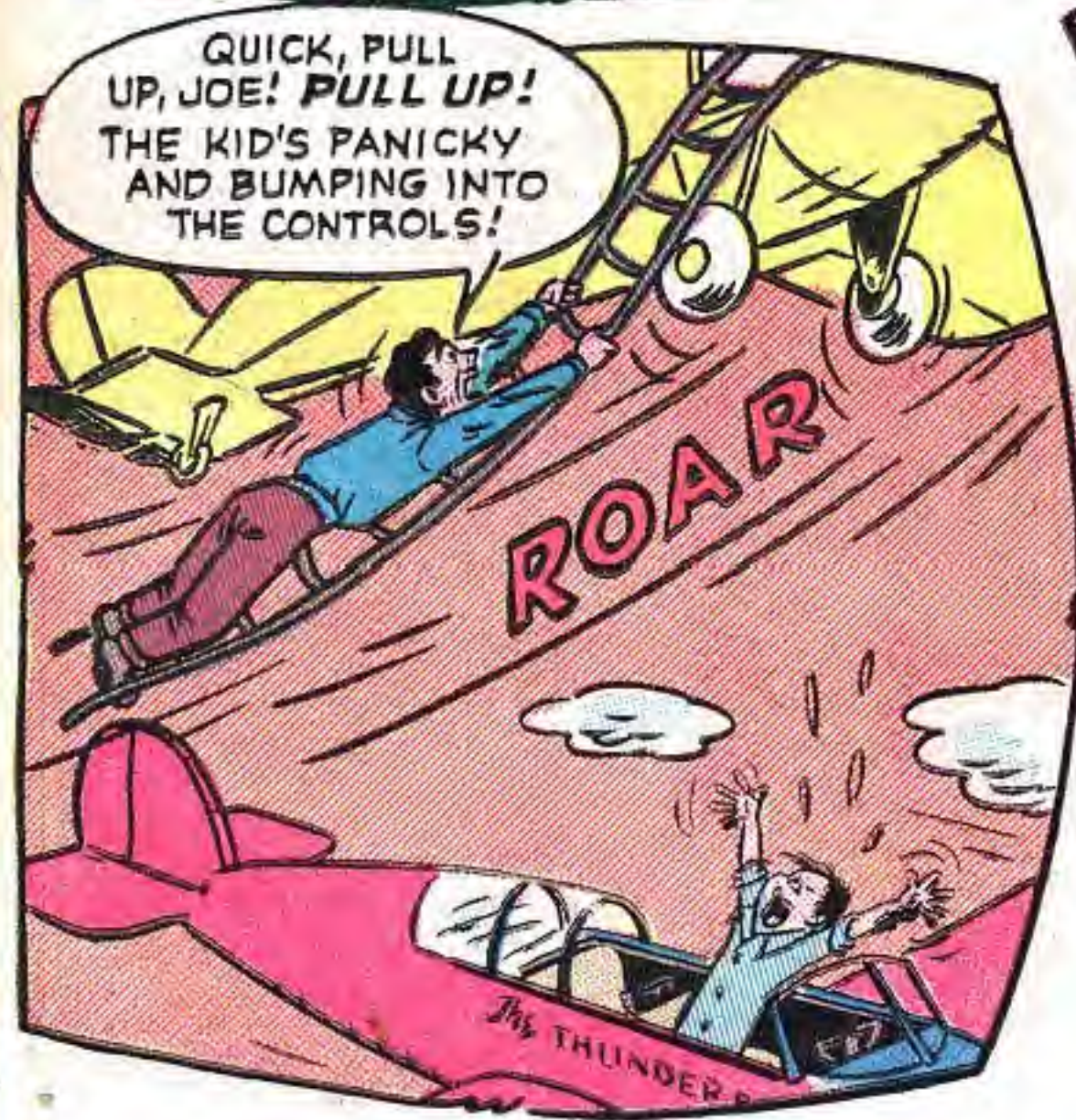
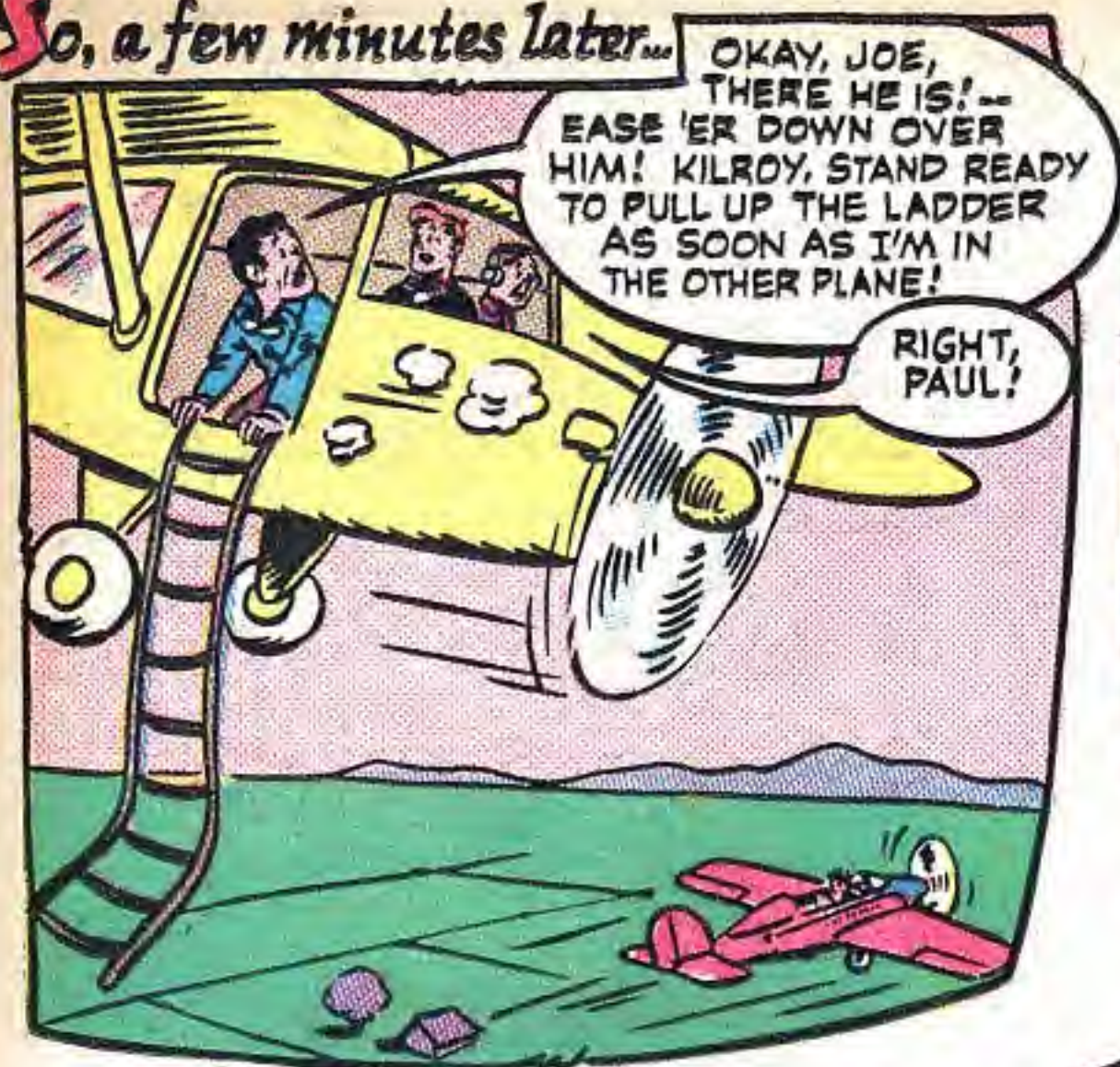
JACKSON, THIS IS PAUL RANTZ! NOW, LISTEN CAREFULLY! DO NOT TOUCH THOSE CONTROLS OR YOU'LL CRASH!



JEEPERS, MR. RANTZ, HE'S SAFE FOR NOW, BUT -- GULP! -- HOW'LL HE GET DOWN?

I'M GOING TO TRY TO GET IN THAT PLANE BY ROPE LADDER FROM ANOTHER SHIP! -- JONES, GET BACK ON THAT RADIO AND CLEAR US FOR A TAKEOFF! ... C'MON, KILROY!

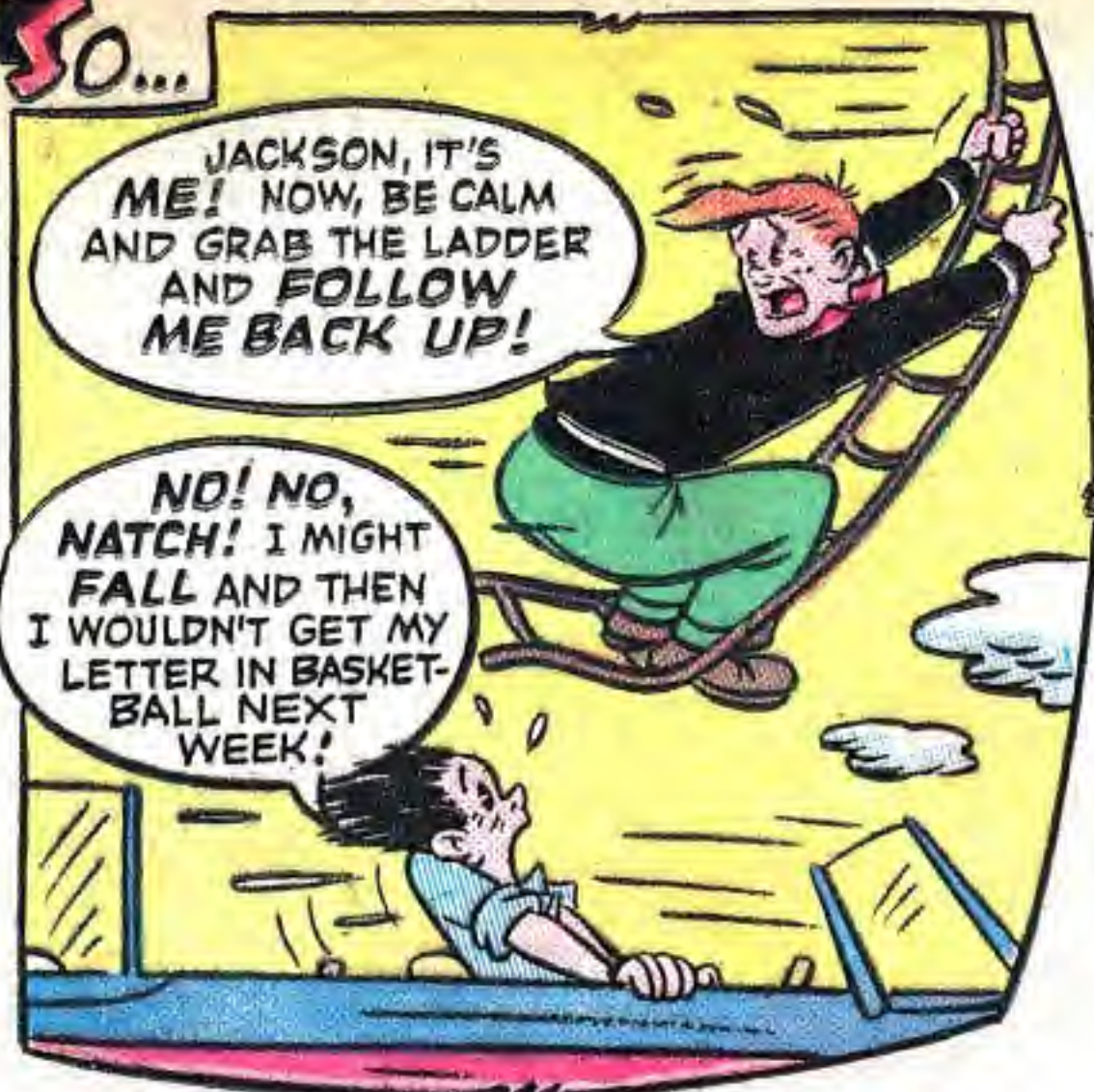
So, a few minutes later...

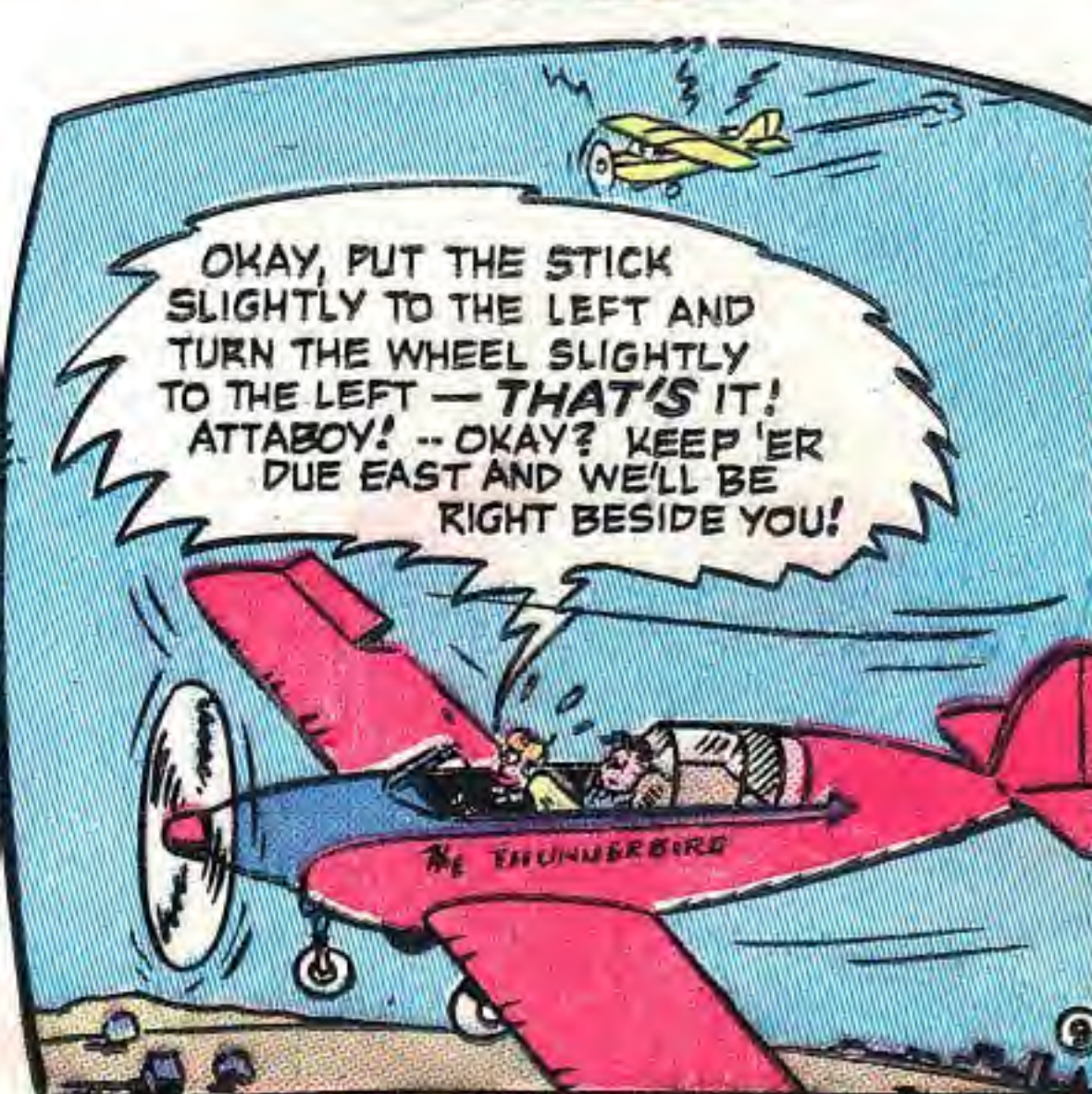
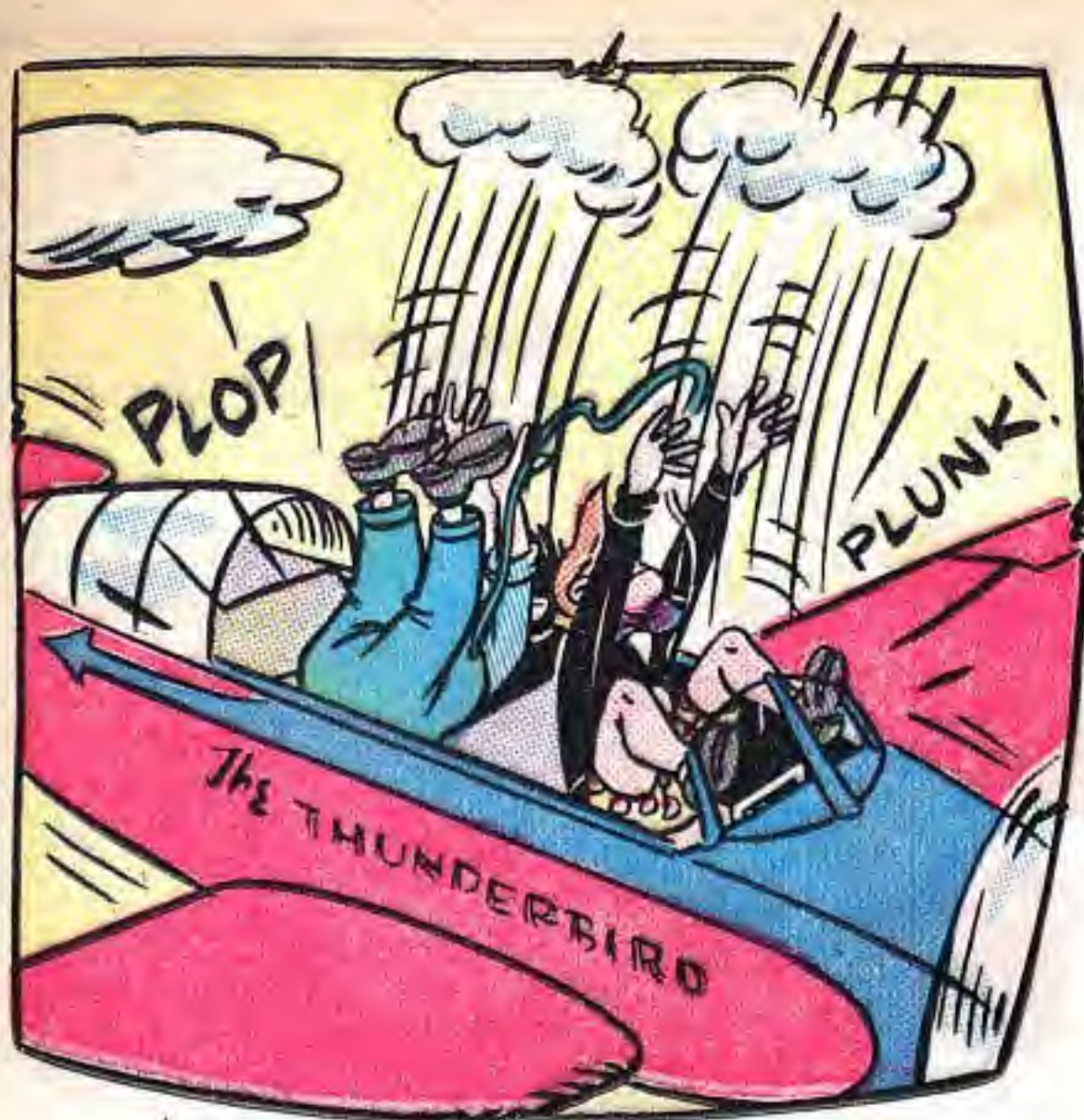


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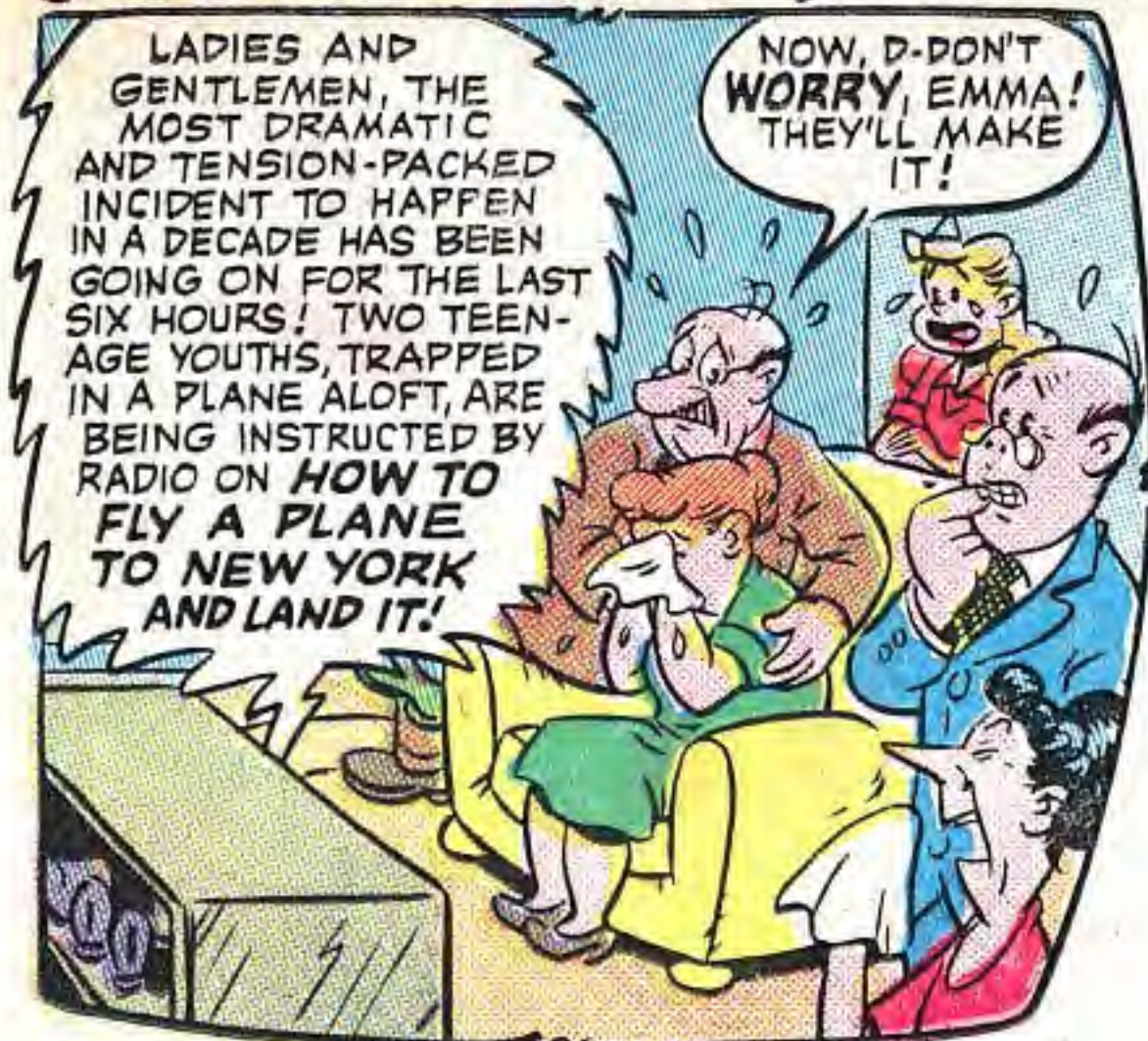


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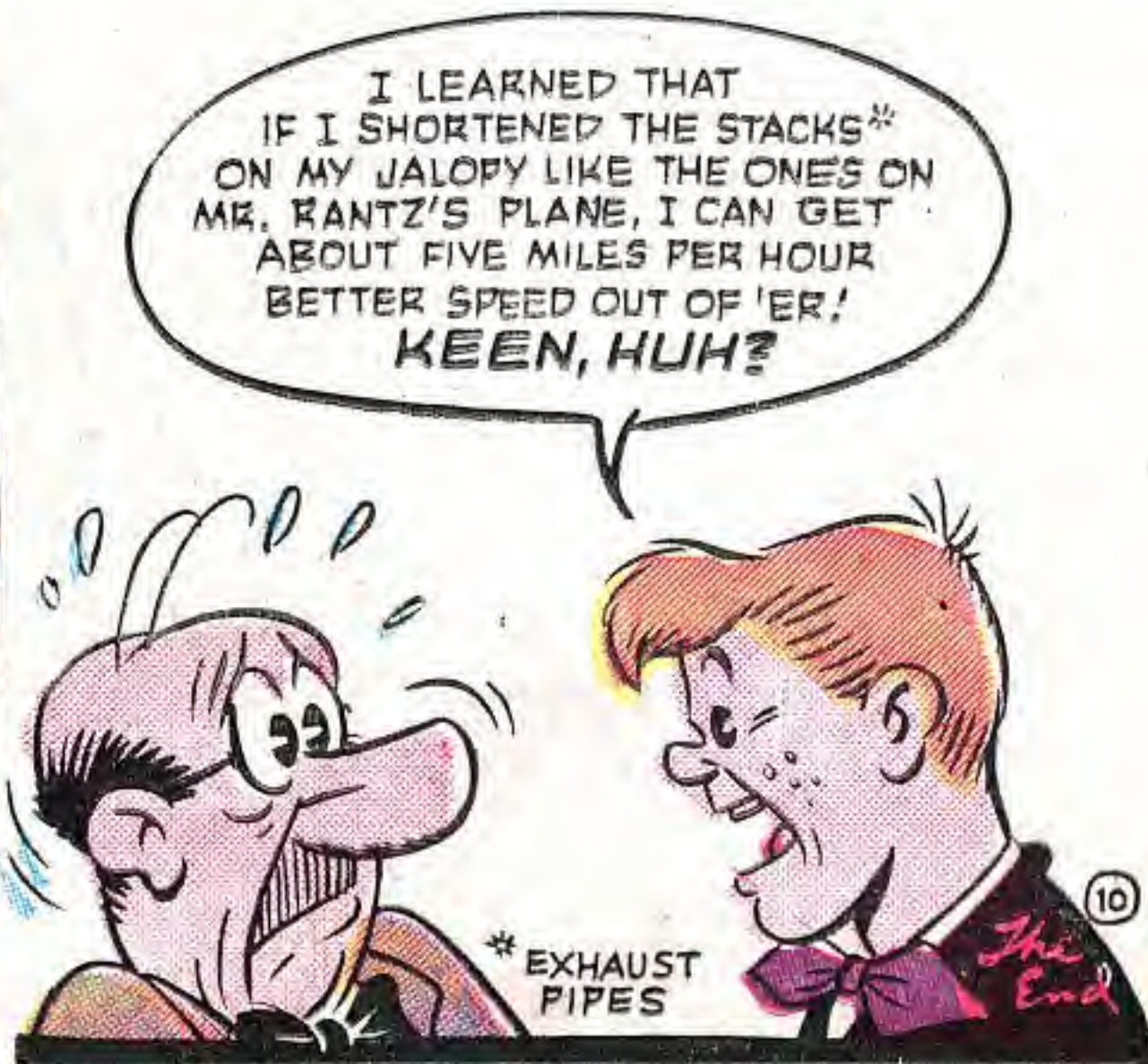
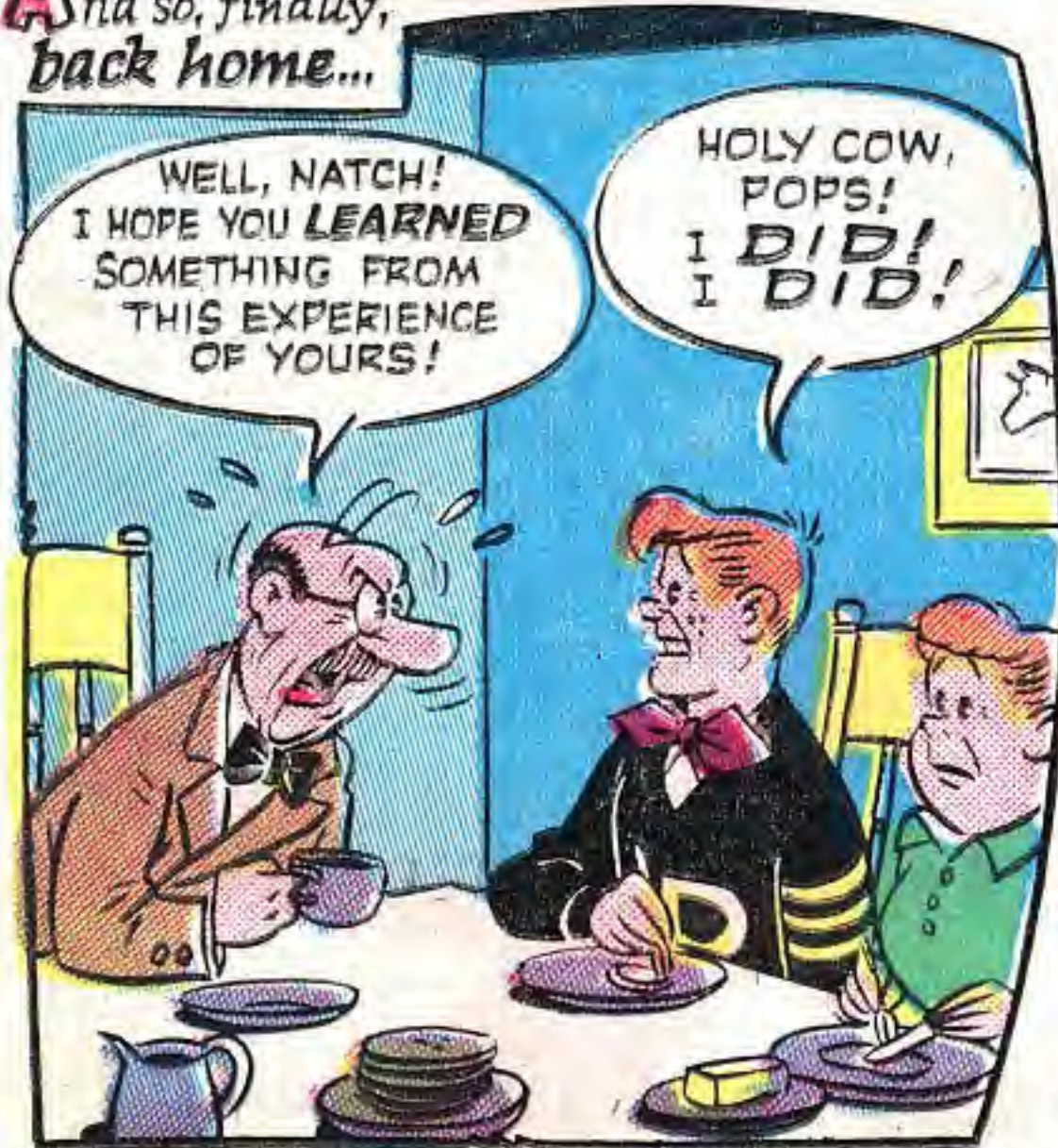




The news of the happening travels fast... **And** at New York...



And so, finally, back home...



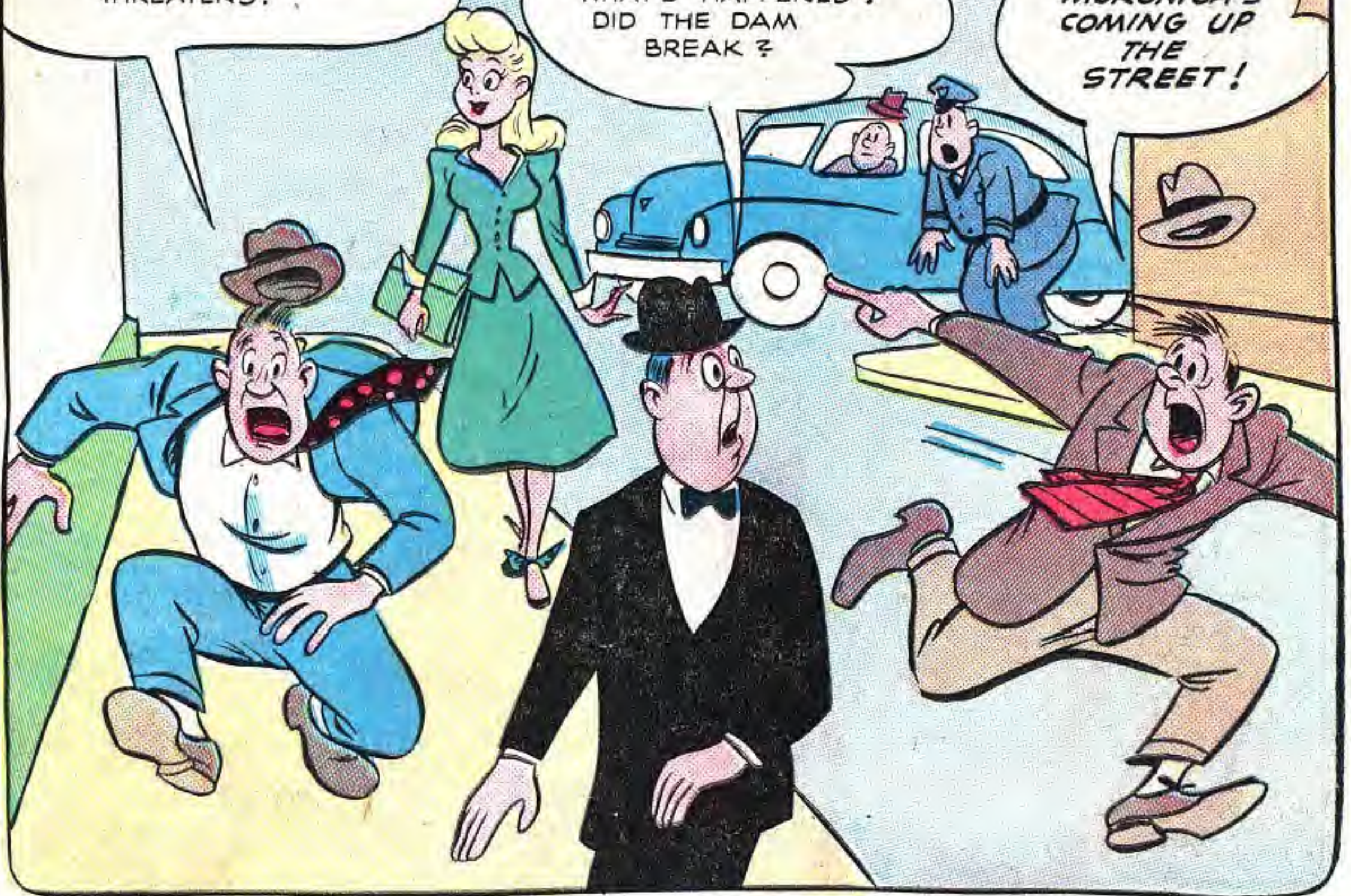
MORONICA

MISS NIT-WIT OF 1951

HIT FOR THE HILLS,
EVERYBODY! **DANGER**
THREATENS!

GOODNESS!
WHAT'S HAPPENED?
DID THE DAM
BREAK?

WORSE!
MORONICA'S
COMING UP
THE
STREET!

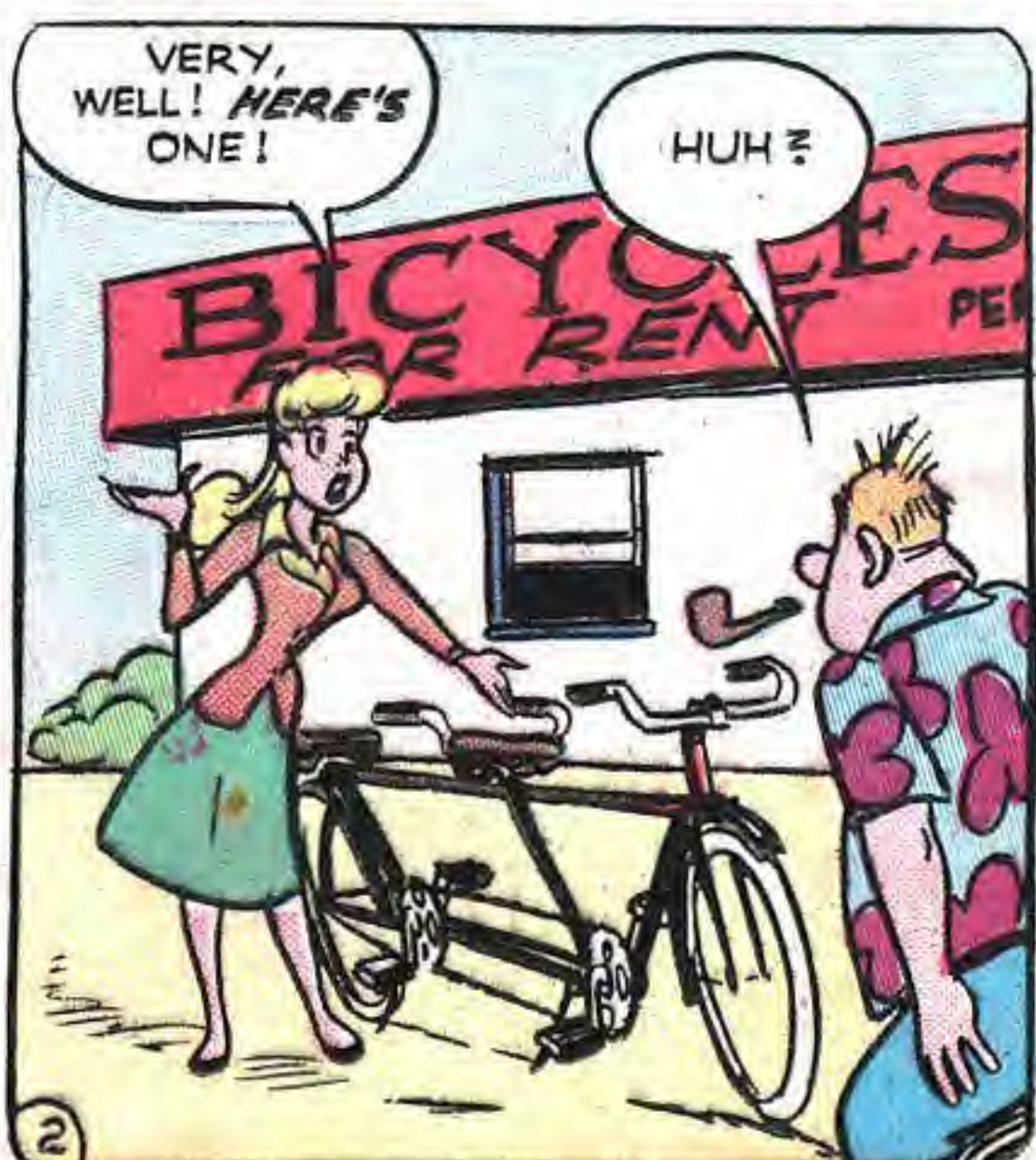
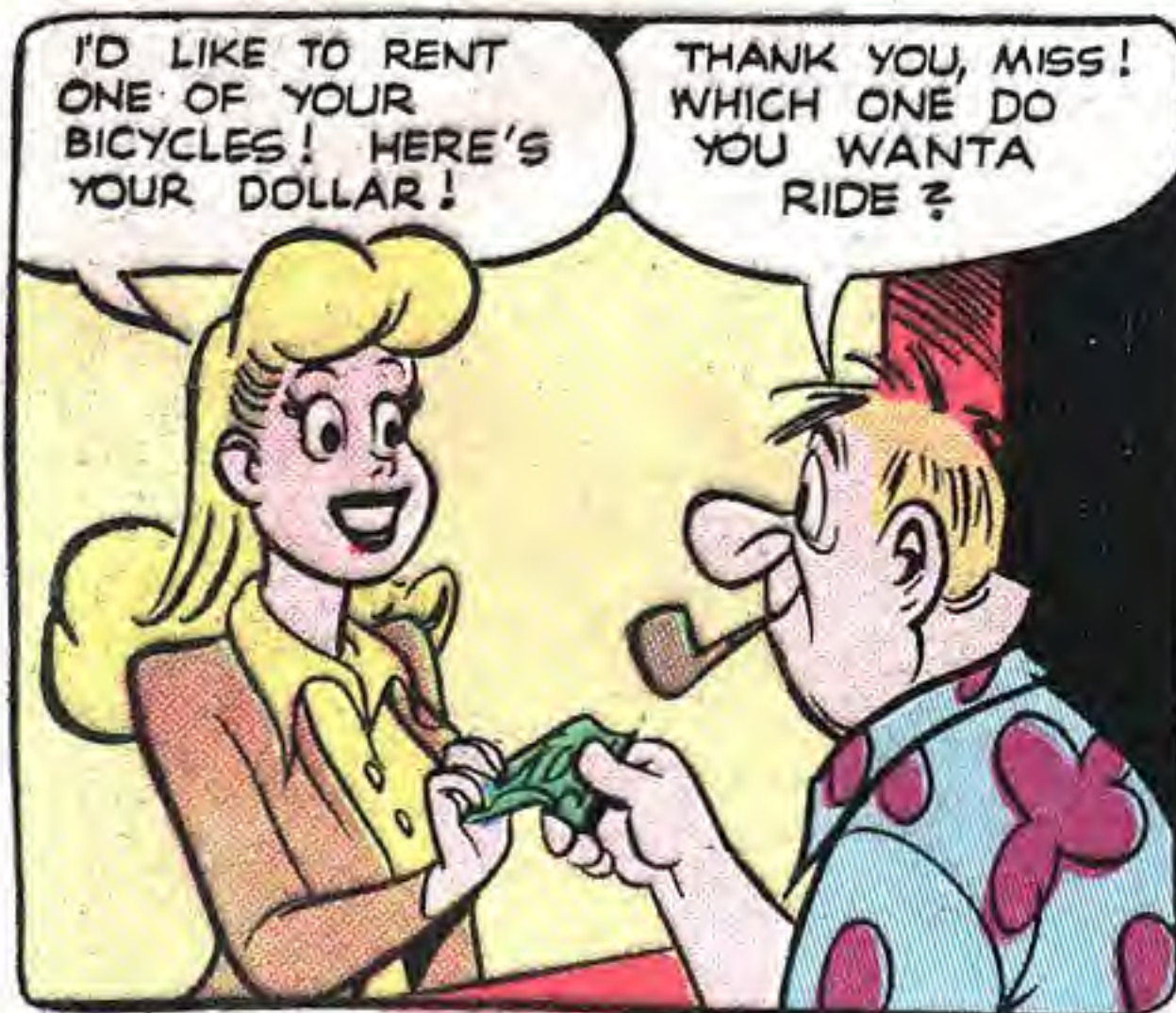
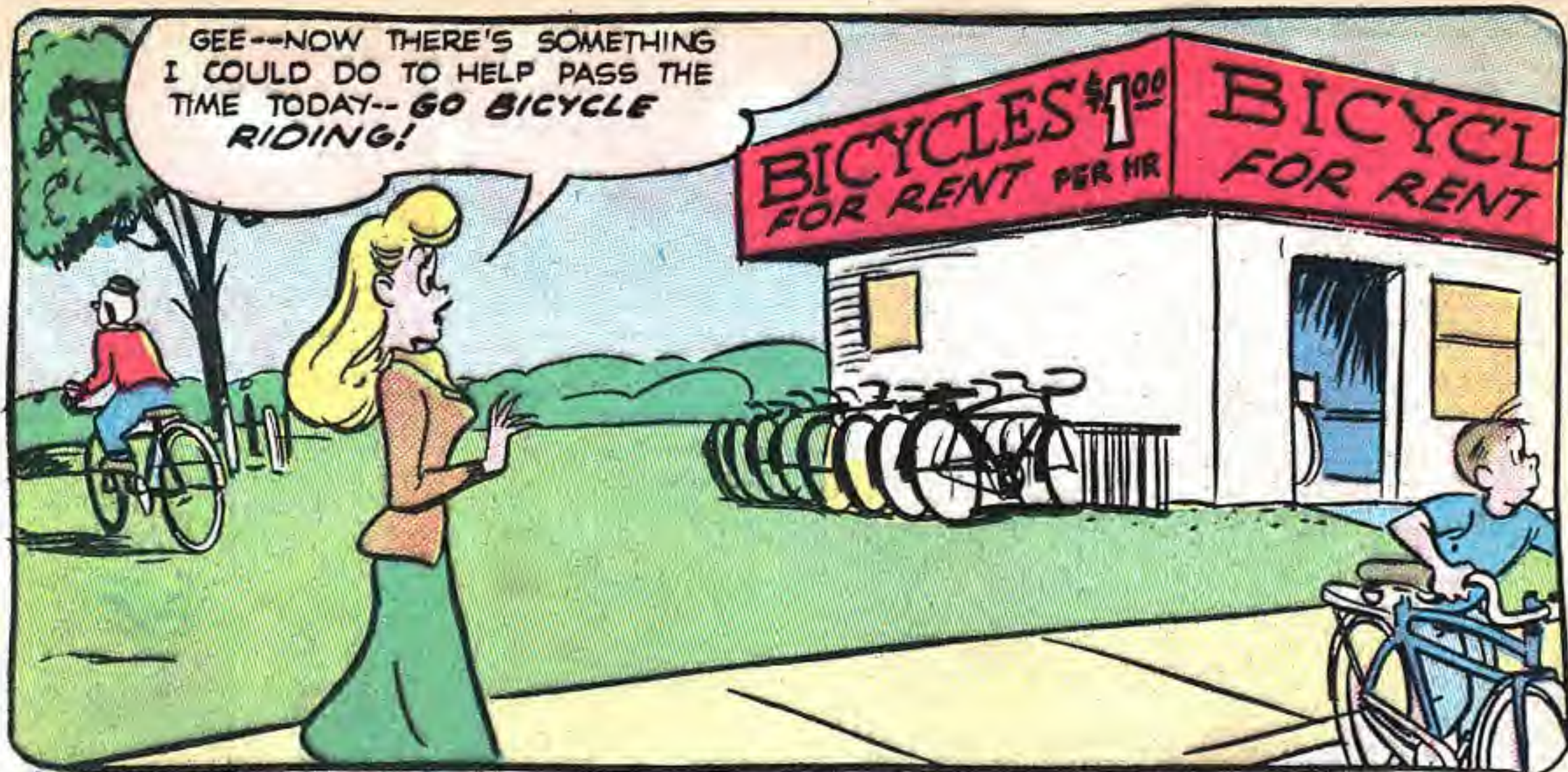


OH, DEAR! IT'S SATURDAY--I SIMPLY
HATE SATURDAY! IT'S THE **DULLEST** DAY
OF THE WEEK! NOTHING, I MEAN SIMPLY
NOTHING, HAPPENS ON
SATURDAY!



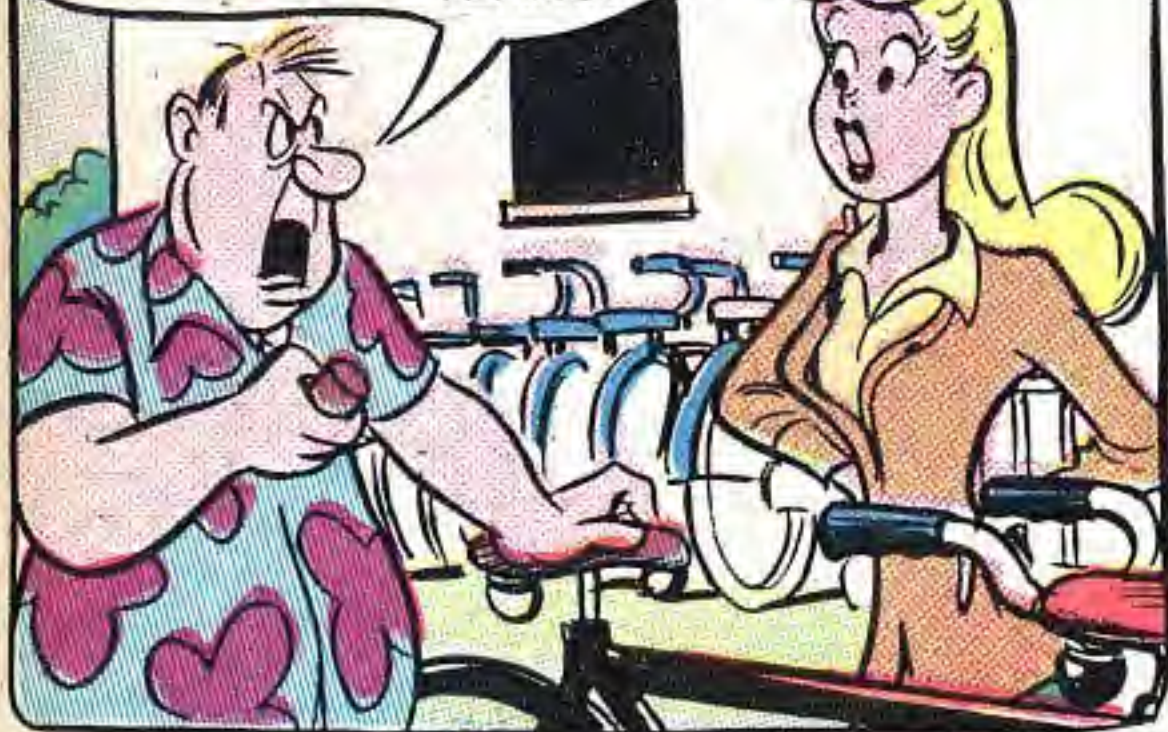
WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO STAY COOPED
UP IN THIS LITTLE OLD APARTMENT ALL
DAY--I'D GO MAD! MIGHT AS WELL
GO FOR A WALK OR SOME-
THING---





LADY, THAT IS CALLED A **TANDEM BICYCLE!** IT'S **BEEN** CALLED A TANDEM BICYCLE FOR 50 YEARS---AND IT'LL **BE** CALLED A TANDEM FOR **ANOTHER 50 YEARS!**

WELL, I KNOW BETTER THAN THAT!



I KNOW A **SEDAN** WHEN I SEE IT! LOOK! IT HAS A FRONT SEAT AND A BACK SEAT, DOESN'T IT?

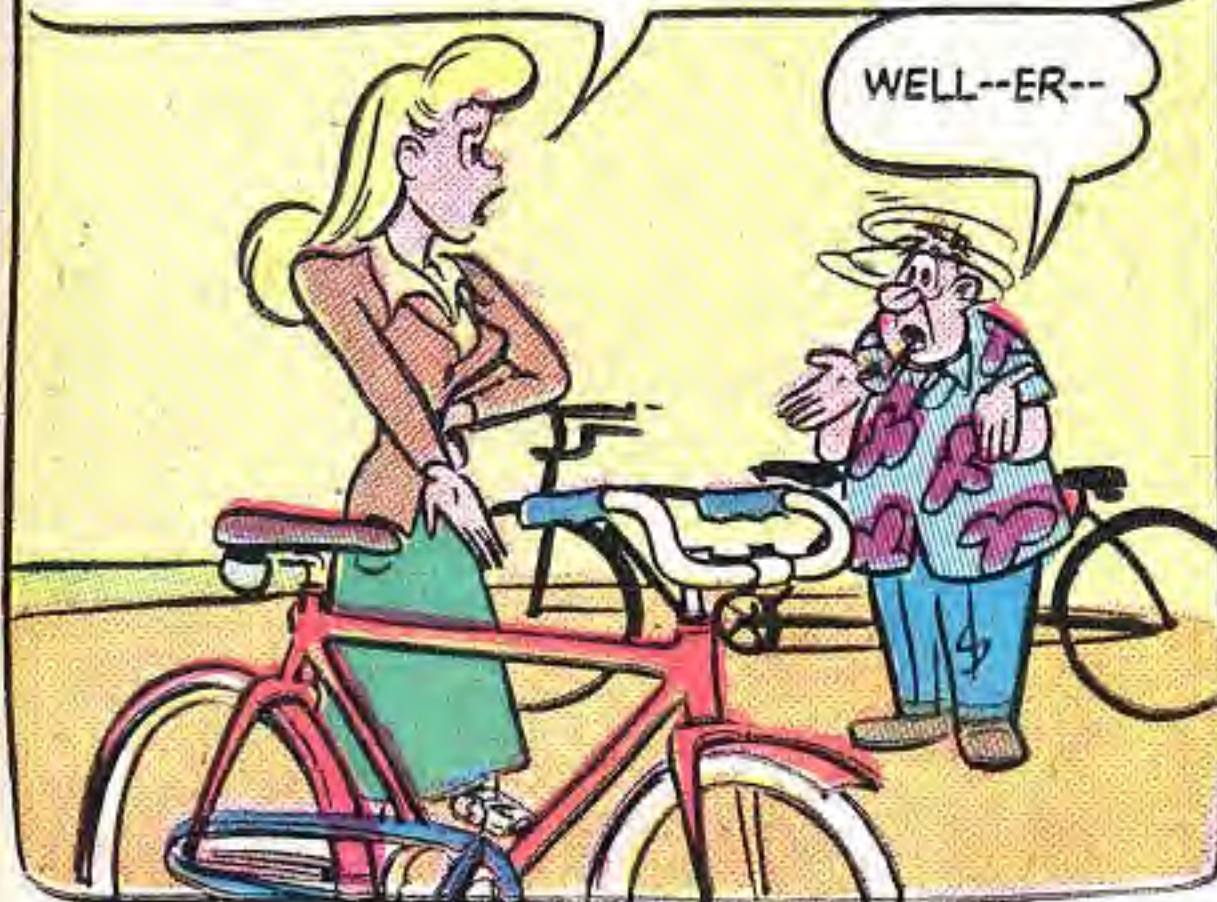
SO IT'S A SEDAN! SEDANS HAVE FRONT AND BACK SEATS!

SO WHAT?

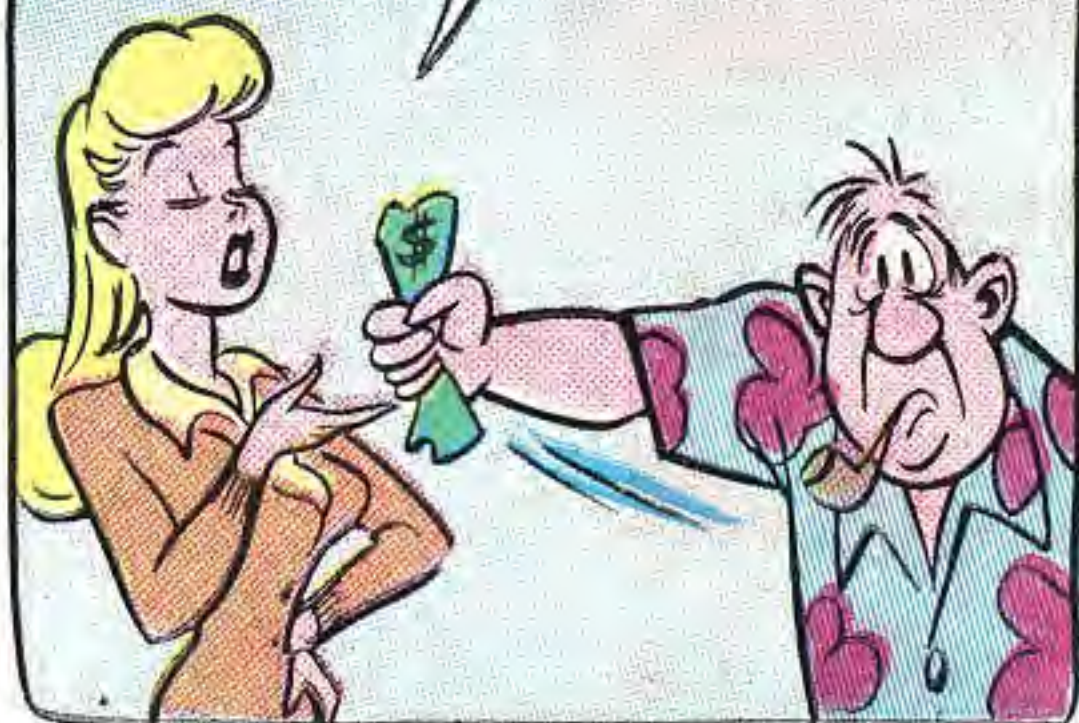


COUPES HAVE ONLY FRONT SEATS! THIS ONE'S A COUPE AND THAT ONE'S A SEDAN!

WELL--ER--



VERY WELL, GIVE ME BACK MY MONEY! YOU SAID I COULD RIDE FREE IF I SHOWED YOU A SEDAN-- AND I HAVE!

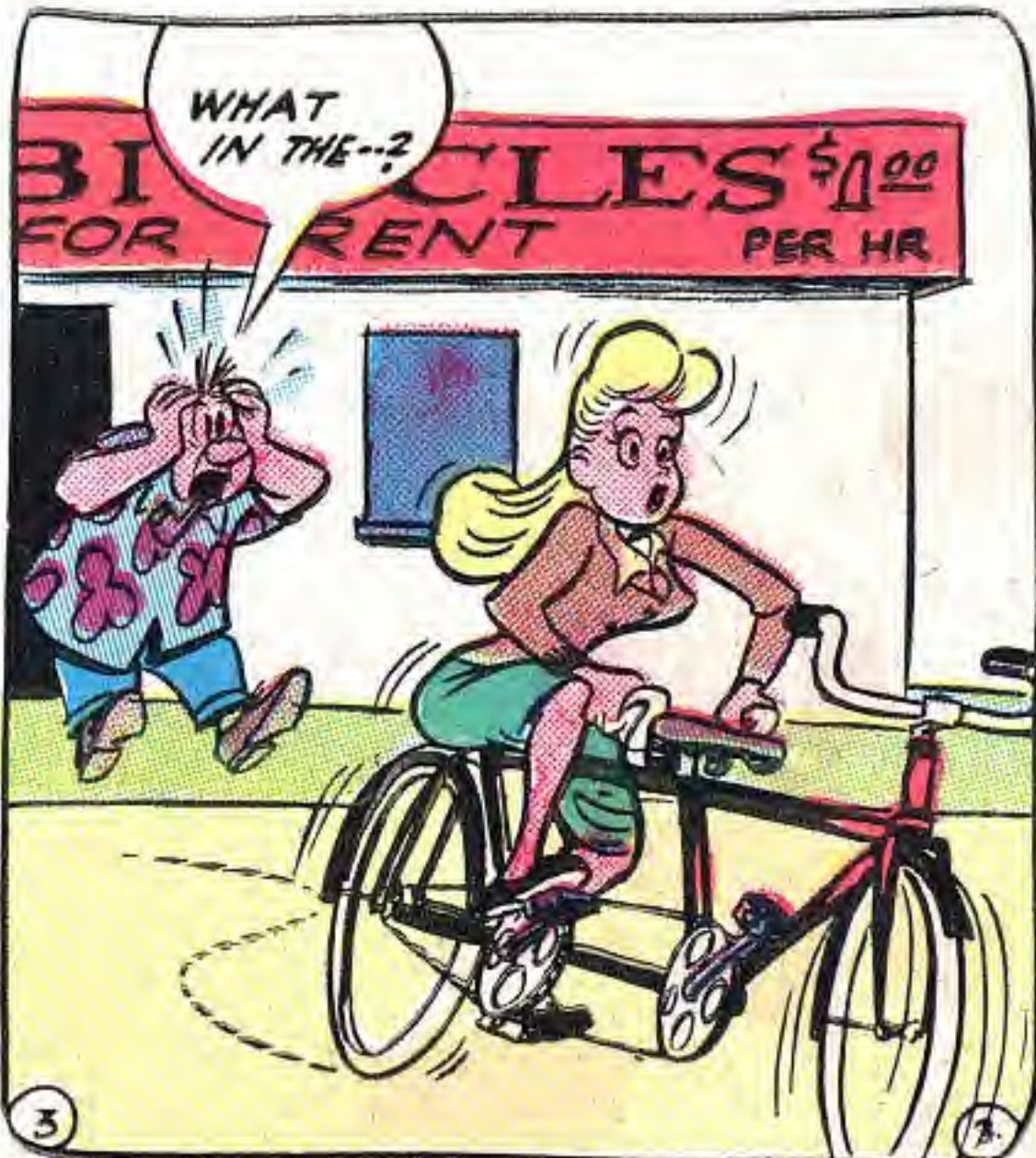


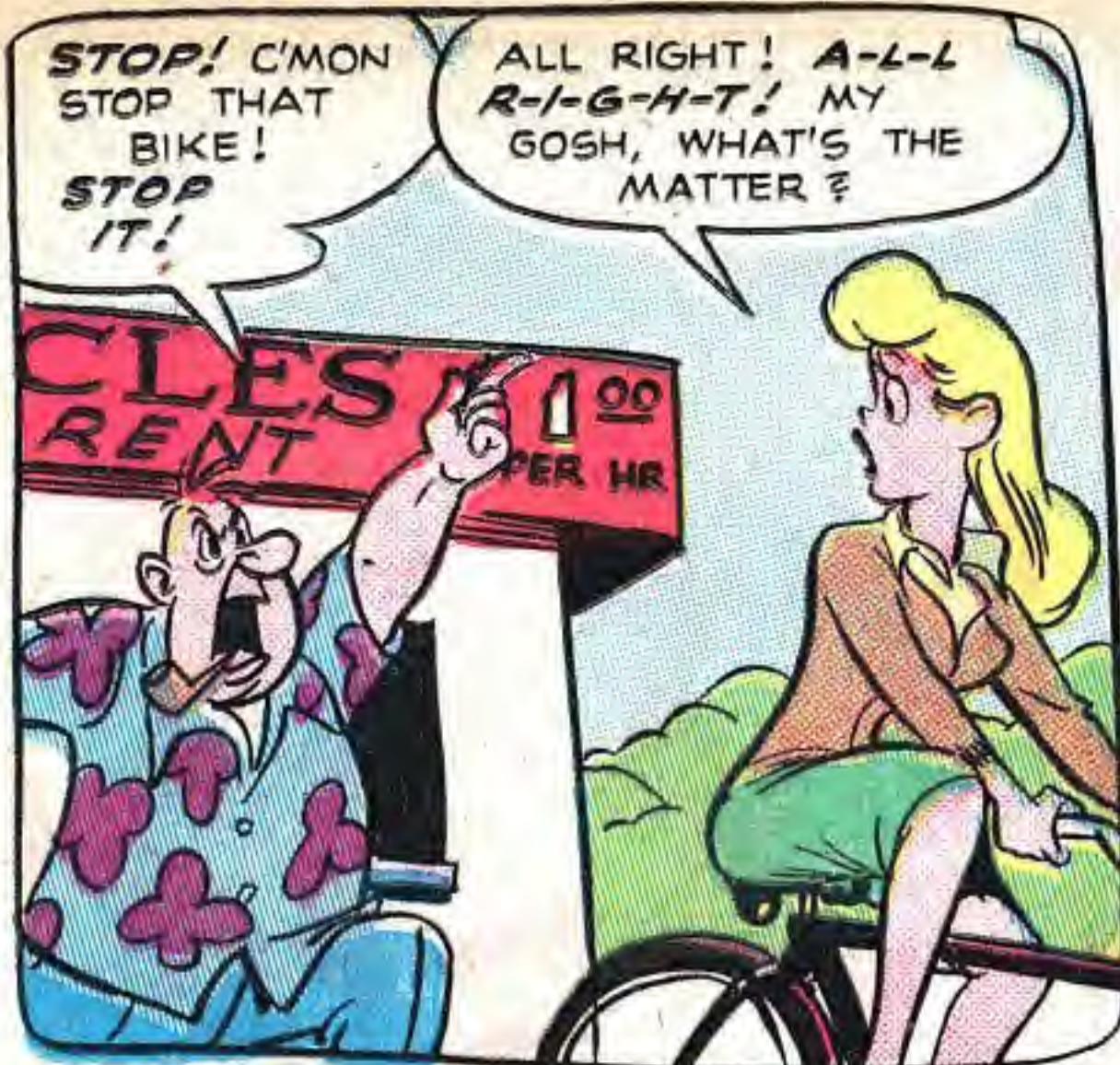
EITHER THAT DAME IS PRETTY DARN SMART--OR ELSE SHE'S NUTTIER THAN A PEANUT VINE!

'BYE!



WHAT IN THE--?





STOP! C'MON
STOP THAT
BIKE!
STOP
IT!

ALL RIGHT! A-L-L
R-I-G-H-T! MY
GOSH, WHAT'S THE
MATTER?



WHY! WHY ARE YOU
RIDING THIS BICYCLE
FROM THE BACK SEAT?

BECAUSE
I'M A **BACK-
SEAT DRIVER!**



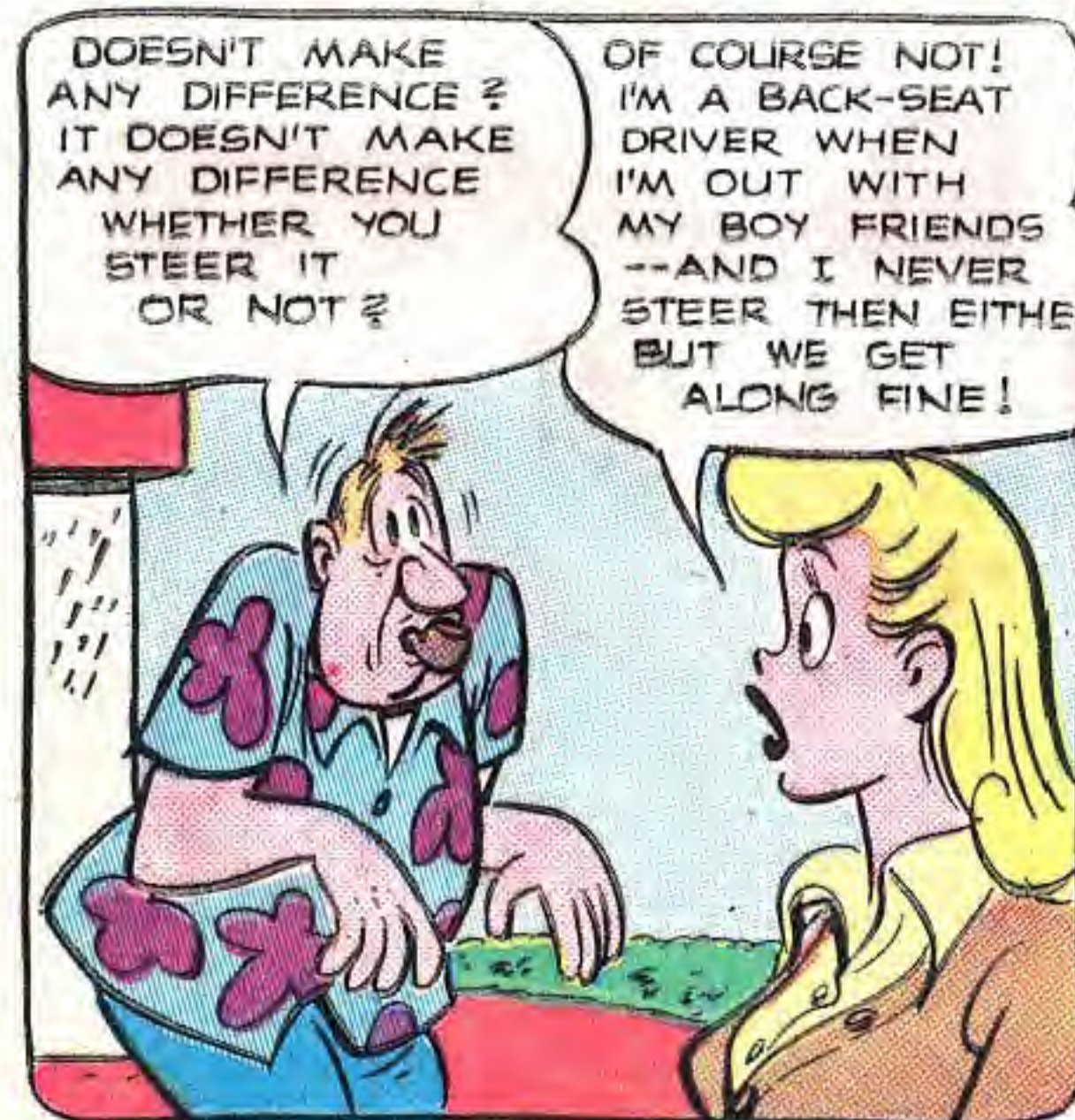
A BACK-
SEAT DRIVER?
A--A--

THAT'S RIGHT! ALL
MY BOY FRIENDS
TELL ME I'M A BACK-
SEAT DRIVER!



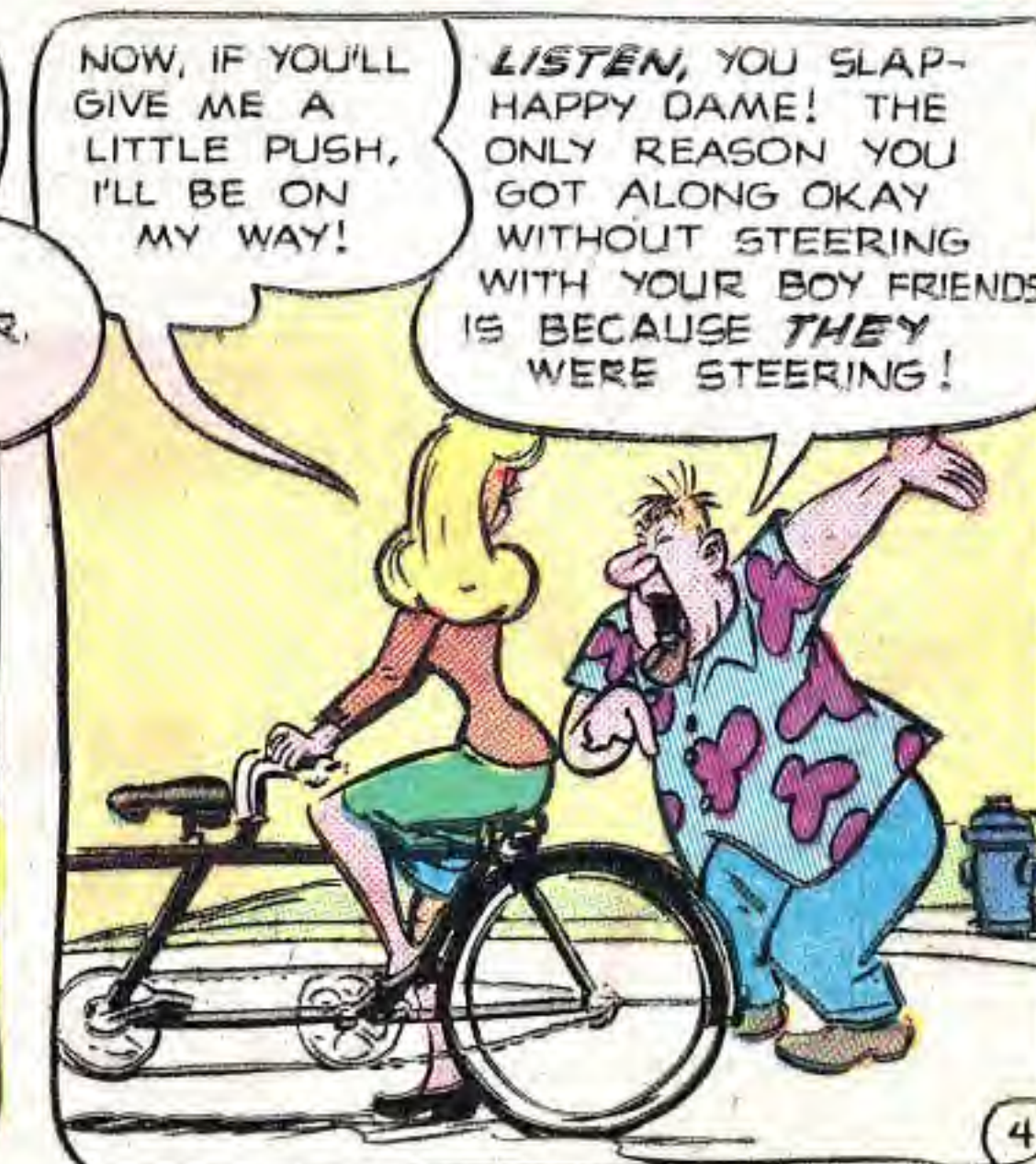
OKAY, OKAY! SO
MAYBE YOU ARE A
BACK-SEAT DRIVER
--BUT I'VE GOT NEWS
FOR YOU, GIRLIE! YOU
CAN'T RIDE THIS BICYCLE
FROM THE BACK SEAT--
BECAUSE YOU CAN'T
STEER IT
FROM
THERE!

OF COURSE, I
CAN'T, SILLY! I
KNOW THAT
--BUT IT
REALLY
DOESN'T
MAKE A
BIT OF
DIFFERENCE!



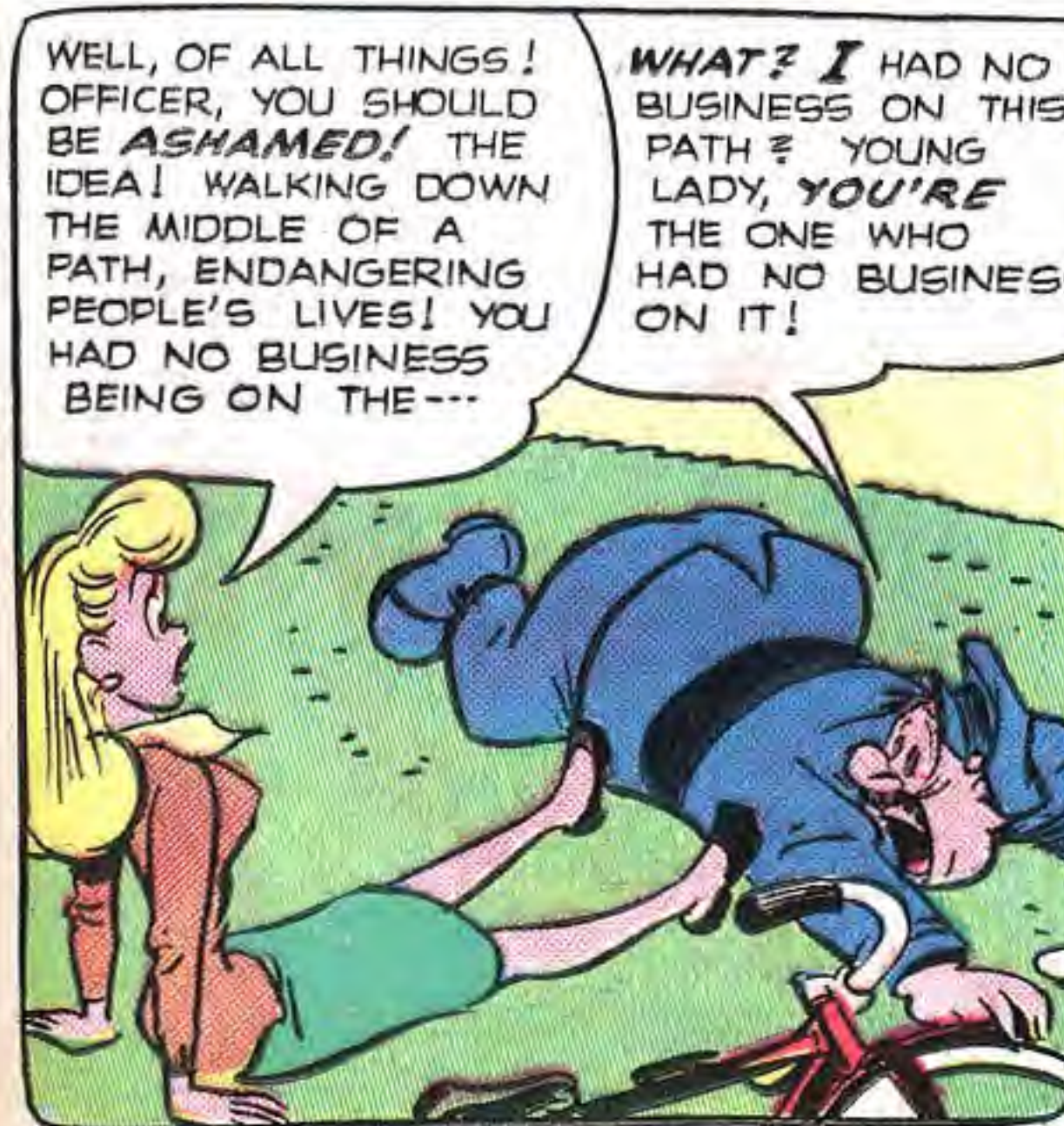
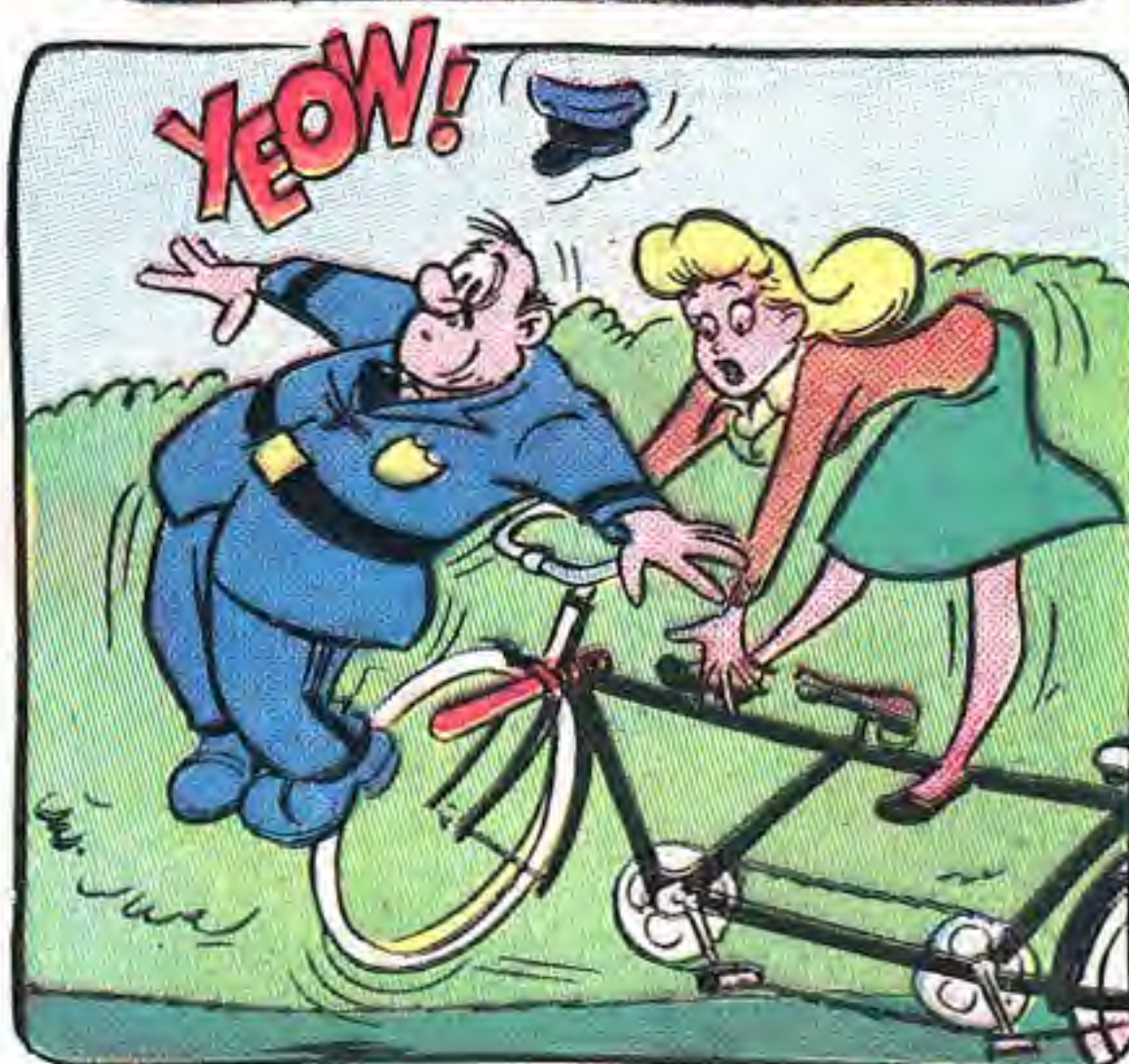
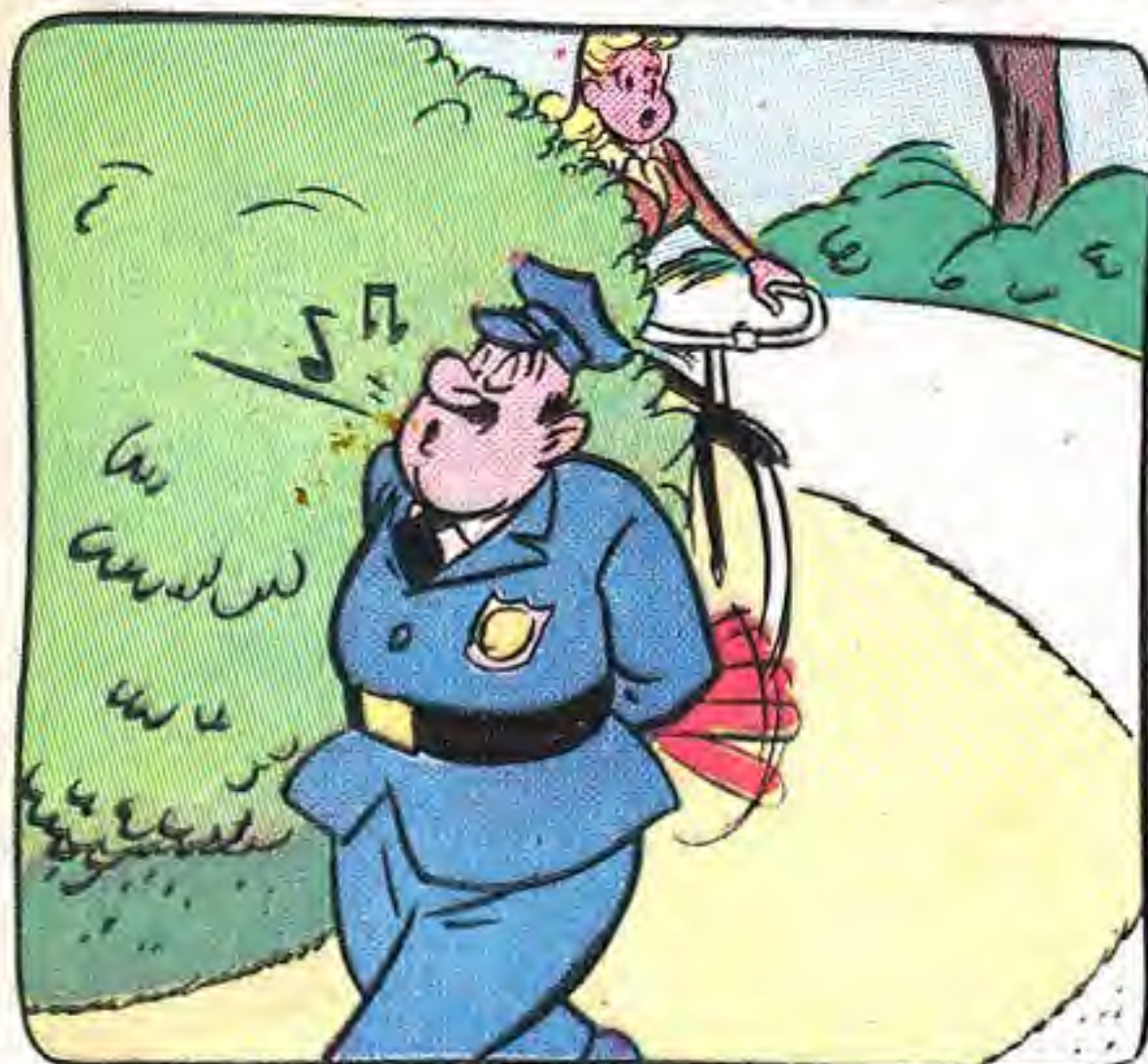
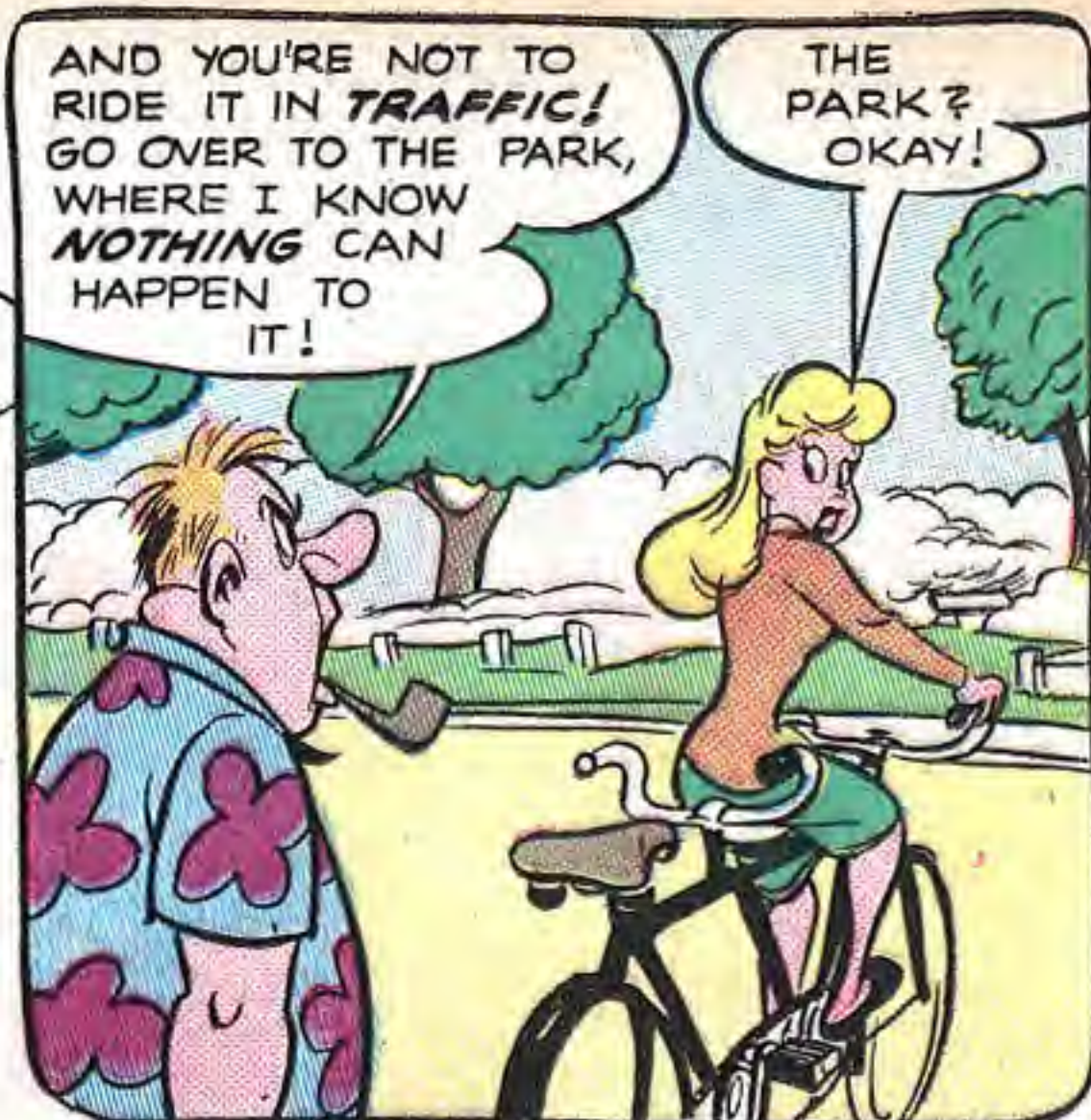
DOESN'T MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE?
IT DOESN'T MAKE
ANY DIFFERENCE
WHETHER YOU
STEER IT
OR NOT?

OF COURSE NOT!
I'M A BACK-SEAT
DRIVER WHEN
I'M OUT WITH
MY BOY FRIENDS
--AND I NEVER
STEER THEN EITHER,
BUT WE GET
ALONG FINE!



NOW, IF YOU'LL
GIVE ME A
LITTLE PUSH,
I'LL BE ON
MY WAY!

LISTEN, YOU SLAP-
HAPPY DAME! THE
ONLY REASON YOU
GOT ALONG OKAY
WITHOUT STEERING
WITH YOUR BOY FRIENDS
IS BECAUSE **THEY**
WERE STEERING!



WHY SHOULD THE PEDESTRIANS HAVE A PATH TO THEMSELVES ANY MORE THAN THE LITHUANIANS OR ANY OF THE OTHER NATIONALITIES? THIS IS AMERICA, OFFICER! THAT SIGN SHOULD SAY, "THIS PATH FOR **ALL** NATIONALITIES!" THIS IS A FREE COUNTRY, SIR!

ERG--GLPH!

LADY, A PEDESTRIAN IS **NOT** A NATIONALITY! IT'S A WORD MEANING A PERSON WHO **WALKS**! IN SHORT, THIS PATH IS FOR WALKING PEOPLE-- **NOT** SLAP-HAPPY DAMES ON BIKES!

OH!

ACCORDING TO THE LAW, THERE'S ONLY ONE PLACE YOU CAN RIDE THAT BIKE-- OVER THERE ON THE **BRIDLE PATH**! NO PLACE ELSE!

BRIDAL PATH!? BUT-- BUT--

≥ SNIFF! NOW I CAN'T RIDE MY BIKE AT ALL! BRIDAL PATHS ARE FOR BRIDES--AND I'M SINGLE! ≥ SOB! AND I DID SO WANT TO RIDE THIS-- HM! BY GOSH, I KNOW WHAT I CAN DO!

BRIDL PATH

HELLO, WILL YOU MARRY ME?

?

WELL, OF ALL THE-- SO **THAT'S** IT, OSWALD! YOU'VE BEEN CHASING AROUND WITH A DIZZY BLONDE!

YOU PHILANDERER! YOU TWO-TIMER! YOU TOLD ME YOU LOVED ME! TAKE THAT! AND THAT AND--

HM--GUESS I BETTER ASK SOMEONE ELSE!

OW! DON'T! LISTEN, PET!

WHAM!

TEN MINUTES LATER---

JOHN JONES, YOU
HEEL! **YOU!** A
FATHER OF THREE
CHILDREN!

DON'T
LIE TO
ME!

BASCOM!
YOU--YOU
DON JUAN!

DON'T!

OW! I
TELL YOU
I'VE NEVER
SEEN HER
BEFORE!

STOP! STOP IT!
WHAT'S **WRONG**
HERE? ---Y!!!
IT'S **YOU** AGAIN!
DID YOU HAVE
ANYTHING TO DO
WITH THIS?

GOLLY, NO,
OFFICER! BY
THE WAY,
WILL YOU
MARRY ME?

WILL I
MARRY--? OF
COURSE NOT,
YOU DUMB---

SURE! YOU SAID I
COULD RIDE ONLY
ON THE BRIDLE PATH
--AND THAT'S FOR
BRIDES AND I'M
SINGLE--SO
I THOUGHT
I'D--

JUST A MINUTE! HAVE
YOU BEEN ASKING ANYBODY
ELSE AROUND HERE THAT?

OH, NO!
IT **CAN'T** BE TRUE! NO-
BODY CAN BE THAT
DUMB! SO HELP ME,
YOU'LL GET LIFE FOR
THIS!

GULP! IT'S GETTING
TOO LATE TO RIDE,
SO I BETTER LOOK
FOR THE BIKE AND
GO HOME!

AH! THERE
IT IS!

THIS IS MY BICYCLE? I
KNEW IT! I **KNEW** YOU'D
HAVE A WRECK WITH IT!
ANYBODY HAVING AN
ACCIDENT WITH MY
BIKES PAYS FOR
THEM, YOU--YOU--
**ATOM
BOMB!**

THEN I **DON'T**
HAVE TO PAY--
BECAUSE I DIDN'T
HAVE AN **ACCID-
ENT!** A LOT
OF PEOPLE **TRAMP-
LED** ON IT--AND
THAT'S NOT
MY FAULT!
'BYE, NOW!

WELL, THANK GOODNESS THIS DAY
IS OVER! IT'S JUST LIKE I SAY---
SATURDAYS ARE THE **DULLEST**
DAYS! NOTHING, I MEAN SIMPLY
NOTHING, EVER HAPPENS!

NIGHT

THE END

EMBARRASSING MOMENT

DEBBIE LOU'S RIGHT arm was wrapped about a huge paper bag, which bulged with groceries. Suspended from her right wrist was a string shopping bag, which bulged with fruit and vegetables. And clinging to her left hand, bulging with candy and mischief, was her kid brother, Lorimer.

Lorimer was a cute kid, if you liked kids who never did as they were told and had a tendency to wander off and get into trouble the minute they were left alone! But Debbie Lou wasn't enthusiastic about Lorimer at the moment. She had all that she could handle...and more!

For, as she stepped out of the supermarket with all of mother's shopping successfully accomplished, Debbie Lou gasped. There, only half a block away and walking right *towards* her, was Tom Purvis!

"Oh, this is awful! Just *dreadful*!" In an instant, Debbie Lou became conscious of the unglamorous role she was playing...toting groceries and a kid brother! What would Tom Purvis think of her...Tom, whom she so longed to impress! For weeks she had been treasuring a secret crush on this very Tom Purvis, just waiting for the moment when she would burst upon him in some lovely dress with her hair all elegant and shiny and her makeup precision-perfect.

"And *this* is the way he'll see me," Debbie Lou thought ruefully, looking down at her worn blue jeans. "This is *awful*!" Angrily, she poked a string of hot dogs more deeply into the bag. At least he wouldn't see those! And then, Debbie Lou had a thought!

"He doesn't have to see *me*, either!" she said. "If I walk quickly and turn the corner fast, Tom Purvis will never know I've been here!"

Debbie Lou's desire for escape became acute. Frantically, she yanked

Lorimer's hand and said, "Let's go!"

"Watch where you're..." she heard a voice say and then it was too late! In her wild fright, Debbie Lou had smacked right into an innocent bystander, dropped her groceries and let go of Lorimer's hand!

From that moment, all was confusion. Lorimer promptly sat down in a mud puddle and yowled. The string of hot dogs wound itself gracefully around a street lamp pole and two boxes of breakfast cereal hit the sidewalk with a resounding smack. A tomato splattered on the pavement, and as Debbie Lou bent to scoop it up, another went *splat*!

And it was upon *this* unromantic scene that Tom Purvis arrived!

Debbie Lou couldn't help it. She burst into tears!

"Hey, you're in a mess!" Tom Purvis said. "Here, let me give you a hand!" Swiftly and efficiently, he gathered the fallen groceries and stacked them neatly in the bag. Then he took one look at the yowling Lorimer. "He belong to you?" he asked.

Tearfully, Debbie Lou nodded.

Tom Purvis wasted no time. Scooping Lorimer up, he said, "Which way home?" and followed Debbie's pointing finger. All the way home, Debbie Lou said not one word, for she was thinking of how her romance had been shattered before it even started. "He'll never speak to me again," she thought, stealing a side-long glance at Tom Purvis.

But speak he did, and what he said surprised Debbie Lou no end! Right at her door, Tom said, "Hey, would you mind if I came in...and...er...those hot dogs looked mighty *good*!"

Debbie Lou's face was radiant as she said, "*Please* do!" And her face flushed pink with happiness as she thought, "My embarrassing moment's turned into a *romantic* one, after all!"

"Solid Jackson" ⁱⁿ

"A CLOSE SHAVE!"

HOLY HANNAH,
JACKSON! IS THAT
REALLY YOUR
MUSTACHE?

WELL, NOT QUITE!...
I STILL OWE FIFTY
CENTS TO THE
COSTUME SHOP
FOR IT!

COST

WIGS
MASKS
BEARDS

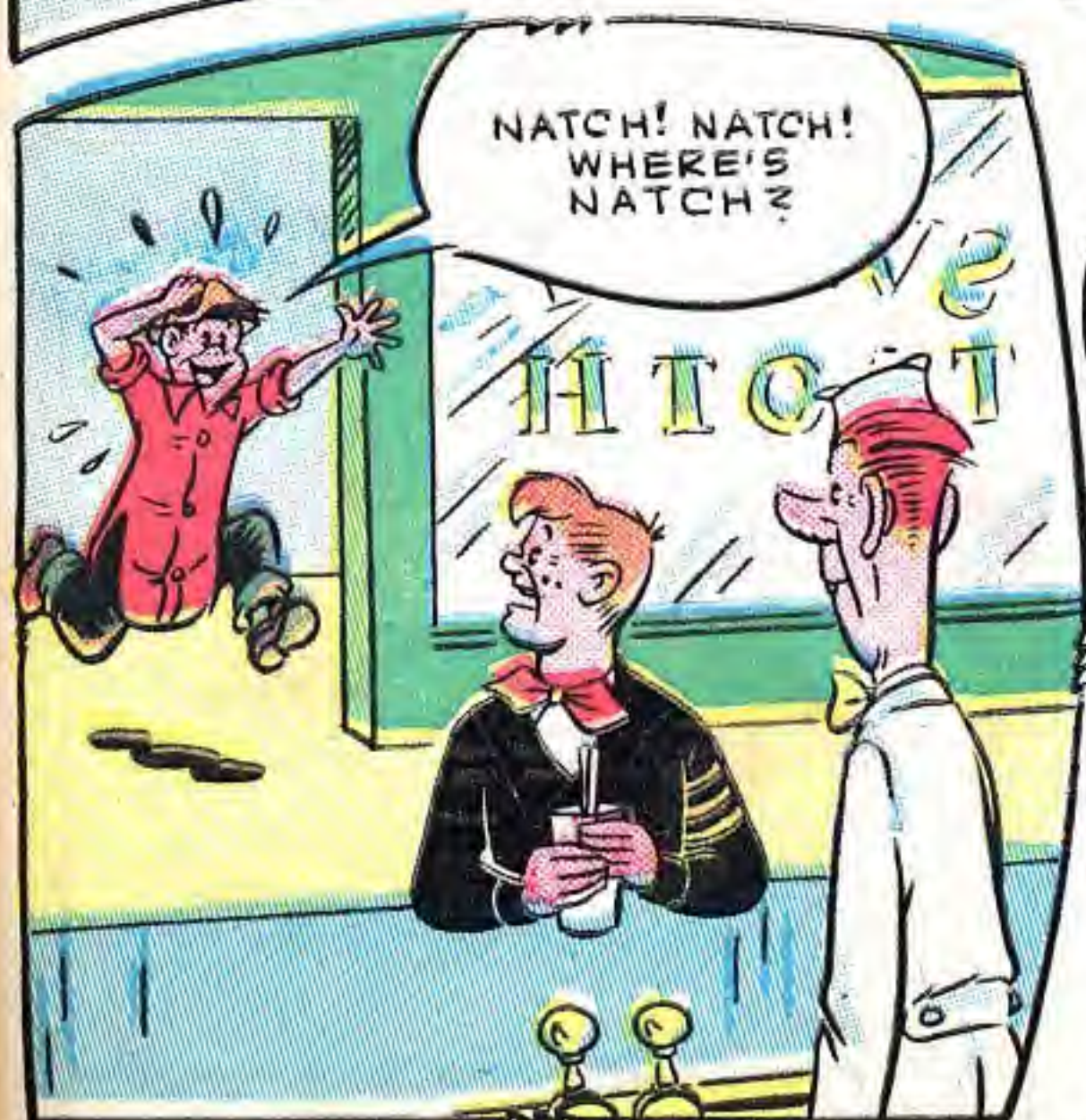


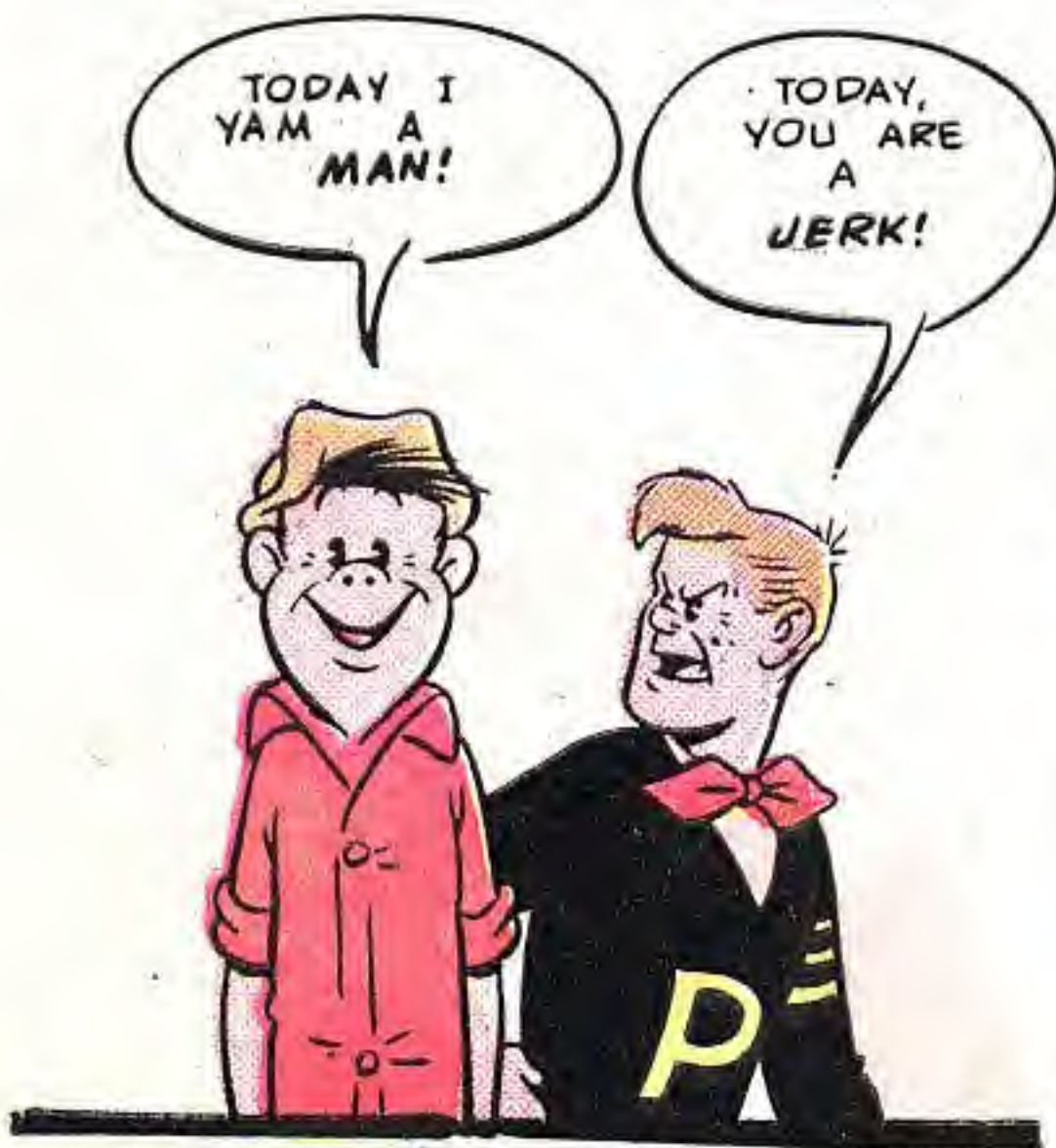
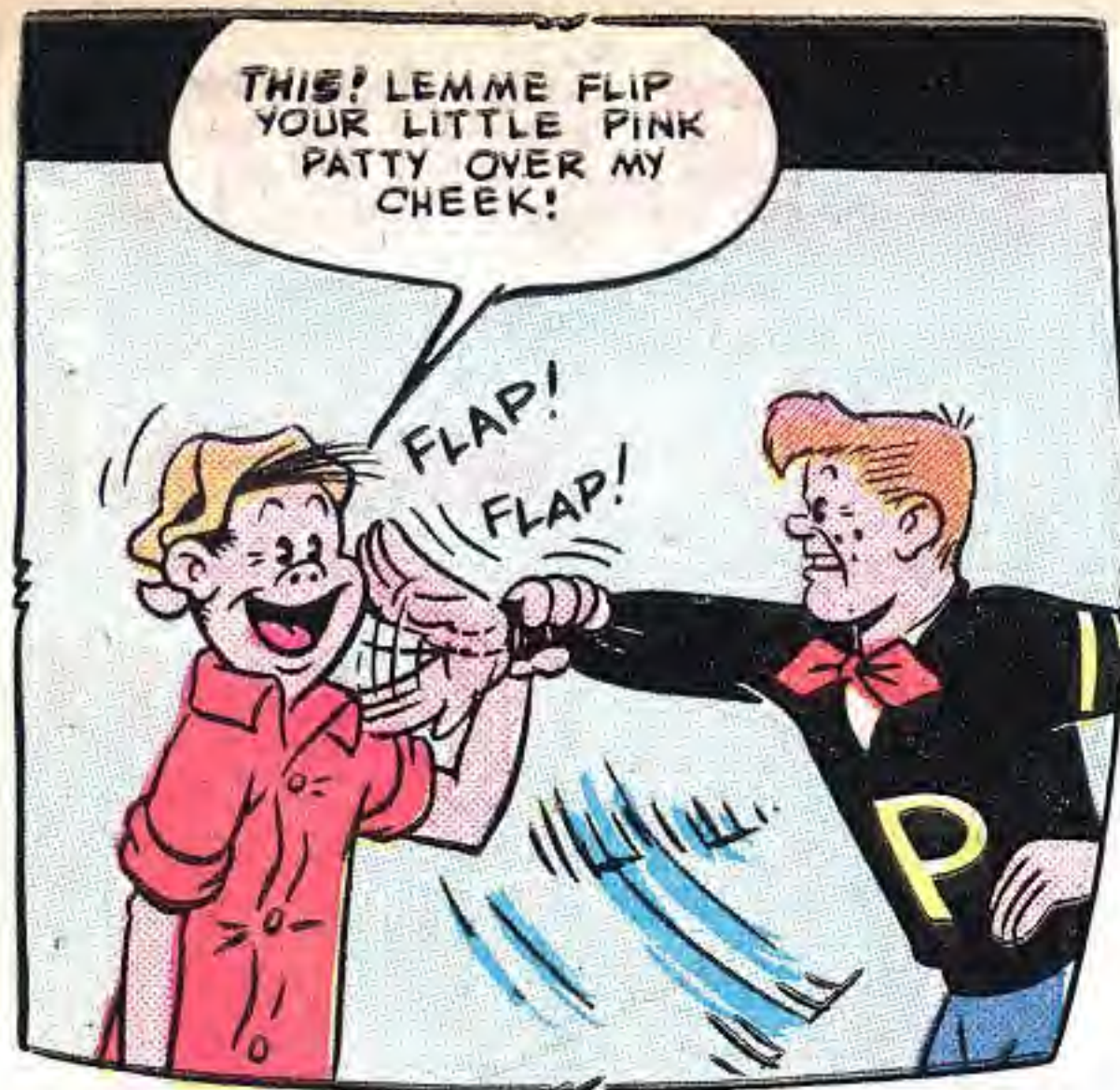
H.W.

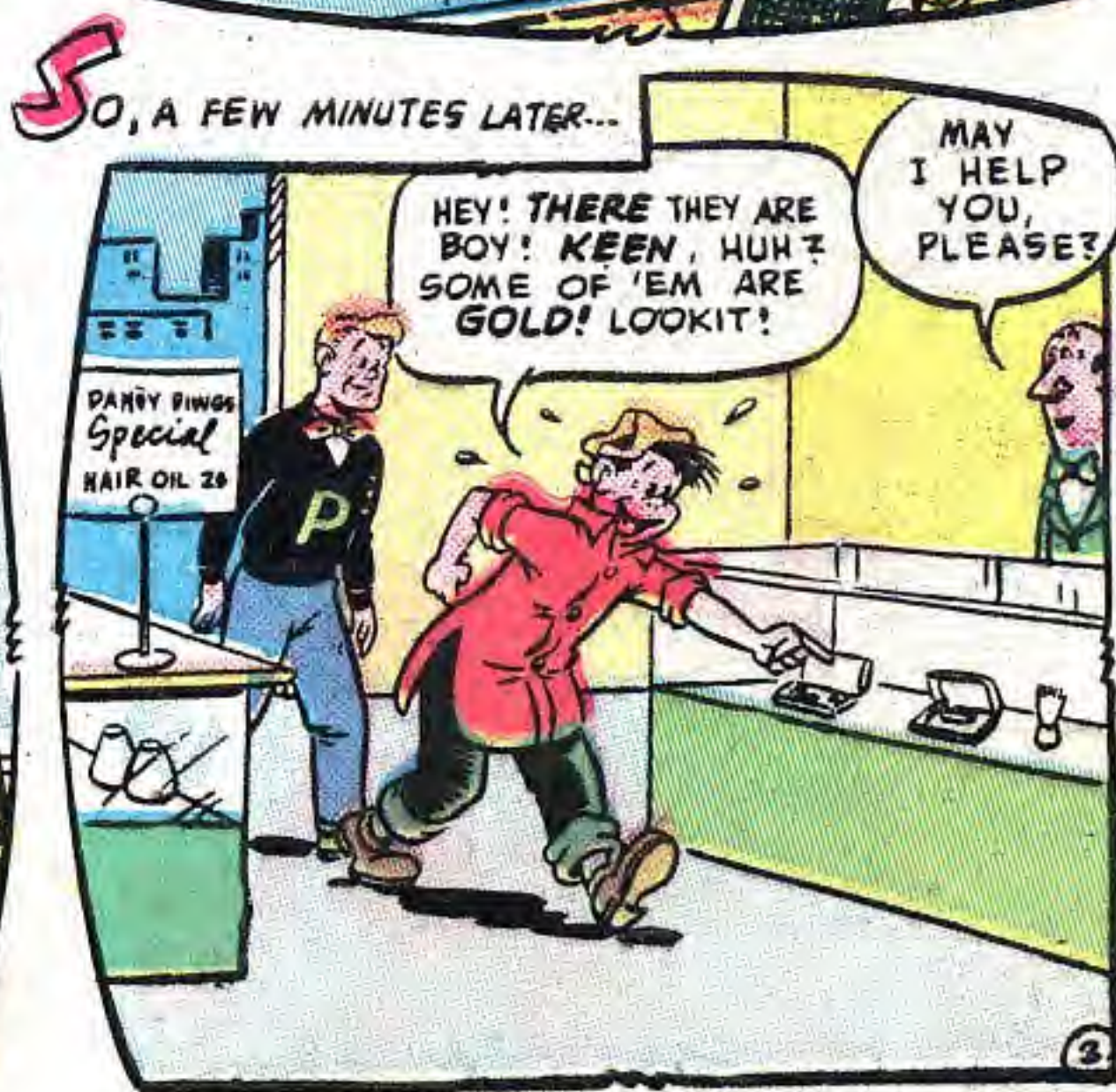
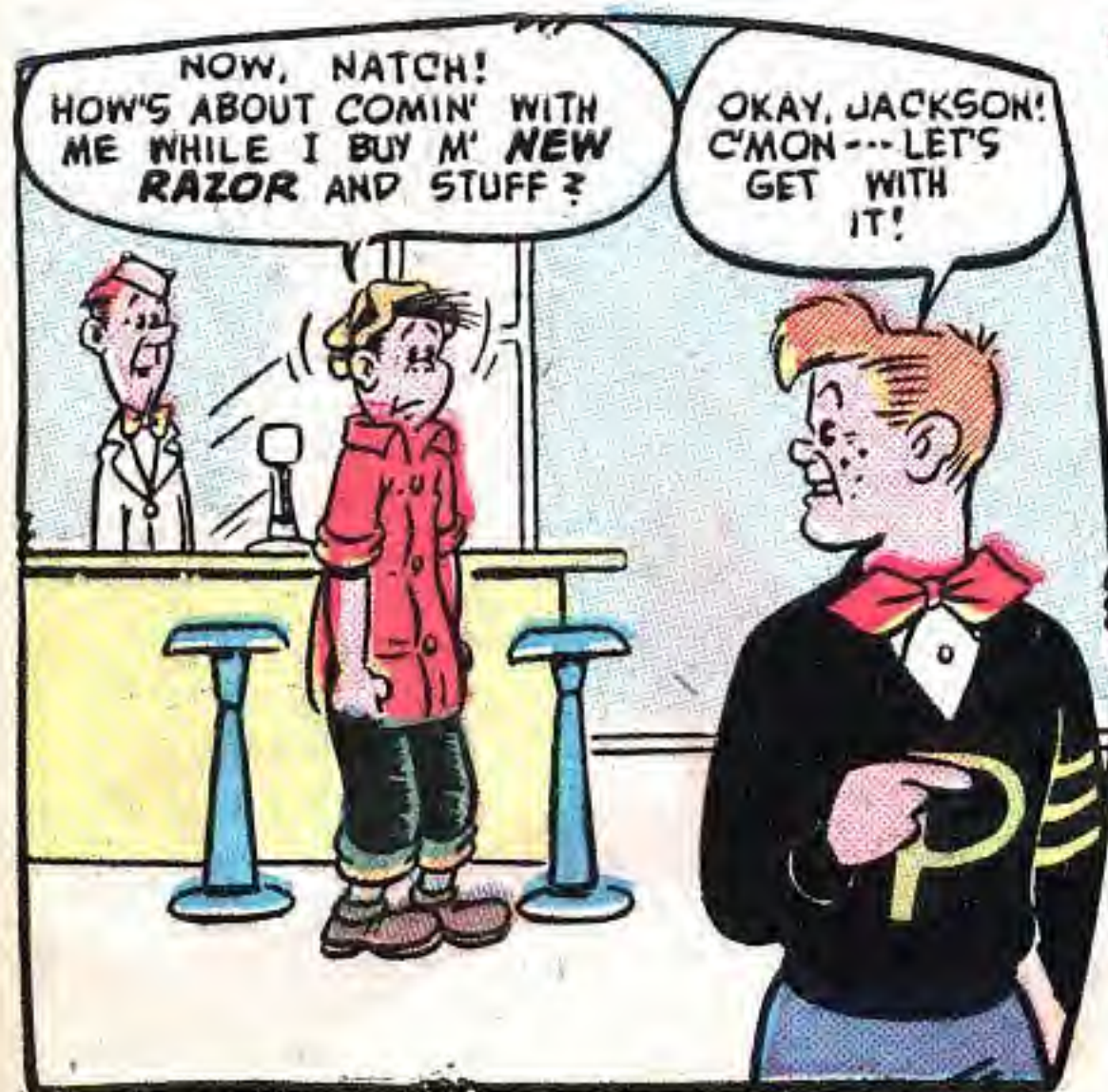
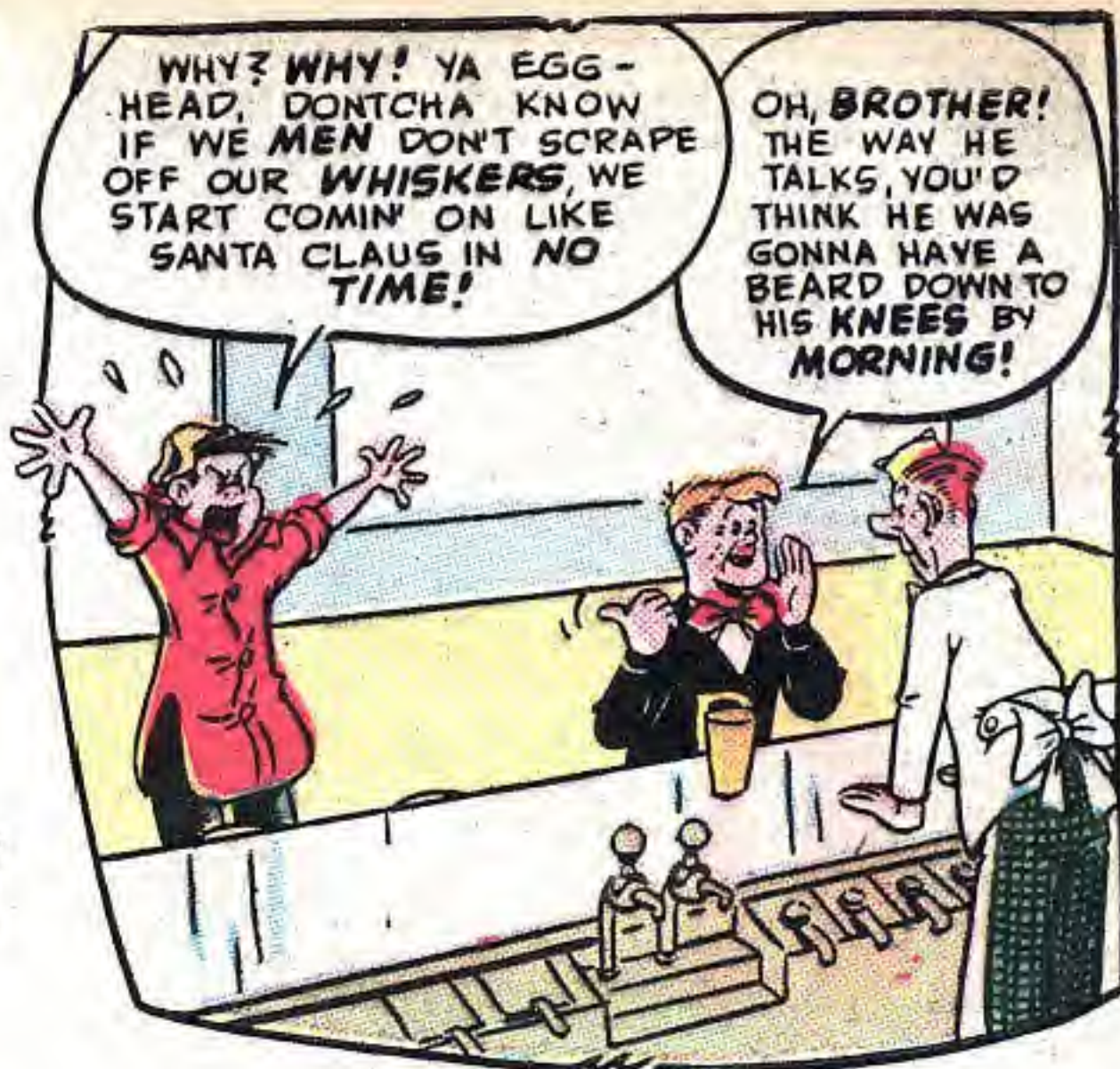
NATCH! NATCH!
WHERE'S
NATCH?

NATCH, IT'S
HAPPENED! IT'S
FINALLY HAPPENED!
Y' AREN'T GONNA BELIEVE
IT, BUT I CAN **PROVE**
IT, BOY! AIN'T THAT
SOMETHIN'? IT'S
HAPPENIN', I MEAN?
WOW!

CALM DOWN,
EGGHEAD, BEFORE
Y' POP YOUR CAP!
... I **DON'T**
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE TALKIN'
ABOUT! **WHAT'S**
HAPPENED?

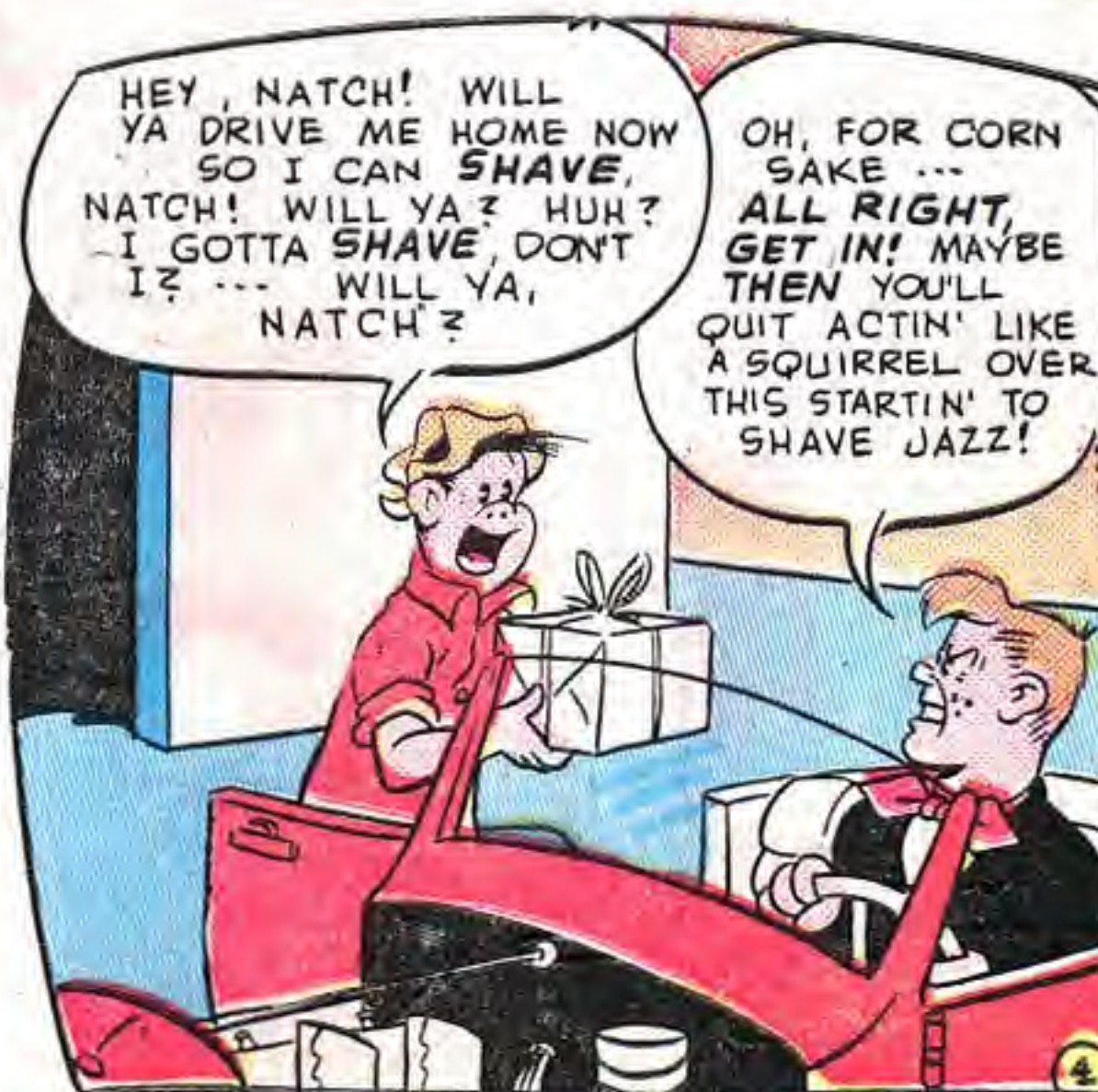
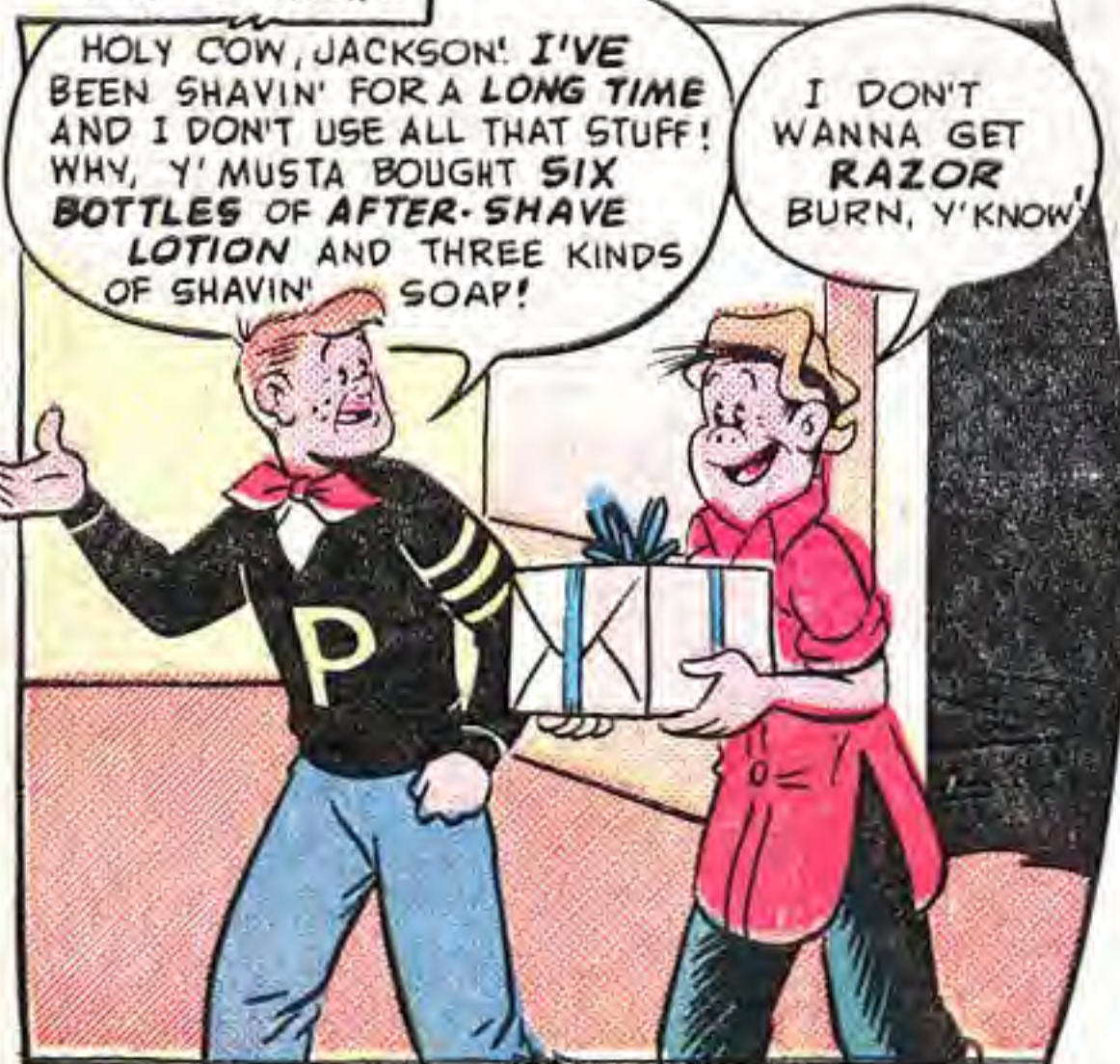


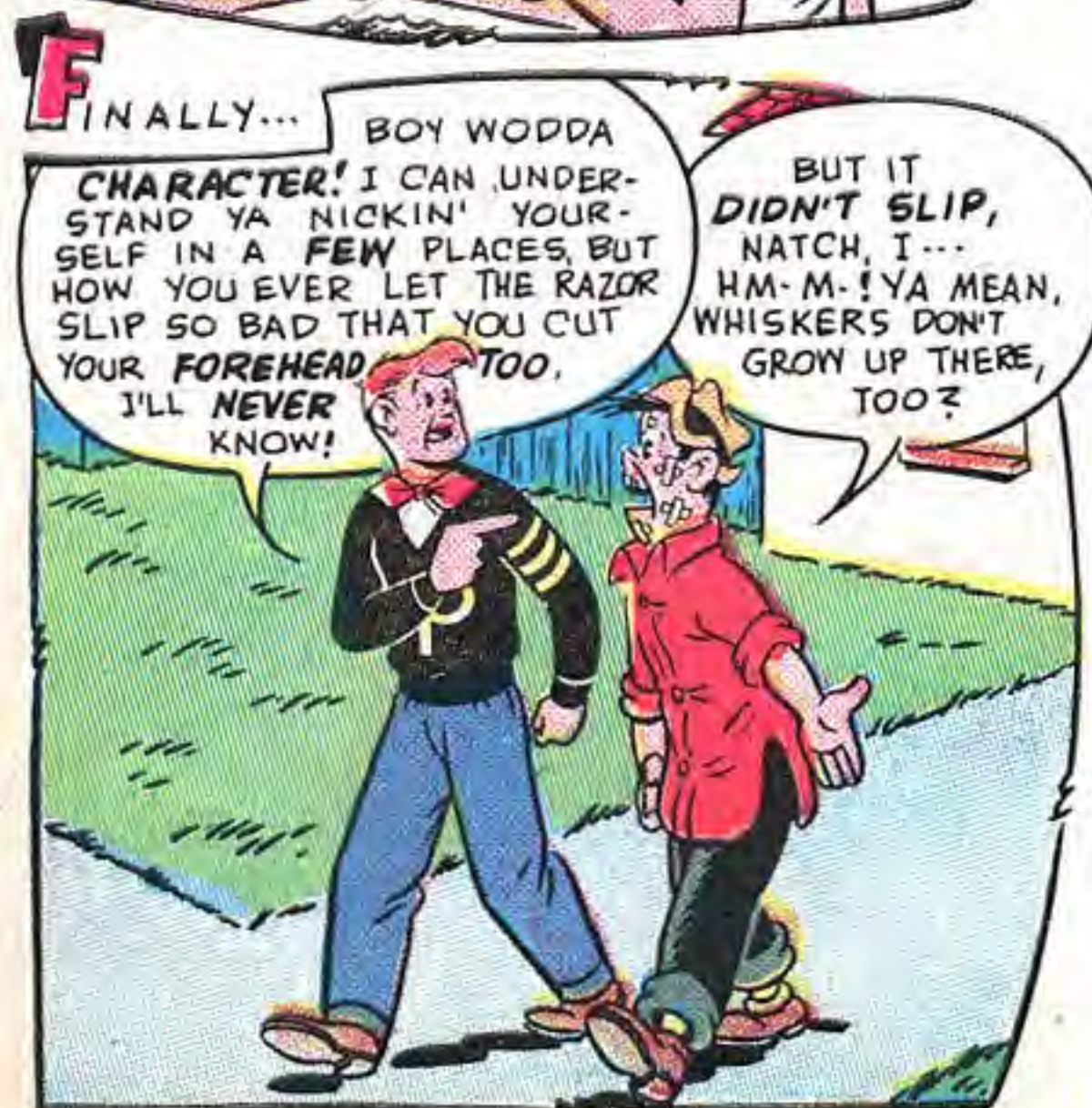
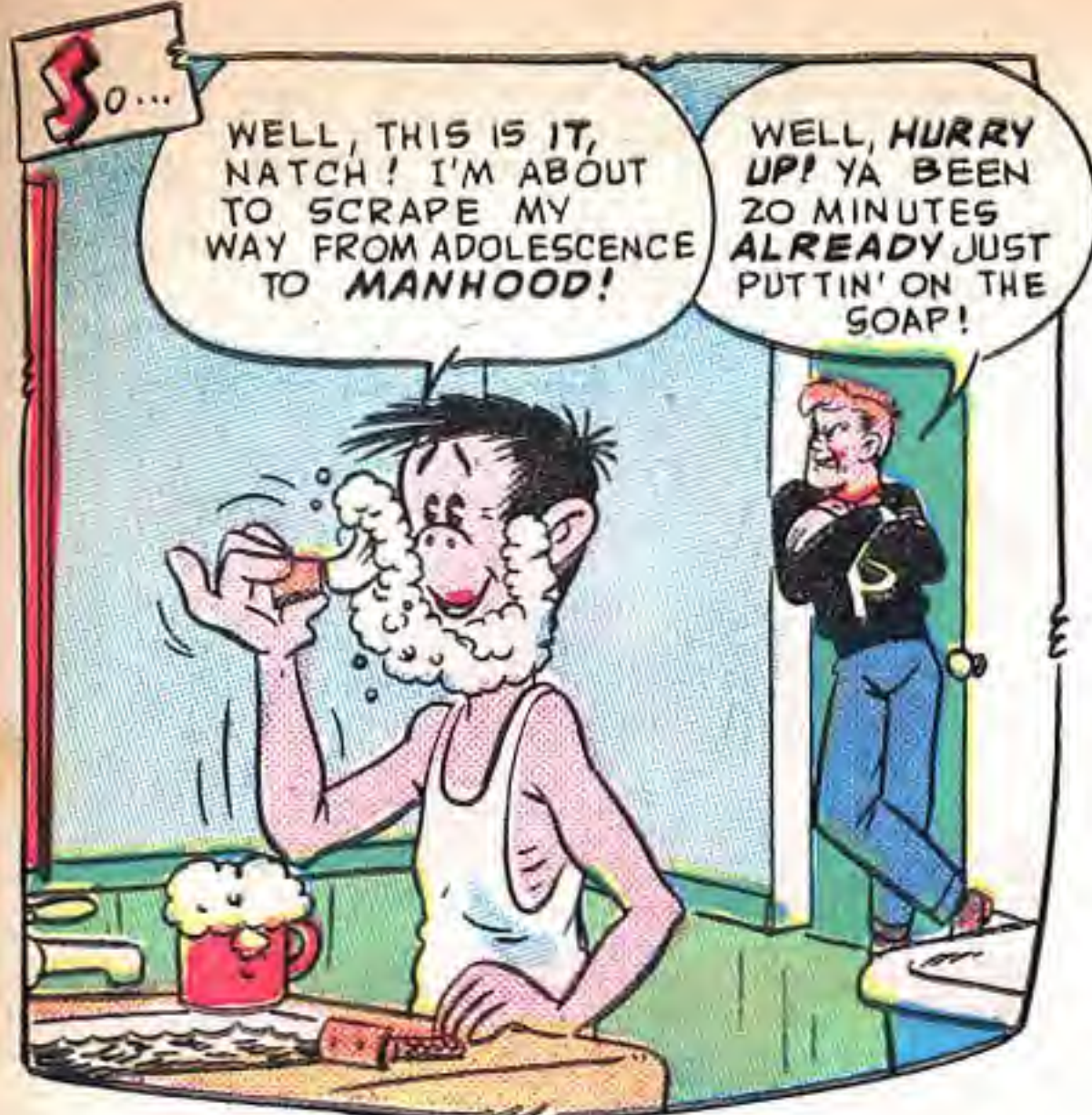


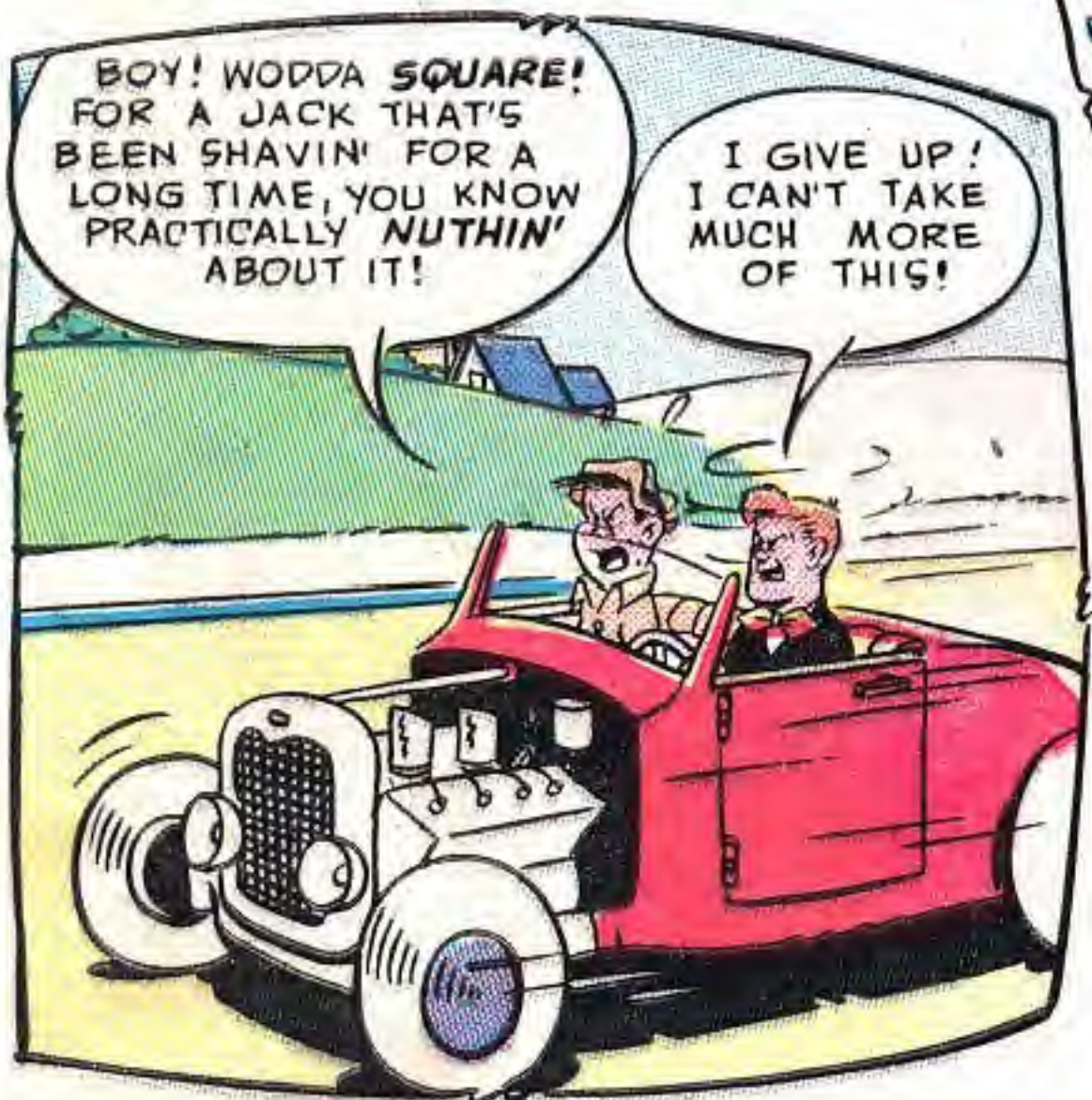
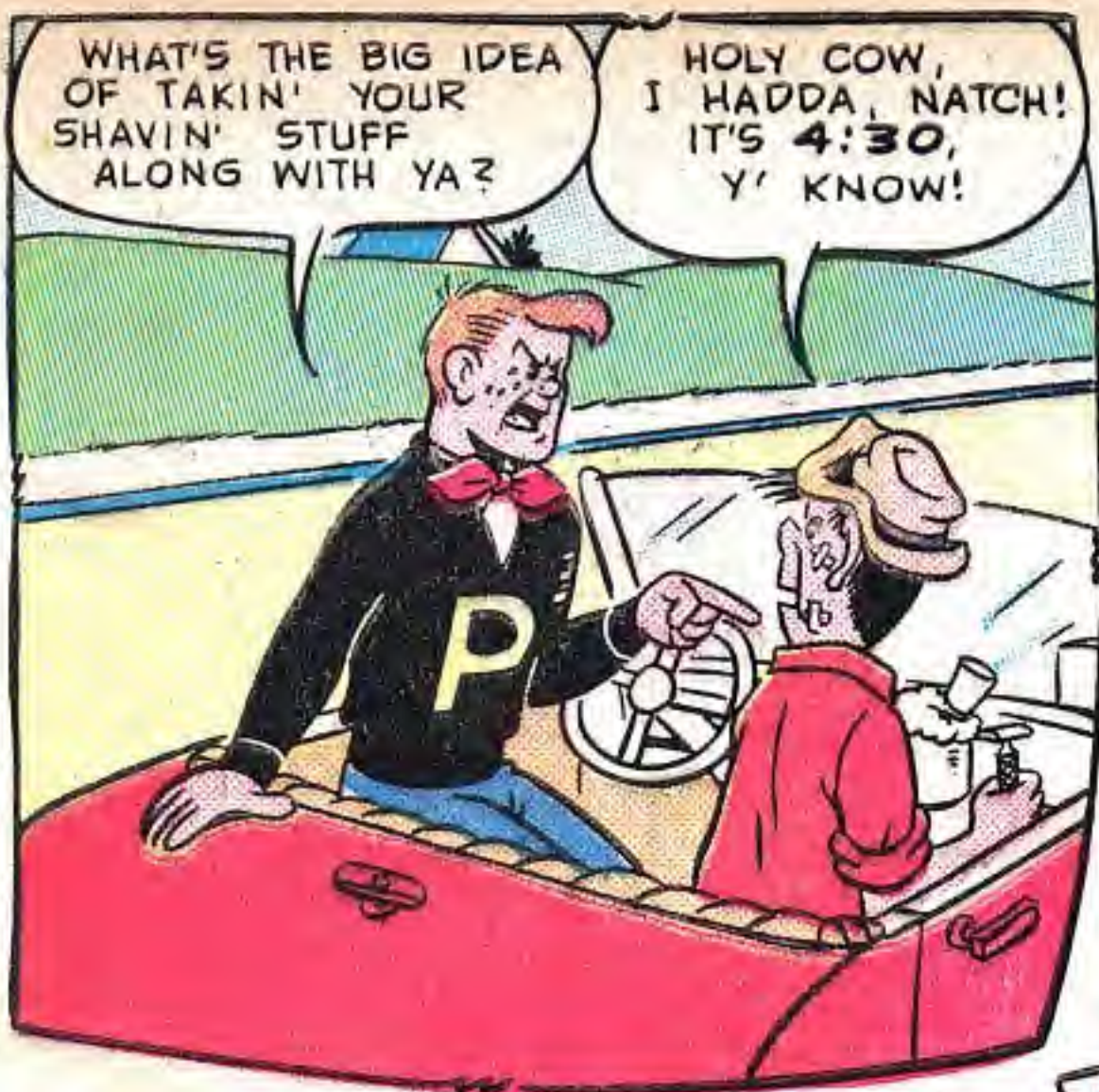




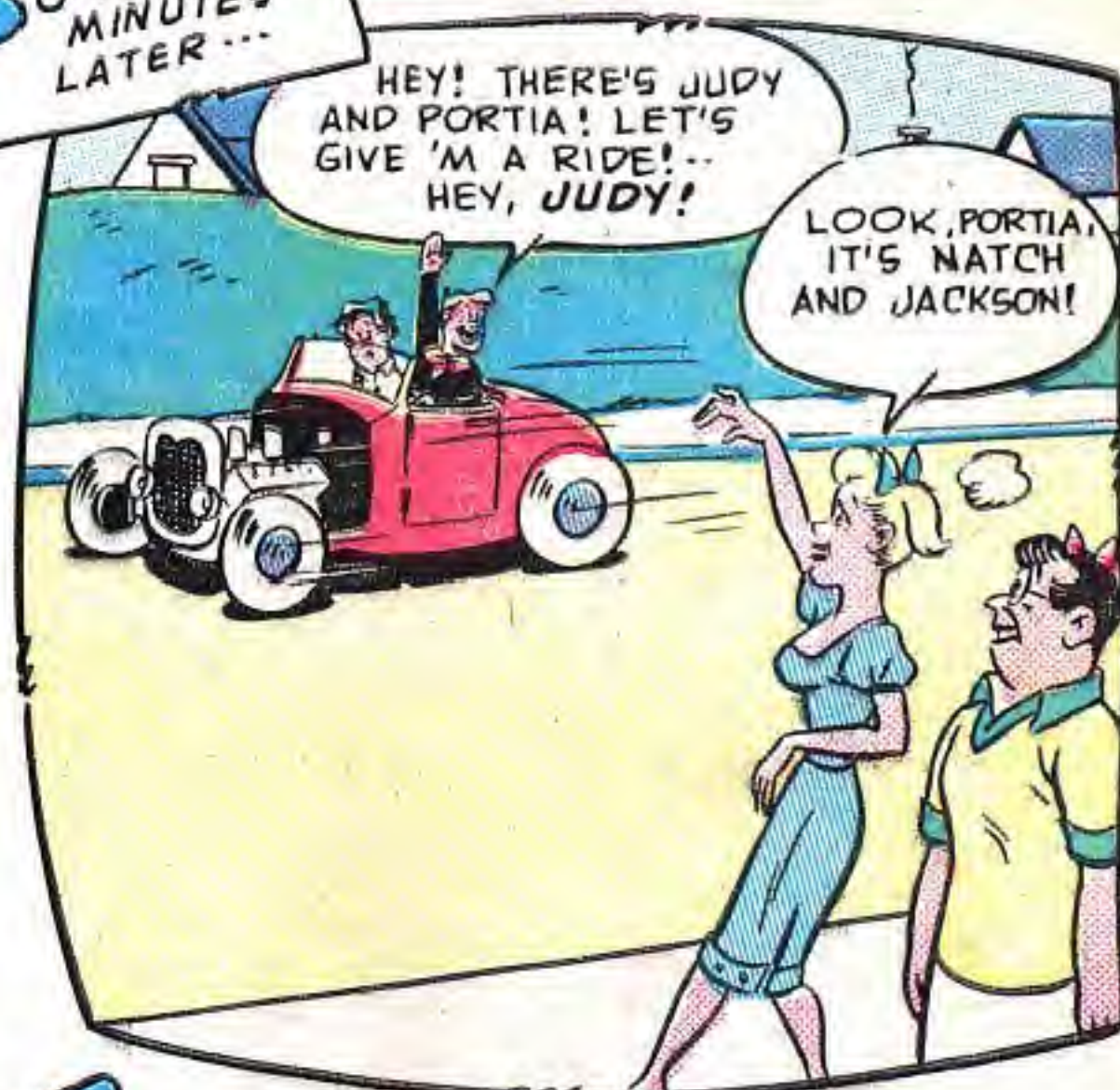
SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...

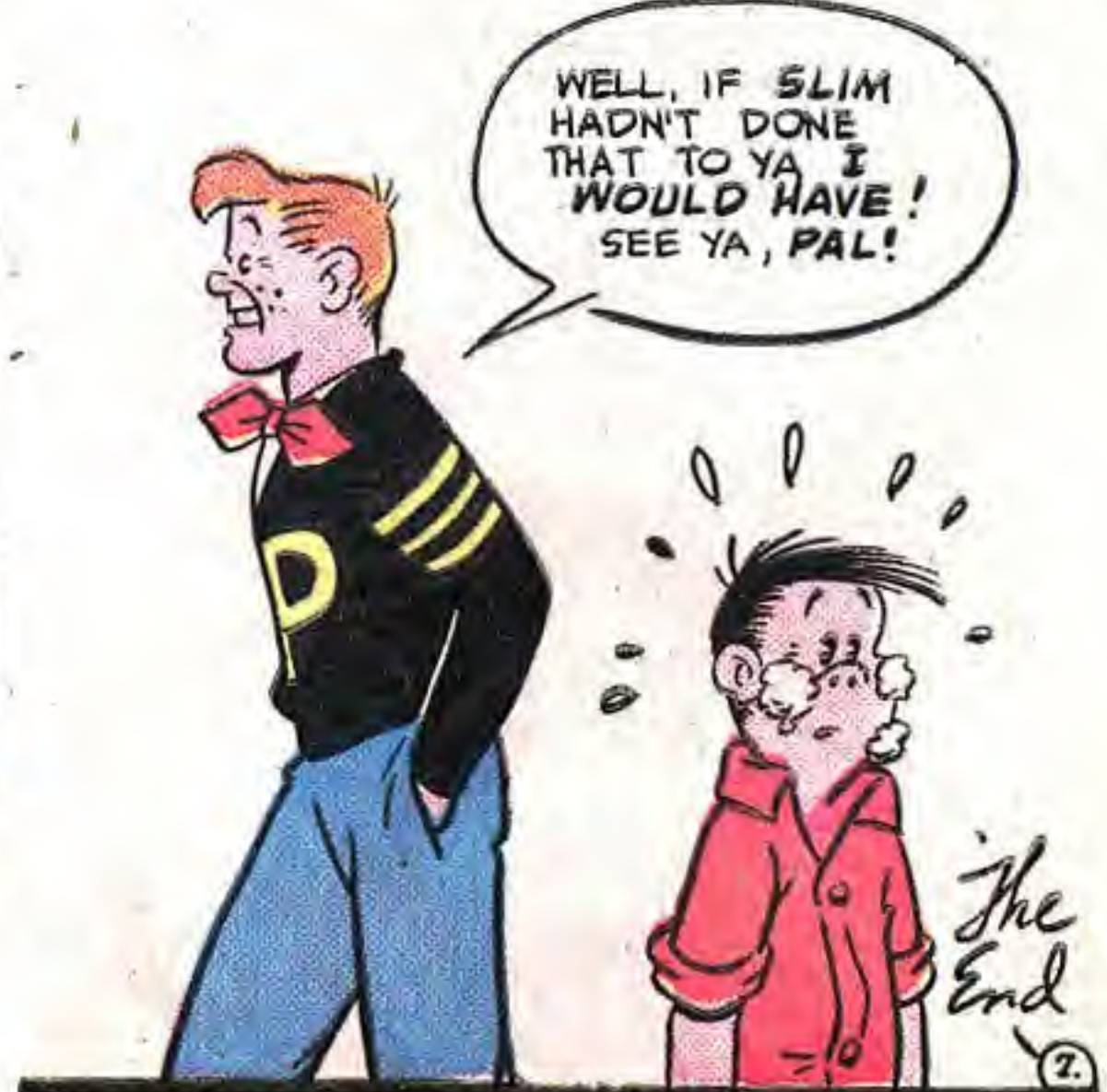
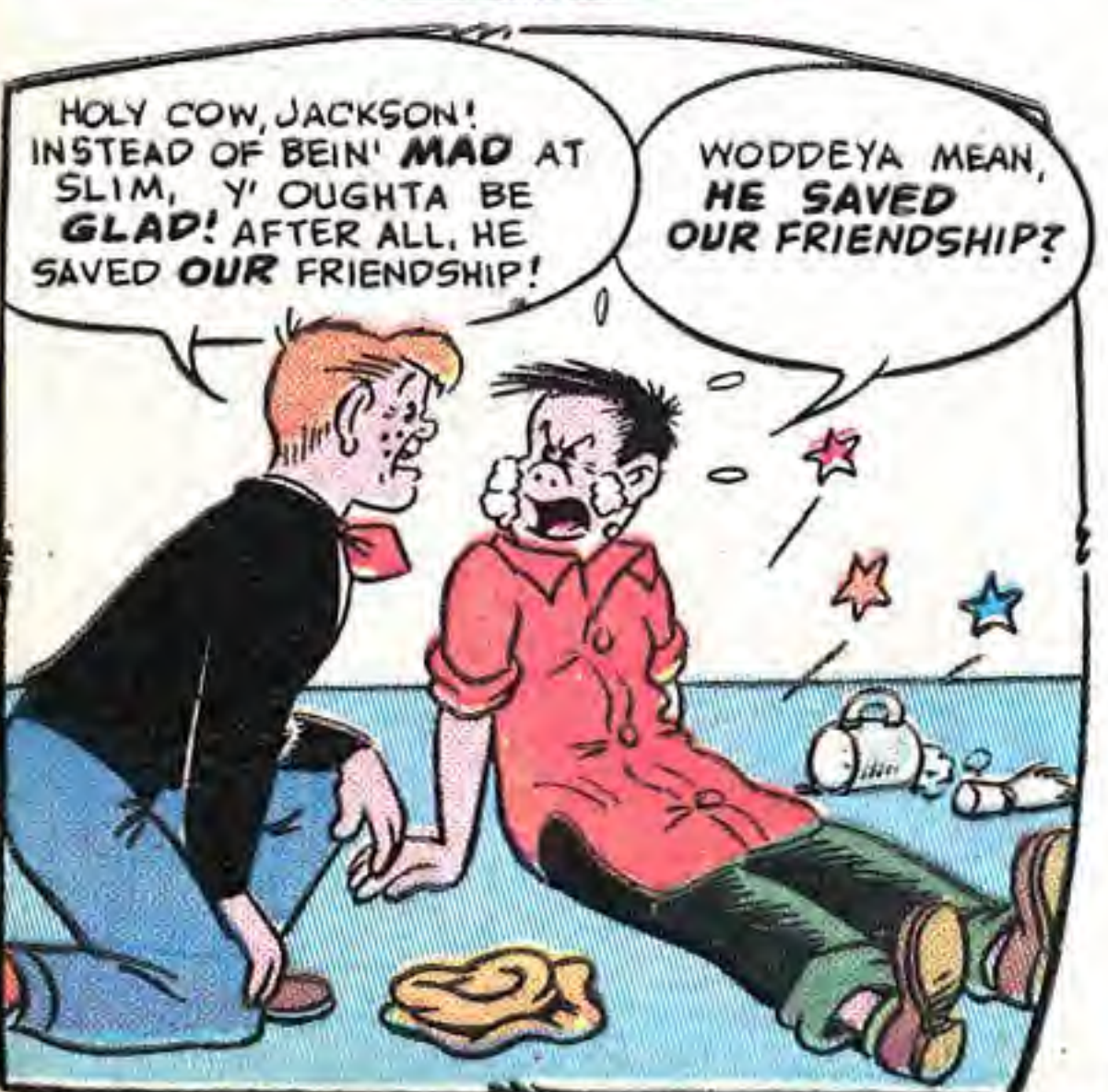
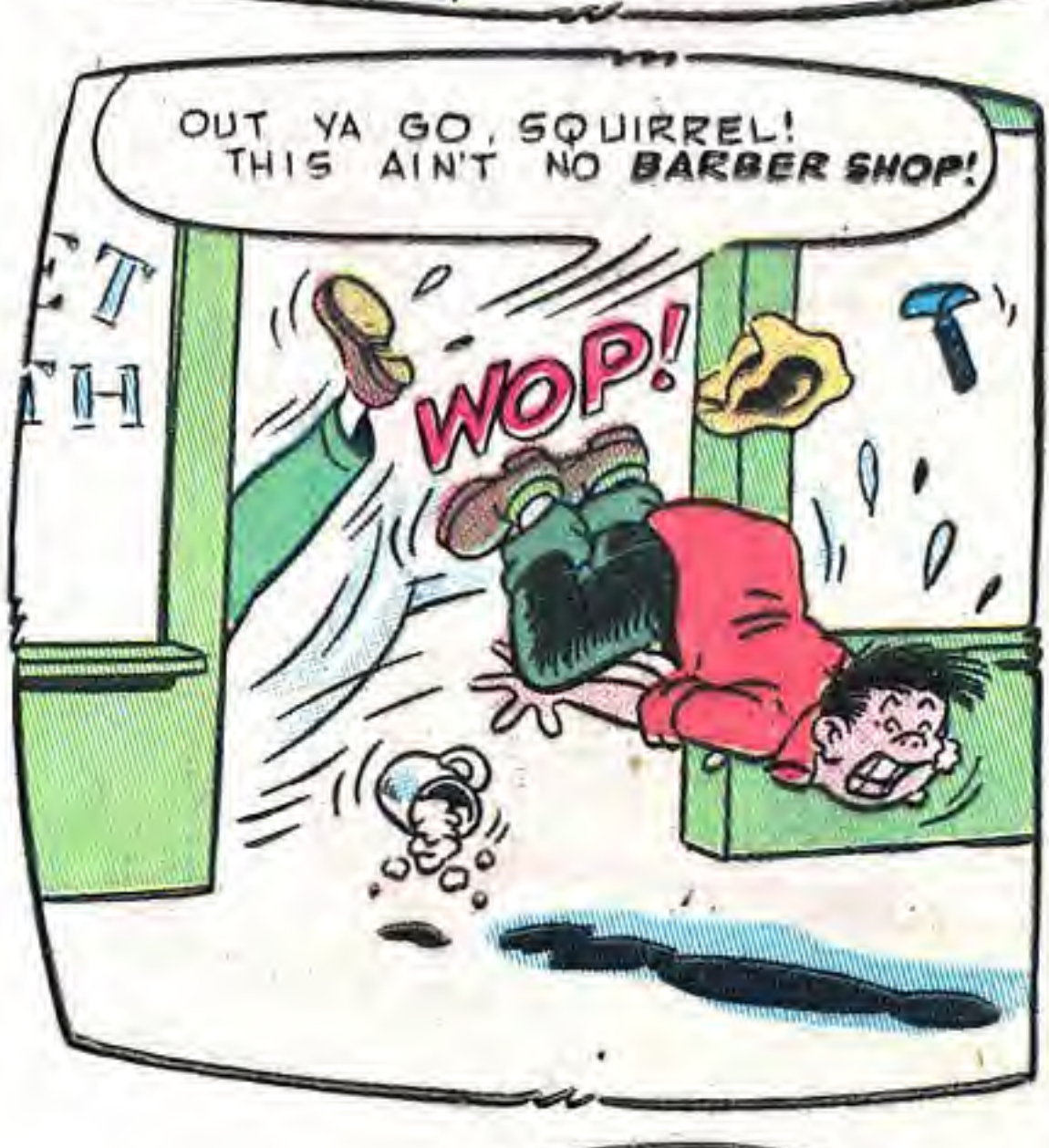






SO A FEW MINUTES LATER...





JAZZY

MAN, AM
I DRAGGIN' IT!
WODDA DAY! WODDA
DAY! WOW!
AM I
WOOFED!

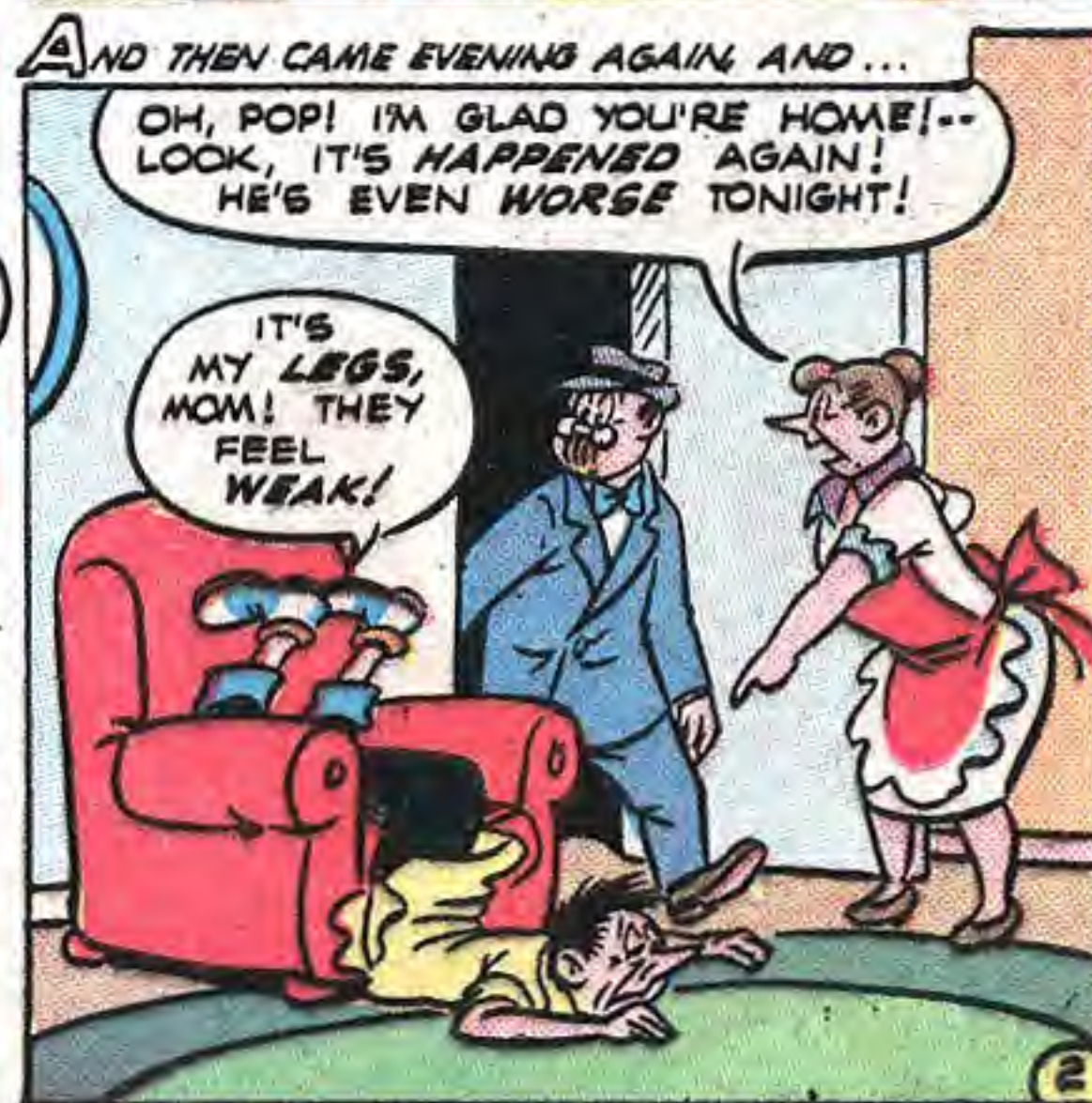
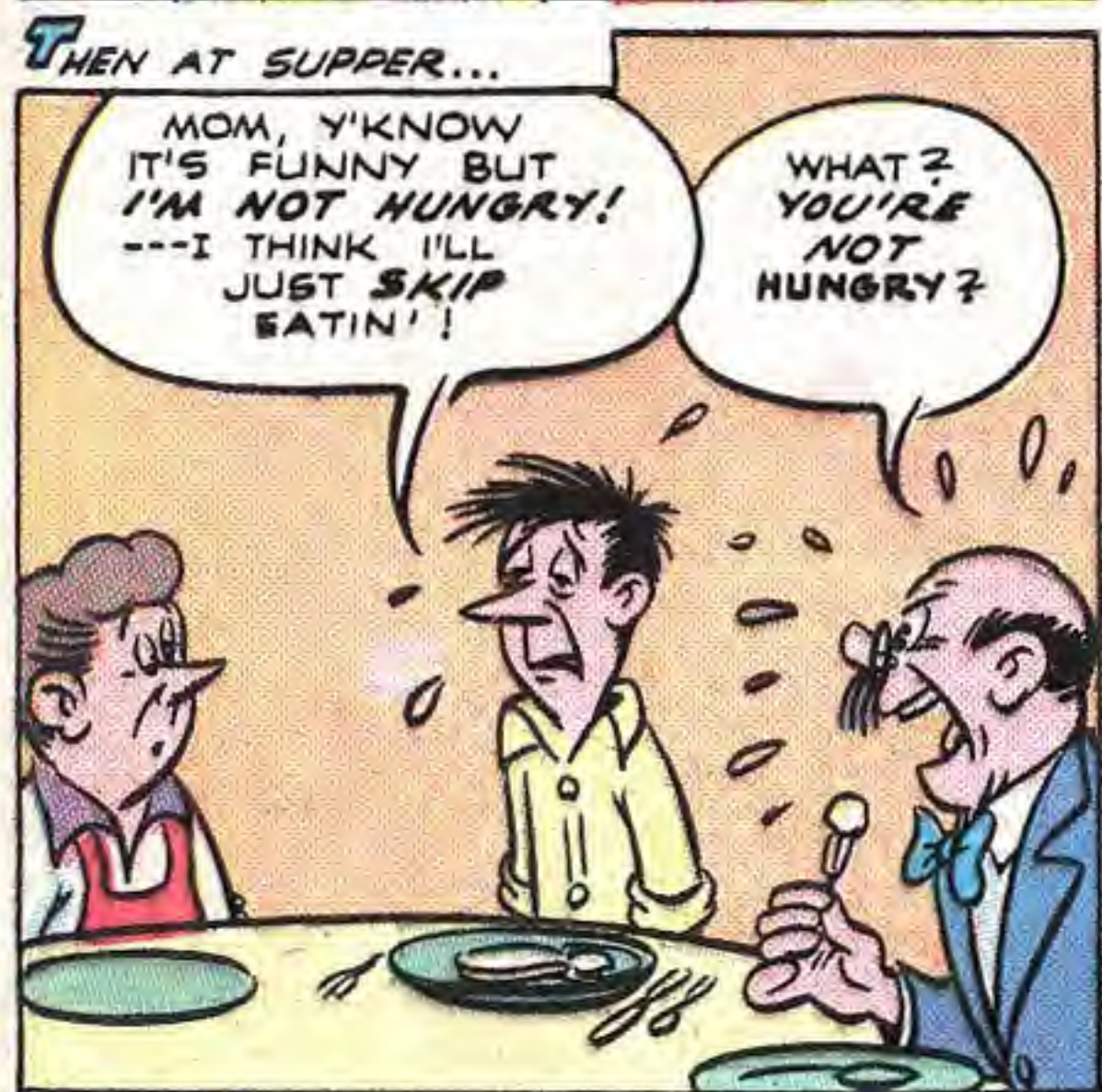
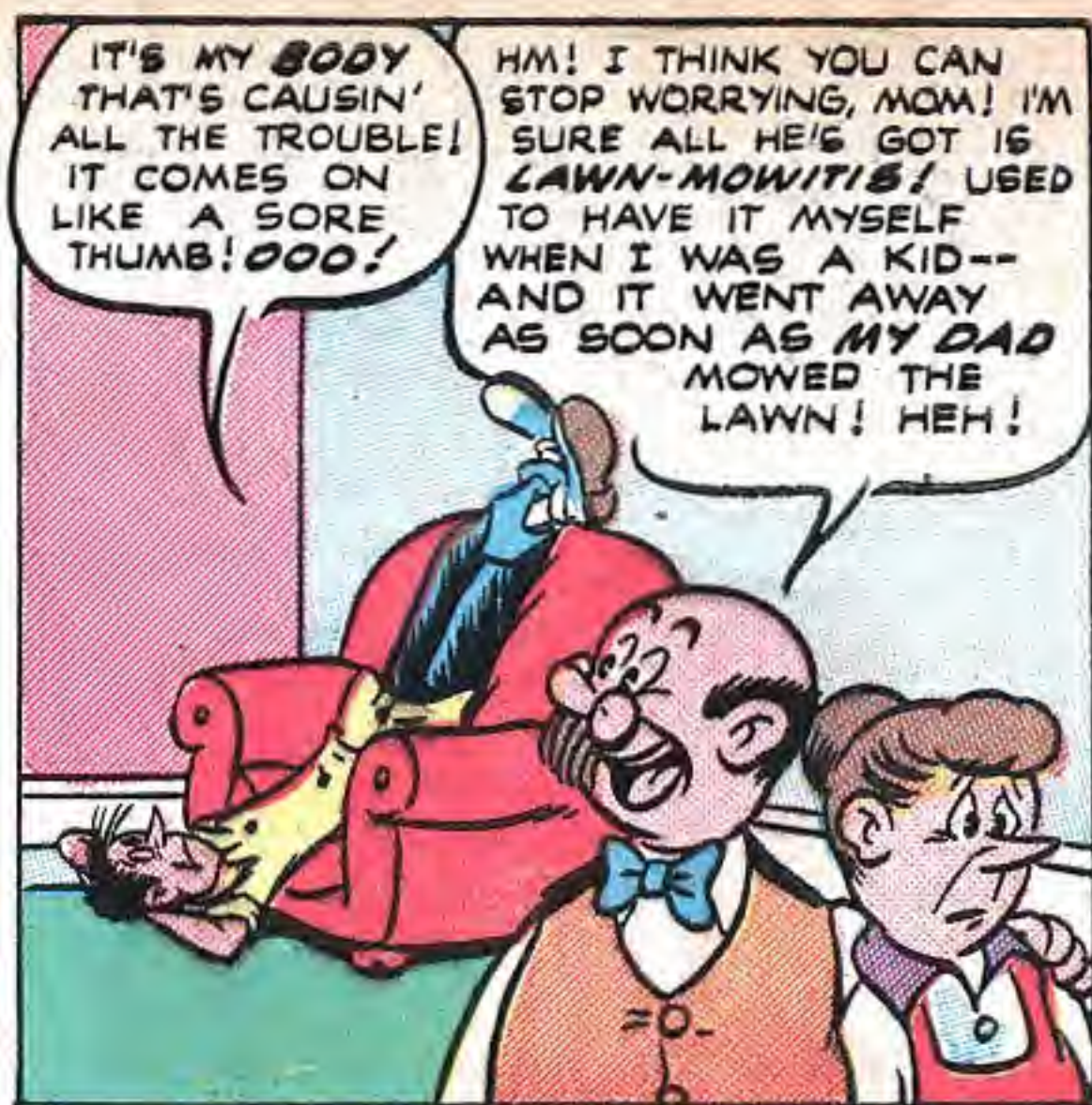
WELL, FOR
LAND SAKE,
JAZZY! WHAT'S
THE MATTER
WITH YOU?

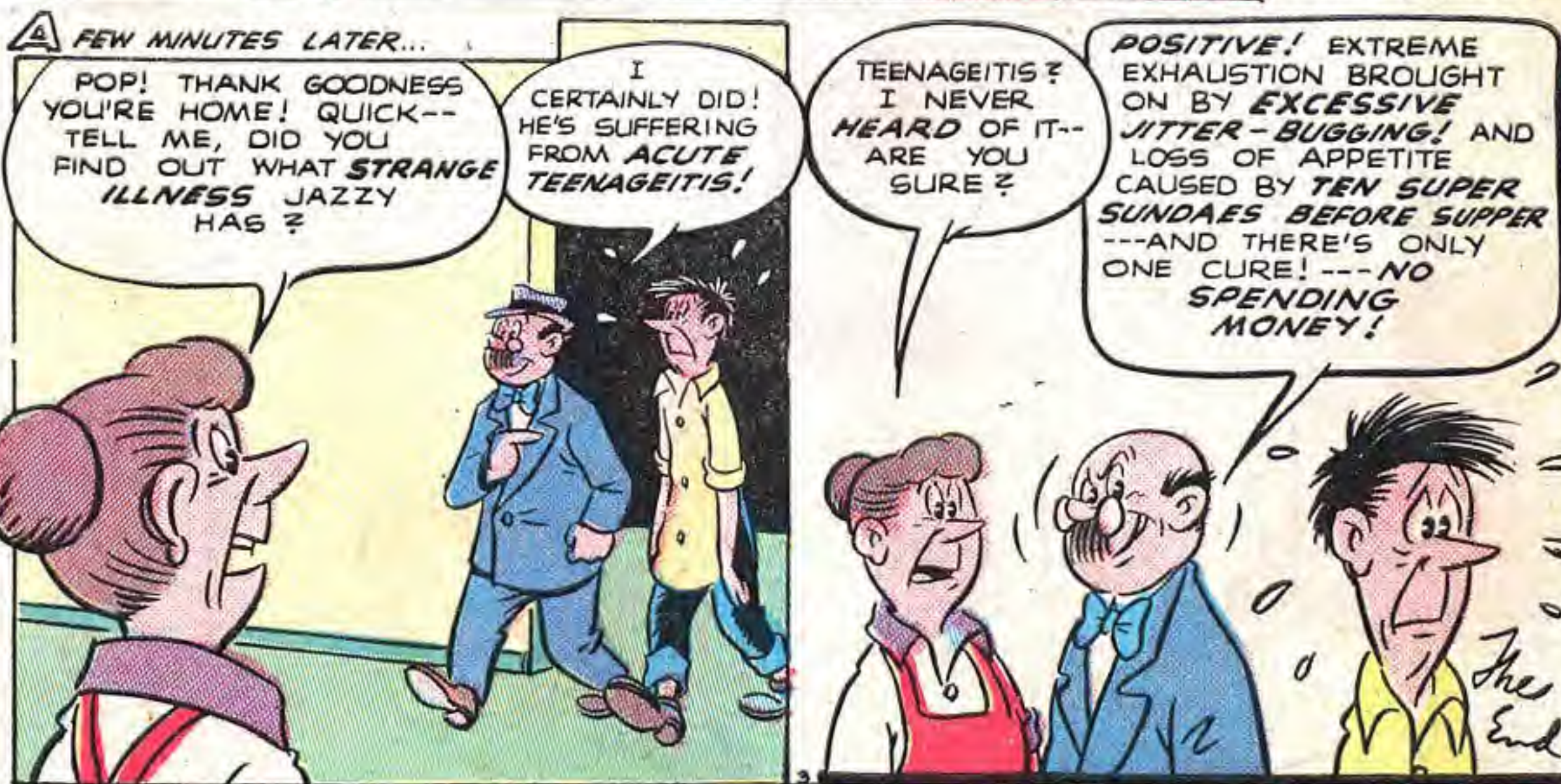
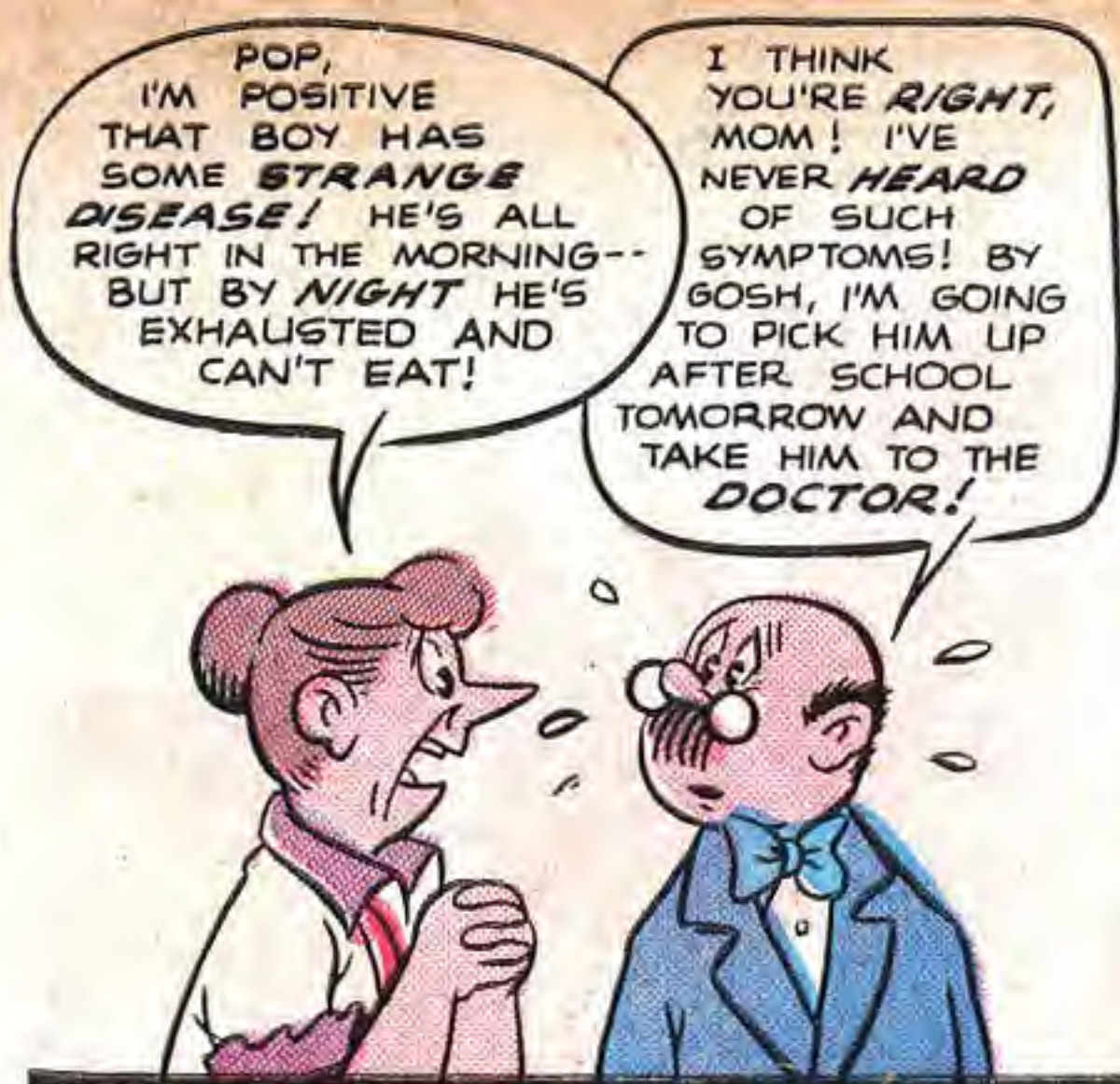
I DUNNO,
MOM! I'M
JUST ALL IN!
STARTED T'FEEL
REALLY WOOFED
JUST AFTER
SCHOOL
LET OUT!

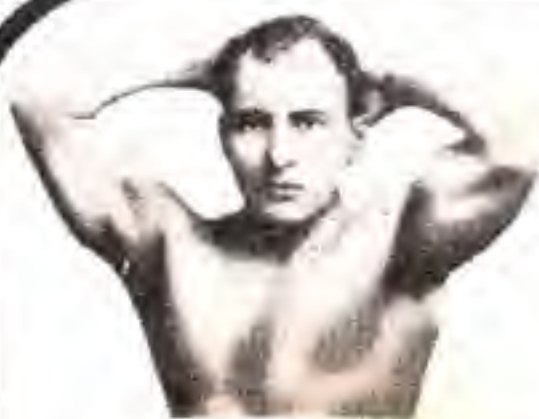
WELL, MAYBE
YOU'VE BEEN
WORKING TOO HARD
AT SCHOOL! JUST
REST TILL
SUPPER!

HI, MOM!
HMM!
WHAT'S THE
MATTER
WITH
HIM?

HE'S
EXHAUSTED!







"This photo proves I have gained unusual physical development through your methods."

—R. F., South Africa



"What a difference! Have put 3½ inches on my chest (normal) and 2½ inches expanded."

—F. S., New York



"I am sending you this snapshot showing my wonderful progress."

—W. G., New Jersey



"Gained 29 lbs. When I started your course I weighed 141. Now weigh 170."

—T. K., New York

I've turned thousands of fellows into **REAL HE-MEN** Let me prove I can do it for you!

**All I Ask is 15 Minutes a Day
— "Dynamic Tension" Will Do The Rest**

**From Weakling to a
Real He-Man**

You have changed me from a weakling to a real he-man. My chest has gone up 6 inches. I am a solid mass of muscle from head to foot. Friends and doctors I have met have noticed a great change and some have even failed to recognize me!"

—J. W., Montana

Gains 40 Lbs.

"Worth 100 times what I paid. You not only made me a man but you added at least 20 years to my life. I feel now as if I had been born again! My weight was 130 lbs. and I got myself to 170 through your wonderful course."

—J. N. H.,
British West Indies

**Makes Track Team—
Called "Perfect Build"**

"Am in the pink of condition and on the school Track Team. As I was getting into my gym suit the other day I heard a couple of men say, 'Look at that fellow. He has a perfect build.'"

—E. M., Conn.

**Health 100%, Better
Through Dynamic Tension**

"The benefits are wonderful! The first week my arm increased one inch, my chest two inches, and my health is 100% better. Dynamic Tension is the best in the world."

—W. E., Ohio

I could fill page after page of this magazine with enthusiastic reports from men all over the entire world! But what you want to know is—
"What can Atlas do for ME?"

Just give me 15 minutes a day of your spare time—right in the privacy of your own home. That's all I ask. Even in that short time I'll start giving RESULTS. The kind of results that you can SEE, FEEL, and MEASURE with a tape! And there's no cost to you if I fail!

I can broaden your shoulders, strengthen your back, develop your whole muscular system, INSIDE and OUTSIDE! I can add inches to your chest, give you a vise-like grip, make those legs of yours lithe and powerful. I can shoot new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you cram your body so full of pep, vigor and red-blooded vitality that you won't feel there's even "standing room" left for weakness and that lazy feeling! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole frame "measured" to a nice new, beautiful suit of muscle! And you'll be using the method which many great athletes use for keeping in condition—prize fighters, wrestlers, baseball and football players, etc.

What's My Secret?

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the ticket! The identical natural method that I myself developed to change my body from the scrawny, skinny-chested weakling I was at 17 to my present super-man physique!

Thousands of other fellows are becoming marvelous physical specimens—my way. I give you NO gadgets or contraptions to fool with. When you have learned to develop your Strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at artificial muscle-makers. You simply utilize the DORMANT muscle power in your own God-given body—watch it increase and multiply double-quick into real solid MUSCLE.

My Illustrated Book is Yours—Not for \$1.00 or 10¢—But FREE!

Send NOW for my famous book, "Everlasting Health and Strength." It has 48 pages, and is packed from cover to cover with actual photographs and valuable advice. It shows what "Dynamic Tension" can do, answers many vital questions that may be puzzling you. Page by page it shows what I can do you YOU.

Yes, this book is a real prize for

any fellow who wants a better build. Yet it doesn't cost you a penny—I'll send you a copy absolutely FREE. Just glancing through it will open your eyes. In fact, it may be the turning point in your whole life! So don't put it off another minute. Send the coupon to me personally.

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Atlas*

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Most Perfectly
Developed Man."

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COMMANDO BAG

D. with adjustable strap. Grand lunch bag, camera case, etc. New.

65c



Famous Infantry HAVERSACK

H. with Mess Kit Case. May be worn alone or hooked into pistol or cartridge belt.

95c



Famous Field Artillery MUSETTE BAG

M. with shoulder strap. Double duty. May be worn as pack sack or slung from shoulder.

95c



MEDICAL CORPS BAG



W. ADJUSTABLE lacing lowers bottom 4 inches to provide more space as needed.

75c

AIR CORPS SUSTENANCE VEST



NEW, adjustable to fit all sizes, youth size to big man. Has 10 pockets including Pistol Holsters. Sewed as a gift for dad. Cost the Air Corps over \$10 to make. **\$1.95**



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G. Extra Handy athletic tool bag or overnight case.

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C. 10 POCKET CARTRIDGE BELT adjustable from 28" to 46" **85c**



P. PISTOL BELT adjustable from 23" to 42" **65c**



IMPREGNITE

F. 8 oz. Can IM-PREGNITE Leather Dressing and Water-proofing Compound (new).

35c

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(see illustrations on the left)

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Only \$1.65 POST PAID

H12. (2 Sets of H6) **\$4.60 Value** **Only \$3.00 POST PAID**

H24. (4 Sets of H6) **\$9.20 Value** **Only \$5.00 POST PAID**

H9. 1 set of H6 plus D. Commando Bag, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder. **\$4.30 VALUE**
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M5D. Musette Bag with shoulder strap, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. Bottle Insect Repellent, P. Pistol Belt, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnite, D. Commando Bag. **\$2.95 VALUE**
ONLY \$2.00 POST PAID

M5V. Same as M5D except that Air Corps Vest is included in place of D. Commando Bag. **\$4.25 VALUE**
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W7. Medical Corp Adjustable Bag, C. 10 Pocket Cartridge Belt, R. 1st Aid Pouch, Z. 2 Oz. Bottle Insect Repellent, F. 8 Oz. Can Impregnite, N. 12 Oz. Can Lemon Powder, S. Signal Mirror. **\$3.25 VALUE**
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| <input type="checkbox"/> H12. (2 sets of H6) . . . \$3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> M5V. Famous Artillery Field Pack (5 items incl. Vest) \$2.95 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> H24. 4 sets of H6) . . . \$5.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> W7. Medical Corps Field Pack (7 items) . . . \$2.25 |
| <input type="checkbox"/> H9. (H6 plus D, C, N) . . . \$3.00 | <input type="checkbox"/> G11. Famous Infantry and Artillery Field Packs . . . \$4.00 |
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